

It's Cold Out Here

Modern Baseball

Don't call me now, I am in bed.
I've sacrificed all chances for street-cred
As a result of sticking near
The same bed time for 13 years
But you know this I've said it before
There's lots of things I've said before
Lots of things you kind of ignored
And brushed it off, you always brushed it off

Pacing down the hallway stairs
Mental notes of quick repairs
To gaps in my story for tomorrow morning
Of why I was up at this hour
(You owe me)
When I have children of my own
And when they have children of their own
I'll spit and spew of my dumbass high school endeavors
With prideful tone (I wish they were so much better)
But when my freezing lower limbs approach that sly grinning little shit
I knew the truth in every vowel sound that I had admitted just two nights before

Goodbye was not an option,
It's clear to you but to no one was it clearer than to me
Since day one I've been locked in,
I'm not fucking hanging up.

I told you I loved you just outside your mom's place.
You laughed then you felt bad as we sat there red-faced.
I felt like a bitch so I told you to get out,
But I guess Bren was right babe cause' who's laughing now.