Constant Headache

Joyce Manor

I could hear you coming
So I hid by the couch.
You were talking so loudly
I don't know what about.

But you were drunker than high school
Self-conscious and sweet.
I never ever felt so cool
Disguised in your sheets.

But I'm a constant headache
A tooth out of line.
They try to make you regret it
You tell them, “No, not this time.”

I'm just a constant headache
A dead pet device.
You hang me up, unfinished
With the better part of me no longer mine.

And then you finally found me
Pretending to sleep.
You said such nice things about me
I felt guilty and cheap.

You took two steps to the kitchen
And just stared at the sink.
I couldn't hold back a smile
I still wish I could have seen;

You having sex in the morning
Your love was foreign to me.
It made me think maybe
Human's not such a bad thing to be.

But I just laid there in protest
Entirely fucked.
It's such a stubborn reminder
One perfect night's not enough.

It's just a constant headache
A tooth out of line.
They try to make you regret it
You tell them, “No, not this time”

It's just a constant headache.
A dead pet device.
You hang me up, unfinished
With the better part of me no longer mine.

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