## The Verve Pipe, 1229 Sheffield

(Brian Vander Ark) 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 you would stay but there's just not much of a call for a neighborhood cheerleader who married the president living next door whose honeymoon weekend was spent at your parents back then you could get the best of me I don't recall anyone placing a gun to our heads we traded a trip 'round the world for a family instead our friends were dispersing while you were still nursing our boy and ever since there is just not much of a call for a neighborhood cheerleader who married the president living next door whose first year of marriage was spent at your parents I don't get there much anymore The pet names that you once gave me, we had given the pets I still come when you call them, just to be sure not much of a call for a neighborhood cheerleader or block party president mowing his lawn whose cabinet is empty and mind's full of nicotine fits God I can't make you love me I don't have the strength anymore