

Self, Marathon Shirt

tell me who's to blame for the ink spot, question mark
blood-stained sleeves in the parking lot
i've had it since i was twelve
and i wear it like hell
wash it when it gets worn
dirty tattered and torn

fell in love with me
and it wears me with pride
we bathe in ultra tide
and i start to feel guilty
and everyone's jealous
because they wish they had it
i'm half a man without it
yeah, i'm the king of style, you know

yeah, i'm
yeah, i'm
i'm down and out

and i keep on wearing my marathon shirt
and i wear it every day till it hurts
and i got no lay over
confident to play in my marathon shirt

once loaned her to a friend for a party
and i worried all night like a mother does
and when she returned, all wrinkled and hopeless
she smelled of cheap cigarettes and other drugs

now, i'd wear her in any season
i'd wear her for any reason
only promising my wife
day after day, as the colors fade away
i'll remember what she felt like the first time

now i'm
yeah i'm
i'm down and out

and i keep on wearing my marathon shirt
and i wear it every day till it hurts
and i got no lay over
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now i've come to lay me down
you can sink into the sound
and i'm so elated
she can't be recreated
the water's turning brown
my baby, she's no hand me down
and the clothes keep going round

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