

## Keyboard

## Atmosphere

"Good evenin' ya'll, welcome to the Fuzzy Doggy"

Yeah, he saw a lot of shit and talked a lot of shit  
He tried to stay on top of it but did the opposite  
And when it started comin' apart  
The poor man thought he did the obvious  
And hopped inside a tour van  
He was a roadie for your favorite indie-what band  
Big enough to make the cool kids say: "Fuck them"  
He was a sucker sellin' merch for the summer  
Thought it sounded fun and it made a little bread 'n butter  
"I love ya," the last words heard as the bus pulls away from the curb (From the curb)  
As it pulled on the 94 he forgot about the line and the crime and the times before  
Already missed her  
Bitch-made, lift her, switchblade, pull her, ribcage, quivers  
Leave a message, chokin' on the vocals  
Callas on the finger he uses to dial the mobile  
A week into it he was a freak, he knew it  
A nervous wreck, couldn't sleep he couldn't do shit  
He hadn't heard from her in a couple days  
"What? You too busy? C'mon, give me a fuckin' break"  
You want an explanation  
Cause right now you feelin' just a little exploitation  
Phone call found home in a sound  
Calm down now, don't let the walls all fall down now

"You are teaching yourself to play the keyboard? What kind of bullshit is that? Oh, are you for real? That's why you didn't call me back?"

Well alright  
Just try to make it through the tour alive  
Soon enough you get to drive up 35  
Gotta survive a little more time on the road before you get to go home to your life  
And when the shit looks familiar  
You know it didn't kill ya  
Just more dirt in the filter  
When you get up in the house  
You can sit her on the couch  
And show her what it's really all about now

And maybe she will serenade you (Play me something)  
With a song that she wrote for you (Yeah, yeah, show me- play me somethin)  
Because she missed you (Play me somethin!)  
And she loves you, right?

Honey, I'm home!  
But your shits all gone  
And you're gone too  
Yo, this shits all wrong  
She packed up and moved out  
Bagged up and flew out the nest  
I guess she had to track up a new route  
What? She took the keyboard  
It's for the best

She'll need something to do when she gets depressed  
And when you get obsessed  
You can spend your breath  
Lookin' out the window waitin' for her footsteps  
And not a single dream goes by  
Without the pretty little fingers making notes fly  
Middle of the night, tryin to sleep  
But you hear her at the front door fuckin' with her keys

Now she thinks of you  
When she plays those keys  
She knows which notes she ain't write on her own  
Theres no way to make her wait and stay lonely  
But maybe someday your baby might have a home

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When I hear her songs  
It makes the sun shut down  
It doesn't come back until she goes away  
I wait until the day she don't come around  
And I listen to the sound of no more to say

[illegible]