

Pain, Easy Out

The black silhouette appears at my door
Dragging me out, I'm clawing the floorboards.
Pretty soon I'm all heads up
For long bombs and double-knotting my Keds up.

Fake left, go left, quarterback sneak.
Try to wriggle out of it, he'll knock you into next week.
Curve ball, bean ball, spit ball, damn it all.
Sportsnut Alcatraz digging out the back wall.
Don't blame me I don't wanna run a buttonhook
I'm in the middle of a good book.

I quit!
And I don't need to win
I don't wanna be an easy out again.
Why don't you stay here and play with yourself? (repeat)

It's not that I'm weak or don't like outside.
Sometimes I submit and sometimes I hide out,
And it's a lowly existence.
But when the low survives it's from persistence.

Fake left go long, quarterback sneak
Try to wriggle it out of it, I'll knock you into next week.
Man on first, man on third,
Nerd on second with the knees like a bird
Don't blame me I don't wanna run a buttonhook
I'm in the middle of a good book.

I quit!
And I don't need to win
I don't wanna be an easy out again.
Why don't you stay here and play with yourself? (repeat)

Well here's a ball, there's a yard.
Go chase it like a stupid St. Bernard (repeat)
I hate a lotta hate a lotta games
I probably oughta not-
I might've liked 'em better but a stupid St. Bernard
Made me this way, it's OK.