

The Lows

Jeff Rosenstock

Cliche malaise in a dumb conversation
Predictable drama for 5 AM exits
Fridays they only pick up the recycling
So thank god it's Monday 'cause I'm useless garbage

I can relate
I'd throw me away
They discontinued my train
Now I can't get home

Trade a few beers for crashing on couches
And overstaying your welcome with your parents
They're furrowing brows while they wonder what happened
They're so fucking bad hiding their disappointment

They can't relate
Why'd you do this to me?
Now they canceled my plane
I'm on the runway but I can't get home

All of the things we collected and thought would remind us of the people we wanted to be
Pile up like bricks in a poorly made tote bag that's doing its best not to burst at the seams
But sooner or later coffee mugs and magnets are gonna come crashing down onto the street
And you'll stand there holding the tide from your eyes saying

"Stop, wait for the good times ahead of me
I can't think that the best is in back of me."
Clean up the shards of ceramic
Or leave them for someone who needs it

Yeah, stop, think good times are ahead of you
Stop, think, good times are ahead of you
This isn't the end
We'll always be friends
And we'll smile like we're falling in love when I see you again