

# Matt Pond PA, A Million Middle Fingers

Sometimes it comes through  
In the smallest complications  
You need to get there soon  
But you're lost outside of Boston

There's no need for proof  
These are bad directions  
Don't you know that people  
Don't mind when you lose

You were yelling like you knew  
And pointing out the exits  
The devil had told you  
to break up the connection

It all starts coming true  
These are bad directions  
Don't you know that people  
like it when you lose