

Charlie Black

Modern Baseball

I'm pretty good at feeling sorry for myself
Making up fake lives but nothing like, tangible
Daydreaming while watching the TV
Intricate combos by myself to fall asleep
But alas, none of them come true
No car accidents, plane crashing
No six o'clock news
Just me and my too-far-away TV

(Can you hear me? Can you hear me? Bob, can you hear me?
Sorry, but it looks like we lost reception)

Whoa, tragedy's got my heart a-beatin'
Whoa, rethinking all my days
Whoa, tragedy's got my heart a-screamin'
Take them away, oh just take them away today

Wait a minute, cause I've been living
More like a fucking king without you
And I've been spending all your past feelings
On a bunch of shit that I won't use

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