

Tears Over Beers

Modern Baseball

When I was just a boy, we'll call it 15 or so,
I found myself annoyed by a syndrome of sorts in my bones
That girl who's next to me, she found herself bored to tears
She realized that if she wanted conversation, she's out of luck
for three more years

When I moved away from home, 100 miles or so,
I knew a change had grown inside my awkwardly long limbs and bones
That girl who's next to me, she's friendly and thoughtful and quite awfully pretty,
But all she has to say is a meat head-themed monologue on why Brad ran away

She said, "All I can hope for is for me to get better,
Because all I can take is no more.
I'll win him back again, we'll be lovers, best friends.
He won't need no other woman like he did way back when he was with me.

He needed more than me
I'm friendly and thoughtful and quite awfully pretty,
But he needed more than me."

When I felt that I should leave, we'll call it midnight or so,
I found myself annoyed by a syndrome of sorts in her bones
That girl who's next to me, she don't know her worth in this town,
Because her face starts to shine when that meat head behind me
Is grinning as he's checking her out

I said, "All I can hope for is for you to get better,
Because all I can take is no more.
I'll hide where I can, away from you and your friends,
Leaking tears over beers once again."