

Better Than Ezra, An Untitled Instrumental

"Calmly, like a razor
I got us on the door,"
Or "I got a tape of 'Clerks'
Someone left the night before."
So I go over later,
You're sitting in that chair
Smoking on your cigarette
Fingering you hair
So I get drunk and stoned,
Every time you come around.
Twenty-nine and aimless
You bartend down on fourth
Your parents pay insurance
And the Parson's Audit course
Over-schooled and uninspired
A trust fund up your nose
All that wasted talent but, uh
Ain't that how it always goes?
So I get drunk and stoned,
Every time you come around.
Yeah, yeah yeah
So long Allison Foley
So long, bye-bye
(Come up higher, take a step higher)
Sometimes you understand
The reasons how you went astray
But least of all the answer,
That it hurts to watch you waste away.
So I get drunk and stoned,
Every time you come around.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
So long, Allison Foley
So long, bye-bye