

Your partner is a lawn gnome
Who lives online, and I know
I'm quite inclined to stay home
Call the outside an arsehole
You barter well but polychrome light shines on my face
The outdoors is grey
You'll find I'm resigned, a shameful display
"Hey Kid, get a life" I do at times

But from me you know you'll get no adventure
It's safe to say...

I'm selfish in my pursuits
all I work for constitutes
as forced pats on the back
and acknowledging that I can't fight the fact
That I think I won't get any better
Can't defend someone who never learns their lessons
and in my condescending point of view, I blame you

Thoughtless statements now too late to retract
Now eat your humble pie off of the floor with your hands behind
your back