

## 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