

# Brian Vander Ark, 1229 Sheffield

Another day of deflating your face into tears  
I shook your mood with the game and a bottle of beer  
The day I fell off of the wagon, you threw up your hands in disgust  
Once again you just get the best of me  
Remember you loved to be held, how you loved to be touched  
And anxiously laughed at my jokes just a little too much  
When I was so careful of cursing while you were still nursing your beer  
Now, it's a shame but I know that  
There's really no use for a brand new convertible  
A mile to your parents', a mile to the store  
Returning our bottles for 10 cent deposits  
I'll drink us two dollars more  
I don't recall anyone placing a gun to our heads  
We traded a trip around the world for a family instead  
Our friends were dispersing while you were still nursing our boy  
And I knew that things had changed  
When the pet names that you once gave me  
We soon gave to the pets  
But I still come when you call them, just to be sure  
Now, there's really no use for a neighborhood cheerleader  
A block party president mowing his lawn  
Whose cabinet is empty with a mind full of nicotine fits  
God, I can't make you love me 'cause I don't have the strength anymore