

# Braid, Consolation Prizefighter

your head's in the way of my mind  
and by the way i'm fine  
but i'm a liar  
and i'm trying  
so give me a brand name and  
i'll wrap my arms around the caller's collar  
ring ring

tears in the towel throw it in  
who'll chose the prizefighter?

windows down the idiots yell  
at me, meek on the street  
clueless as usual and unbelievably easily bruisable  
but i'm trying  
so give me a capgun and  
i'll press my lips on the necks of the next ones  
ring ring  
it's everything

won too few in one too many.