

Baseball

Hippo Campus

I saw a cigarette contend
It was the smell of death that kept strolling in
Maybe that henna'd back of yours
That held me back, back from keeping score

There goes that moonboy
Looking jungly
With all his leaves a-growing
Split down that long back
He would've thought that
If you got to know his
True blue with your fists up
You little kiss up
Wishin' things were heavy
That's fine in the end though
Where'd all our friends go
We can dip if you're ready

I bet you take me for a fool
Nothing like, like rules the cool sensation of Pollock and Jules
Some weird abandon in sheets
Though the tongue tastes good
My grammar's falling from the cheeks

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I was wrong
You were a friendly kid
I was wrong
You were a friendly kid

Fill the rafters
Right field dances
Baseball diamonds
Take our chances out

There's somethin' fiction 'bout the way that reality's going
Seems like the chakra's playing hopscotch
Anxiety growing
Some cordial framework of the sunset
A yellow made out of gray
My bones are tired of the body
That woke me up today

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