

Nothing Feels Good Anymore

The Menzingers

I am a tiny fly, buzzing around in a field,
somewhere in the overgrowth of your memory,
and at night you wander though, as the image of a
former you, searching every nook and every cranny for
the form that I am taking.

But "baby, baby I'm right here!", I try to shout and scream
and say, but my darling you just swat, you just swat me
away, and in my greatest desperation, I dig deep into
your skin, a little itch to keep the thought of me.
But nothing feels good anymore.

I'm at the party in a cloud of nicotine,
exhaled by drunk twenty somethings,
there's a couple arguing in the bathroom,
there's a couple kids just trying to get high,
I try to make my way out, 'cause I've got to see you
tonight, I start pacing then running.

"But baby, baby buzz me in!", I ring you intercom and
say, but you just poke your head through the curtain
and my hearts on the floor.

Like the dead cat in the alley, like the garbage
overturned, like the uninviting orgy on top of some dog
shit in the yard, I had a life, I thought I had it together,
I thought my house could never burn, but that was
before.