

## Jerry's The Name, Sociology's My Game

### Trophy Scars

Everything you do  
Will make you separate  
From the lovers that you choose  
Now your dreams are too confusing  
I can't remember what I'm losing  
Cause everything you do  
Will make you more like  
All the drugs that you abuse  
And now it's easy to forget, huh?  
Every reason to forget her, oh  
Forget the phone  
The smirking tigers ate their own  
Now you know who sleeps alone  
(And if I were you)  
I would keep the truth  
For them and you  
She called me on the phone  
And all I heard was the bang, bang, bang!  
The radio hit the floor  
And I could tell that she wanted more  
I'll let you use your mouth  
To show me what love's all about  
My tongue against your thighs tonight  
Match maker, math maker  
Make me a match  
Conceived through a window  
Discovered in math  
Inhale all the colors  
And cough out a map  
These demons aren't stopping  
This brilliant blood bath  
Behind eyes  
Watch the sun set, watch the sun set  
It's saying things that you'll never forget  
Watch the sun set, watch the sun set  
It's saying things that you'll never forget  
I could have said  
All the things that make us sad  
But never again  
I think our mouths are just too fast  
Through that porcelain crack  
I can see she just wants nothing to fall  
But it's all gonna fall  
I swear to God, if it weren't for the fall...  
We just wouldn't fall  
Let's stand tall  
And fall  
Watch the sun set, watch the sun set  
I bet you guessed I'm the best to forget  
Well, I'm feeling fine  
Between your legs  
Just let me sleep here  
For a few more days  
Watch my tongue move, and give me credit  
I've cheated language, don't you dare forget it  
With no one out here, this town begins to feel so small  
Swans and opaque colors, these towns seem to me so dull

Her face in scotch tape and covered in gauze  
I swear to God, if it weren't for the Fall these leaves would seem so fuckin  
g far  
I'm a little boy  
Just a little kid  
But I'm my own damn man  
With my own damn plans  
I'm glad you left me.  
Goddamn.  
Match maker, match maker  
Spark up a match  
Covered in color  
Dissected in math  
In flies an angel  
Who's back from the past  
The deadness of winter  
Distilled in a glass  
Behind eyes