Marathon Shirt

Tell me who's to blame for this ink spot, question mark, Blood-stained sleeves in the parking lot I've had it since I was twelve and I wear it like hell Wash it when it gets worn, dirty, tattered, torn Fell in love with me and wears me with pride We bathe in ultra tide when I start to feel quilty And everyone's jealous cause they wish they had it I'm half a man without it I'm the king of style And I'll keep on wearing my marathon shirt And I'll wear it everyday til it hurts And I got no lady over her Confidence-a-plenty in my marathon shirt Once loaned her to a friend for a party and I worried all Night like a mother does And when she returned all wrinkled and helpless, she smelled Of cheap cigarettes and other drugs I'd wear her in any season I'd wear her for any reason The only promise in my life's that shirt of mine And day after day, as her colors fade away, I'll remember What she felt like the first time Now I've come to lay you down You can soak into the sound and I'm so elated She can't be recreated and the water's turning brown My baby she's no hand-me-down

Self