

## You Silly Git

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She says the joys of life are lost among the living  
So I guess all those souvenirs are for her health  
She gives me quarters for the phone, and every time I feel alone  
I go broke, yeah I go broke

She says if you're not here at least make sure you miss me  
So when I miss her I make sure to let her know  
It's the least that I could do, and sure I guess I like it too  
I'm Mr. Charming, without the charming

I can hear the eyebrows raise when I start singing  
'Cause the songs I sing are all about myself  
You can read me like a book, I'm not as clever as I look  
I've got a sneaking kind of selfish, that I keep up on the shelf

With jars of double-sided comments  
For people who've done nothing wrong  
Preparing for lights and always practicing my sha-na-nas  
I will stand right next to giants, and roar beside the lions

Wondering, how is it so easy  
For leaves amid the breeze  
To blow from hometowns all around us  
To hometowns where nobody lives

Just cities full of people  
People making people  
Making people for the masses  
People we won't ever know

She says the point of this is not to date the future  
So just focus on the task at hand  
Try to break up with your pride  
And start to flirt with satisfied