

## Local Joke

Neon Indian

Those kinds of things never bother me  
cause I'm the local joke  
her sun burnt eyes roll  
she calls me 'the broken spoke'  
never been late to fuck with fate  
and see her phrases choke  
but part of me wants to watch and laugh  
as they go up in smoke

constantly crossing paths  
with all the empty traits  
you'd better leave things just unsaid  
then left to contemplate  
all my words trip as they leave my lips  
I've come to set things straight  
she needs an excuse to end things and  
become the things you hate