

# Polar Bear Club, Eat Dinner, Bury The Dog, And

200 gallons ago, I buttoned up my jacket  
I said goodnight to my supervisor, walked to my car, and unlocked it  
The inside's so cold, at least the shit's still running  
Picked up my cell phone; the roof of the car looks good for slugging

Walked in through my back door like a bull through bedsheets  
There were flowers on the floor went from bull, to weak in the knees  
Yeah, I'm a fuck-up. First day home.  
Yeah, I'm fucked up and I'm calling you.

Put a camera in my car and you'd get me less and less and less.  
I need a windshield built for war that can withstand my confidence  
Today I reached into a shitter and saw the inmost part of me  
My reflection has looked better, but never clean

Yeah, I'm a fuck-up. First day home.  
Yeah, I'm fucked up and I'm calling you.

Nights like these won't be avoided.  
Not by me.