

ME & YOU

Hobo Johnson

Me and you and this entire bar (this entire bar)
Are just talking, and talking, and falling apart
Please, just lie or pretend (just lie or pretend)
Just tell me that tonight that one thirty is ten o'clock
There's this place my friends like to go (friends like to go)
And it smells like shit, but it feels like home
I'm so disgusted to say (so disgusted to say)
That we should own about ten percent of that place

And look, just fucking pull me by my shirt (by my shirt)
Outside into the street and to the depths of the dirt
Just fucking tell me, "go home" (fucking go home)
That there's so many great new books that you own

I don't know
What's going on
But six o'clock Just feels so wrong
And the night is just too long
When you're sitting on your couch all alone

In a tribe, they would likely go to sleep
In LA, we have drugs that we rub on our teeth
It's just so fucking gross (so fucking gross)
It's the pull of the passions vs rational growth
And I love it
And I hate it
I said, I must be a sick, sad sadist
You get a girlfriend
You need to warn her
Every night you're scratching cues into the corner

Are we supporting local business and ambition
Or just subsidizing some massive mansion in The Mission?
Me and you and everybody here
Has such a sad story, and I really want to hear

I don't know what's going on
But six o'clock just feels so wrong
And the night is just too long
When you're sitting on your couch all alone
I don't know, I don't know what's going on
But six o'clock just feels so wrong
And the night, it's just too long
When you sit on your couch all alone

I can't hear you over Henry Rollins screaming
But it sounds like you're done and that you are fucking leaving
Baby, baby, come back
Thoughts of work are for tomorrow and forever and a half

Can't you see?
We need to leave?
There's not a single old person in the seats
Can't you see we need to leave?
We just spent twelve bucks on a drink
Can't you see? Can't you see?
You don't deserve it

You're not Bukowski or Hunter or Ernest?
Can't you see we need to leave?
You still fucking suck at pool so what's the need?

Me in you and this entire bar
Are just talking and talking and falling apart
Please
I don't know what's going on
But six o'clock just feels so wrong