

Every Night

Screeching Weasel

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