

You Am I, Heavy Heart

Been watching so much TV
I'm thinner than I should be
I'm like a water-logged ball
No one wants to kick around anymore
An all-day morning hairdo
That no comb can get through
It's all granola and beer
A calling card and a silk cut souvenir

I miss you like sleep
There's nothing romantic about the hours I keep
The morning's when it starts
I don't look so sharp
Now I got a heavy heart

Talk a lot about football
The girls I kissed in grade four
Piss of my friends
Digging a hole just staring at the floor
Now every t-shirt's got a wine stain
I'm lovin cigarettes again
I know every tune about guys and girls and hurts and hearts and moons

I miss you like sleep
Ain't nothing romantic about the hours I keep
It's the mornings when it starts
I don't look so good
Now I've got a heavy heart

It's just a low-rent paying, palpatating, puff inside my shirt
But there's a way it's sitting so hard, god, it hurts
oh no, it hurts