

Going To Bed Now

Modern Baseball

What do you give someone
Who's already got one of everything you thought would be the perfect
Accoutrement to their unnerving temperament?
Attention

What could a lowly peasant being like myself
Offer a perfect pleasant savior of humanity
The redeemer of us sickly, sinning hillbillies?
Attention

Just one more resounding stab at all the others
You've almost blown your cover
But your traps don't stick
One more bottle should do the trick
Discreetly cleansing the remnants of every disdainful quip
You found no escape route
But I know you well enough to hate you now
It's too bad you haven't figured that out

What do you call someone
Who calls you out on DIY ethics you don't embody
As he drains his dad and mommy's monthly data plan?
An asshole
With an iPhone

I'll admit, I'm in the same boat
Caught between my adolescent safety net
And where the world wants me to be
But I never use that as an excuse
To treat my friends the way that you treat me

Just one more distorted, sad attempt at humor
From the jagged, bleeding tumor in our throat
Malignance at best, and quick to address yourself
As anything other than what we've learned to expect
The patron saint of Good God Damn
I'll kick myself to sleep
Before I shake that grimy, dirty, crusted, arrogant hand
So please leave my house