

Rock Bottom

Modern Baseball

Is he here? Are you making out?
I can you hear you guys on the couch
Shut up. Make out.
Do something already. I'm waiting

After reading that text from your friends
I start losing all my confidence
So I'll stay tired, I know soon I'll be bailing

Then you, you ask if I gotta leave,
And I wish that I could say no

My head is on the verge of exploding
No amount of aspirin or pizza could help this from hurting
And now I'm turning to you scared shitless
Hoping this song goes well

Can we hide like the fact that
My mouth smells like coffee and garlic
The five cups I had this morning are getting to me
I gotta go I got the worst fucking spins

Then you, you ask if I gotta leave,
And I wish that I could say no
But we're so caught up in the moment
And I just need a second to catch my goddamn breath

To hell with the spins I'm staying
There's no good reason why I should leave your bed tomorrow
We can watch planet earth and brain storm tattoos

To hell with class I'm skipping
Lets order food and sleep in
I've got so much to do
But it's ok cause whatever, forever

To hell with the spins I'm staying
There's no good reason why I should leave your bed tomorrow
We can watch planet earth and brain storm tattoos