

Modest Mouse, Trailer Trash

Eating snow flakes with plastic forks
And a paper plate of course
You think of everything

Short love with a long divorce
And a couple of kids, of course
They don't mean anything

Live in trailers with no class
God damn, I hope I can pass
High school means nothing

Taking heartache with hard work
God damn, I am such a jerk
I can't do anything

And I shout that you're all fakes
And you should've seen the look on your face
And I guess that's what it takes
When comparing your belly aches

And it's been a long time
Which agrees with this watch of mine
And I know that I miss you
and I'm sorry if I dissed you

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