

Yes.

Trophy Scars

I hope my insides pull apart
I got some sorting I need to do
Yeah my friends tell me to say yes
I guess ill try my very best

Yeah. This city won't suck my broken veins
Even though my blood is bloody clean
My teeth are stuck inside my tongue to keep
my mouth from owning up

So much for my brilliant honesty
So no more complaining
And no more explaining
No more magic tricks and taps

You get what I'm saying?
I'm through with blaming all those biter trips and tracks
I want my toast with butter and jam
I want to eat green eggs and ham

And I want to set this country straight
I want to say up real real late
I'll let the street lamps light the way
To my indignant open grave

I'll clap my hands and take a guess
My tombstone is marked with the word