

# The Matches, Borderline Creep

Whoa oh whoa oh  
So so so so so when you got no place to go  
It don't matter that your watch runs slow  
So chalk one more hour destroyed  
And sing it whoa oh whoa oh  
I can't afford to sleep  
By my own accord I'm a borderline creep  
My old friends are all employed

Lookin' out the window at a brick wall  
I swore that i would be  
the first one to make this zip code  
fucking history  
Lookin' out the window at the same wall  
I never thought I'd be  
With no future  
Stuck in this mode  
Stuck in history

These pages fill up too slow  
I've got a red-5 fever and nowhere to go  
So stamp one more day as void  
And sing it whoa oh whoa oh  
The company I keep  
is the reflection of a borderline creep  
Naked and paranoid

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Who am I to deny getting shrink-wrapped?  
I'm a borderline creep  
Real world bitch slapped

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Whoa oh whoa oh