

Lobster

Matt Maltese

Sat here half-alone beside my screen
People come and go, that's how it works out here
Hope I find someone just like me

Talking to stranger 'cross the world
Cereal and sweatpants, where's my girl?
Hope I find someone just like me

Listen, your commander's speaking
I'm so sad to tell you this, but
There are no free agents left
We're bringing your time to an end
And this is me from out the curtain
Saying I'm not cut out for this
Quest for orange Wednesday's lover
Guess I'll never be a red lobster

Walking through a crowd of empty hearts
Destined for the factory as spare parts
I hope they give mine to someone sweet

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Table for one at the bar of love
They're blazing 'When I'm Sixty Four'
Can you cook the lover's set menu
For one person?
And maybe it's just me, and that's okay
And there's no level of wordplay
That beats what Reddit tells you
This can be a lonely, lonely place

This can be a lonely place
This can be a lonely place