

It's All Futile! It's All Pointless!

Lovejoy

I lost the passion that comes with living
Since I started university
I took a geography course to learn the datelines
And maybe use a sextant
But now I just press facsimiles
And you're exactly who you wanted to be
That's what you said
'Cause you wanna watch TV, and sleep all day, and lay in bed, but
You're forgetting that I've got to go to work and eat my food
And pay my rent, and reproduce, then feed those kids
And maybe use a sextant

I don't miss you
I miss the thought of what we were

'Cause this is the part where I shut up and let you infest my brain
Wrap your arms around my cortex, dig you in and let you drain
You'll never get rid of me, oh, I'm like a fucking disease!
I'll make a home in your gut
'Cause it's somewhere warm to sleep

And what was your thought when you realized
You'll never feel naive love again?
Was it pain or was it sickness?
Were you proud of who you'd been?
The shyness waiting for his phone calls
Replaced by apathy and dating apps
You held his hands, it felt like flying
Now he's just another man
You'd rather he was inside than beside you
But he's talking marriage and a future
He's picking a lock he doesn't go into
Less knife in a wound, he's a suture

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I miss the thought of what we were

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It's okay
Anything to make you feel less numb
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Anything to make you feel less numb
It's okay
It's okay

Eat my rent and eat my food
And eat my dues and eat those kids (It's okay!)
And maybe use a sextant