

**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