

Old 97's, Nervous Guy

In the court of our friends' opinion,
In the right cut eyes of all our friends,
In the way the phone goes dead,
In the way you lose your head,
I can see how this thing is gonna end.
In the darkest hours of my depression,
In the tumbling rocks it takes to mend,
In the way you cross your legs,
In the way my right hand shakes,
I can see how this thing is gonna end.

Goodbye, Goodbye!

From a nervous guy

Goodbye, Goodbye!

From a nervous guy

From a nervous guy

When the smoke pours into the bedroom,
When the man comes 'round collectin' all our friends,
When the loved one finally learns that the fire no longer burns,
I can see how this thing is gonna end.

Goodbye, Goodbye!

From a nervous guy

Goodbye, Goodbye!

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From a nervous guy