

Jimmy Eat World, Wednesday

Meet a part of me that feels like every other day.
It has been seen in pictures and in alleyways.
Can see it through your walls.
Can see it through your fall.
Can see it on your floor, wrongway.
Lift your head up, Wednesday.
It's almost 2:30.
When the walls start falling down you'll be last to be found.
That's alright, malt liquor.
So you can promise me a day.
Not gonna promise nothing anyway.
Say you will, say you will and then you don't.