

## The Old Gospel Choir

### Modern Baseball

There's a tombstone in the brush with your name on the front,  
But I had no bucks to get "Here lies, they ran out of luck"  
On the back of it

Sharp as a tack but in the sense that you're not smart, just a  
prick  
And my finger on my toe,  
With the sad holes of the weight on my chest  
On the weight of my chest

But every treble in your voice  
Still echoes in my ears  
What a good night of sleeper here

There's a tombstone in the brush with your name on the front,  
But I had no bucks to get "Here lies, they ran out of luck"  
On the back of it

Sharp as a tack but in the sense that I'm not smart, just a prick  
And the fingers and the toes of all of those that show interest  
in me  
And from where I'm standing, looks like I'm way long overdue  
I know what you meant when you said,  
"Fuck you!"  
Breaking I've never felt so cool,  
And now I'm tired and now I'm dead to me

Can we act like we never broke each other's hearts?  
And we smile, I don't know how you felt from the start  
Oh, that's right, oh, I'm cool,  
Oh it's goddamn me  
I sure as hell know one thing, I'm sure you're dead to me