Buttons

Lambchop

And I won't be connected
Or be so easily infected
By the growing sense of self-inflected
Routine in your day

Could this be our night-long struggle
A metaphoric housing bubble
Maybe you find a way to pass the hours
Then make some happy end to it

A canon and a can of cold commingle
Reminders of the day you went away
Remember at your worst when you were single
And at your best you seem to have had better days
Rob from always on the run is so bad and copy paste is
a sin
There's not much for you this summer
I guess you'll be a local bummer
Maybe find a job that won't take
A genius not to do

And you may get arrested
Have your breath and your blood tested
And be back out on the street
Before your engine starts to cool

The months and weeks have passed into a year
And your life has changed in some histrionic ways
A sentence passed is paraphrased in here
And you pick up trash in the rain beside the motorway

I used to know your girlfriend
Back when you used to have a girlfriend
She was nice and you were not
But I was the big prick back then too

Now she's had another baby
And her life has gone sub-urban
And I wonder what she thinks of
When she thinks back now of you

Been better times for those who are in trouble
And maybe there'll be better times for you
The weight you've gained has made your head a bubble
And your button eyes are brown and not her black and
blue

Well, no doubt I'll see you later
You'll have your reasons you still hate her
But my friend he says there is a change
That's been coming over you

I admit there is a difference
And I'll submit to his assurance
And I guess this is a night
When things seem better than they were

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