

The Jitters

The Dismemberment Plan

No one means what they say
And you can tell as clear as deep-sea fish
All internal organs and glowing eyes
I've been good, I've been busy
I've realized my friend's true intentions
Cut all ties
I've been doing ten thousand pushups a day
Plastic cube filled with pus that sits atop my supervisor's desk
The feeling of ice on the inside of a wrist
Always tired, need a nap
I have to make myself brush my teeth
I've made a list of everything I've ever owned
When the days bring nothing new
And the sound of laughter makes you sick
And snide
You know you've got the jitters
Nothing's wrong, I'm just fine
I've realized I just don't like jokes
I'm thinking of moving I can't call anyone back
You can tell every time they lean away
When you just want to talk
You couldn't buy their interest now
Stolen cars in a heap
A naked body on the neighbor's yard
When they let you down on cue
When you give up way before you even try
You know you've got
You've got the jitters
They glow as they near
Then disappear
Like highway signs on a starless night
And it's so hard to tell who's being fled
And who's in flight