

Two Thirty Eight, The Stick Are Woven In The Sp

Yesterday I broke my favorite chair.
It cracked as I was sitting there,
and on my way to work, I fell asleep.
That girl reminded me
Of another girl I used to see,
and her ghost continued haunting me
all day long.

You won't recognize the sound my engine makes,
the balding tires, the squeaky brakes,
but everybody makes mistakes, I guess.
That girl reminded me
of another girl I used to see,
and her ghost continued haunting me
all day long

And I just want to laugh,
but it's just going to hurt.

'Cause I can't fix what I don't know I broke,
just laugh and tell another joke,
the sticks are woven in the spokes again.
I can't fix what I don't know I broke,
just laugh and tell another joke,
the sticks are woven in the spokes again.

I came home to find my neighbors gone,
I found my teenage car parked on the lawn
and thought of all the ways that things have changed.
So, it's true I'd never challenge you,
why do you always challenge me?
I don't get paid to sing what everyone is thinking.

And I just wanna laugh,
but it's just gonna hurt.

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I can't fix what I don't know I broke,
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