

# 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