

Her Space Holiday, Meet The Pressure

I'm not a victim of some feeble mind disease
Although some of my old friends would tend to disagree
I know these chemicals will get the best of me
I'm not saying that I want to quit it just makes it hard to breath
But who needs lungs when you just bought a brand new pen
And there's stacks and stacks of envelopes just waiting to be sent
I looked through my closet and I found those magazines
I circled all the writers that I one day hoped to meet

Don't get me wrong I don't mind getting bad reviews
In fact sometimes they're the only ones who try and speak the truth
But there are others who just love to cross that line
Hoping that their viciousness will boost traffic on their site
Like that kid who asked me if I knew I couldn't sing
That's like asking a blind man if he knows that he can't see
Next time try putting down something we don't know
Like how they gave a writing job to someone so damn slow

And then you went and said you didn't understand
How a girl so beautiful could love a guy like him
Now that's a question you should be saving for your wife
And while you're on the subject ask her where she was last night
Because She didn't go to her sister's for a drink
She was backstage at our show sitting on my knee
Telling us about how you walked in on her
With her hands inside her pants and singing all the words
Those very lyrics that you tried to criticize
But as we expected you misquoted half the lines
I guess this is a game that we both just have to play
I'll keep putting records out and you keep throwing them away