

Bob Mould, The Receipt

The world, it owes you nothing / You're such a mark for yourself
No wonder no one pays attention to you now

Don't talk about me to your friends / And you've become embarrassing
So was it worse back then, or is it worse right now?

Some deadbeat dad who lives at home / And I don't like your favorite song
So please don't call me anymore / I don't wanna know you

The clock has stopped at 4:08 / And I stand, still so far away
The basement window sheds no sunlight on your fate

I took the high road for you too long / And I still hate your favorite song
So let there be no doubt what this one's all about