

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