

# Fenway

Griffin House

Took a walk down to Fenway  
Had a ticket for a Red Sox game  
I was reamin' from a feelin' I was dealin' with an  
Took a walk down to Fenway  
Had a ticket for a Red Sox game  
I was reamin' from a feelin' I was dealin' with an  
I know I got no one but myself to blame

But I keep thinking I can manage my change  
Not a pretty pair of eyes  
To see the world through

Not a pretty pair of eyes I've got  
Not a pretty pair of hands and a head to match  
I was fakin' what I'm takin' now I'm breakin'  
In the cheap seats waitin' for an outfield catch

But I keep thinking I'm never gonna change  
It's a mile and a half from the heart to the brain  
If I lost my head I can't explain  
Not a pretty pair of eyes  
To see the world through

I'm a Charles Bukowski  
A freak of nature for the world to see  
I was burnin' now I'm learnin' and I'm turnin'  
Into someone I said I never meant to be

The weight of the world hanging over my head  
Living like this I'd be better off dead  
If I keep thinking I can manage my change  
Not a pretty pair of eyes  
To see the world through x4

Not making any headway  
Ain't got nothing good to say  
I was tryin' now I'm dyin' from the lyin'  
And it's almost midnight on Monday