

Adam Marsland, Learning The Ropes

Here comes a bruise
It's big and it's black and blue
Where did it come from
I got it from you
What did I do
And what was I supposed to say
And why'd I have to say it, anyway?
I get so tired coming here every weekend
Trying to figure out this game
I feel like an idiot
And I can't remember anybody's name
'Cause I'm a new man in a new town
Trying to keep up with what's going down
Starting out with inflated hopes
Learning the Ropes
I fell back in my chair
Holding a drink and my dented pride
But nobody saw, nobody cared
And nobody cried
Now I feel like I'm back in high school
Underdeveloped and overwrought
Now I'm wading back in time to find
I'm resigned to my own prison of thought
I get so tired coming here every weekend
Waiting three hours for a look
Groping for some conversation
Wish I was reading a book
I walk in the room and everybody stares
And I know just what they're looking at
But move in a little closer, nobody cares
And you wonder what are you doing here
Wonder could I just disappear?
Wonder what are you, wonder what are you,
Wonder what are you doing here?
The kind of person I am
I ought to be somewhere else
I ought to be in a better place
Be inside myself