

Hall of Fame

Jeff Rosenstock

Staring down at your hands trying hard to react to
What they said, and they're your friends but the words they escape you
If you can't even speak how can anyone love you?
They're waiting for you to fall, and take your place

Getting drunk all alone in a quiet hotel room
You repeat all the most shameful things that you've been through
It dawns on you, that it's true, fucking nobody loves you
They're waiting for you to fall, and take your place

They're waiting for you to fall, and take your name out of the
hall of fame, oh
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