

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
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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 of dead
If I keep thinking I can manage my change
Not a pretty pair 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