

Kind Of Like Spitting, Timber

You're the same old bore
I know that, no need to remind me
I know from experience that nothing gold can stay
Numbers one or two, it all hits the same fan
And I'm your biggest fan
But it's blurry from up here in the nosebleed seats
And I'm so homesick, but I don't know where I live
And I can't make things make sense
And I don't know how to give
I feel this room collapsing, I feel the long, cold night ahead
And I can hear you laughing when I'm driving all alone
Looking for home
In the tortured eyes of freeway
That point away from sight in the night
Oh babe fireflies in a line
Self-loathing isn't sexy, but you still somehow get laid
And with nothing new to offer
Thank God my eyes stay double-paid
So I give arbitrary answers, but resent if you call them fake
Self-demeaning, self-infected
You said to get to paid
Me and her been stranger
Looks like my mother after my father
After me, after me, after me, after me
And I'm so homesick, but I don't know where I live
And I can't make things make sense
And I don't know how to give
So I feel my heart collapsing
I feel the long, cold life ahead
And I can hear you laughing when I'm driving all alone
Looking for home