

Figure Eights

Mat Kerekes

If I made it to your bedroom, I would never leave
Faded reflections fill the water, they look just like me
I sit in my house and look around for scattered pieces of anything
Never been good at spilling my guts
You are going to have to pull them right out of me

But if you make it out of the weeds, you will stumble over your feet
Then I'll bite down and look away because that is easy
And if I am barely hanging in, then I'll get by on sleight of hand
I need a spot where I can lean and scribble my plans
Still not sure of them

Well, that's just too damn bad for you!
That's too damn bad for both of us!

I draw figure eights with my words, they never find a place to land
Though I'm feeling real old and you're getting there too
I love you now like I loved you then

We are dressed for success and our neckties cut our airflow
Now that we are wooden, we are focused
I said, "that's too damn bad for us"
And you said, "no, that's too bad for you!"

I am so confident
Either that, or I'm full of shit
And maybe I'm incompetent stacked on top of it
I am always overwhelmed
Every big and little thing crashes hard into me
It gets swept underneath, underneath

And it took a lifetimes worth of work to be as unpleasant as I am
And I don't think that I will ever turn it back
Yeah, it took a lifetimes worth of work to become as careless as I am
And I don't think that I will ever turn it back, turn it back, turn it back

Well, that's just too damn bad for you!
That's too damn bad for both of us!