

## Square One

Jay Brannan

does anybody here have a soul?  
put the thermostat on overdrive, the air is bitter cold  
everywhere i look is nip & tuck  
and every song they play in here is vapid as fuck

well i don't give a shit about the weekend  
i don't wanna hear about your car or what you're drinkin'  
don't know what to make of all of it  
the same people claiming it gets better treat everyone like shit, and

everyone sings about leaving, breaking off  
but where the hell do they run?  
here we were receiving, giving, making love  
when some something came undone  
sticking me back at square one

pigs & asses used to lived on farms  
friendly skies weren't always overrun by airborne infants in arms  
life's a beach, and should you swim astray  
you'll fade to grey some castaway, there's no lifeguard service today

falling for the foolish can be tough  
but everything is possible when you hate yourself enough  
not my proudest moment, but the one i've got  
it's a little painful being so much less cool than you by a lot, and

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i just met you yesterday, and i'm already imagining the break-up  
a little lovmakin' and a 2nd latte is enough to keep me charging towards the shakeup  
you're fucking out of my league, when will i learn it?  
could sell the devil my soul, and he'd return it

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