

# Kevin Devine, Ballgame

A good man doesn't drink  
And I've been drinking alone  
So what does that make me?

My hands they always shake  
And no one's calling my phone  
So what does that make me?

And I know the kid with his guitar  
So drunk and anxious  
Has been done to death  
So tell me what hasn't  
I'll try it

Because I'm selfish enough to wanna get better  
But I'm backwards enough not to take any steps to get there

And when you realize it's a pattern  
And not a phase  
It's what you've become and it's what you will say  
That's ballgame

'Cause I don't got room in my life for anyone else  
And I've driven away all the people that could help  
And I still don't even know what I need to do to fix myself

There's a clamp around my chest  
That tightens every time I lapse into  
Another sorry story

About my miserable collapse  
A bronze box I keep encased in glass  
And dust off whenever I want pity

Because I've had to come to grips with scope and figure  
How my problems stack up in a world this close to ruin  
(Or maybe it's rapture)

Well, either way, I realize that my shit's about as small as it could be  
But that makes me feel worse for even feeling this bad in the first place

'Cause there's a war starting soon, and all the flags'll be waving  
And Daniel's 20-year-old friend will be ready, and willing, and waiting  
He's a Marine and he told me

And that makes me sad  
Really, really fucking sad  
But at least he'll act

I'll just bite my tongue and then tell Daniel to wish him luck  
And pray that he comes back  
For his mother's sake, and then I'll drink those thoughts away  
I've gotten good at that

And when you realize it's a pattern  
And not a phase  
It's what you've become and it's what you will stay  
That's ballgame  
Remember this in the morning