# Broken Air Conditioning

**Emily Kinney**

Can't listen to Ruston
Can't listen to Maren
It's gettin' depressin' riding round in this car

I try to tell you a story
Baby you just ignore me
Unless I'm pattin' your back
Callin' all the rest hacks
And you're the brightest star

I'm a little tired of the measuring stick
If I wasn't in love
I'd call you kind of a dick
There's a mental list of those who did you wrong
But I can't keep track cause it's so damn long
I can't wait to fly myself back to LA
I'll singing out to Dying Star' night and day
Nashville's not as cool as it used to be
Well maybe it's your broken air conditioning

You say it's survival
That's got you actin' like a child
You say it's your ex-wife
Who stole away your best life
Ya say your dad has got no taste
And your sister is basic
But you scoop up their handouts
While making fun of their Asics
And you're always the victim
Of some much bigger system
And this car's getting hotter
As your singing gets louder

Could we take a break and listen to the radio?
I've heard this song twenty-five times in a row
And baby, it's a demo from a decade ago
This Honda seems to suck the life right out of me
Or maybe it's your broken air-conditioning

I'm so tired
I'm so tired
I'm so tired
I'm so tired

I'm so tired
I'm so tired
I'm so tired
I'm so tired

I'm a little tired of the measuring stick
If I wasn't in love
I'd call you kind of a dick
I'm a little tired of the broken shower, of the IRS
Of the lack of sex
I'm so tired I can't get out of bed
But you're sure it's my fault, it's all in my head
I can't wait to fly myself back to LA

I'll be singing Bummin' Cigarettes' the whole way
Nashville's not as cool as it used to be
Maybe it's your broken air conditioning


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