

Kind Of Like Spitting, Old Moon Meet New

If I try out and I make it
Should I bail or play it fake?
How deep should I look into things?
What kind of chances should I take?
In a world of new additions
Fuck yeah I've made some bad decisions
Somewhere along the feeling grew up
Who'd've thought you'd show up?
I pulled into a new driveway last night
And I think that I could get used to it
You fool, square tool
Think of where you been, all the shit you did
And how you never really got used to it
It only takes you but a little while
A strange attraction to a smile
Until old exploits are explored
And it starts to feel like work
I have been told I'm a dick
'Cause I scratch when I itch
And I can't let it go
It's safe to say I get in, I get out
It's not right, and you shouldn't have to get used to it