

# Screeching Weasel, Every Night

I'm not feeling human anymore  
Half connected all the time  
Each night I document the things I've done  
The pointless points I've made for stupid reasons  
Every night I'm always the same  
You're pounding on my brain  
Tonight and every night  
I lie down clenching up my teeth  
Trying to fall asleep  
I've sat and smoked a billion cigarettes  
And wished to hell that you were here  
My stained and calloused fingers hold a pen  
Scratching apologies to you too late too little  
Every night I pay off my debts  
Trust me I don't forget  
Tonight and every night  
I will analyze everything  
And make myself count the ways  
I fucked up today