

I Think You Were In My Profile Picture Once

Modern Baseball

I saw you from the bottom of the stairs before you knew I was coming
And though nervous and scared, I lingered on
I heard most things break by the ends of these types of nights
So I'll force upon every word I've brushed up on
Since knowing we won't speak like this again

You gotta' certain who knows what about you
And I gotta' small amount of time
To figure out what it is exactly and to whom does it apply,
But I know for a fact that these are broken nights,
Covered in bottles with the stench of a loss of life,
And I know that it's quite heartbreaking we won't speak like this again.