

## keeping up

Microwave

There's something soothing about a day job  
That ruins your clothes  
It's miserable and comforting to know  
That there's a couch and weed at home  
Waiting for me

I missed a lot on the road  
I'mma fuck up when I'm home  
I'll still be washing dishes when I'm 40 years old  
My kidneys caked and braces on both my knees

Outside every inside joke  
With my busted ears ringing  
God knows I miss being at home

This was Mecca before the property value changed  
Everywhere I loved became everything that I hate  
Now there's no room for broke asses like me

Don't wanna lose track of my friends  
The distance is fucked  
It's not that I don't care, I'm just awful at keeping up  
There's just no room in my head  
Between the scrambled names and burned off piston rings

Outside every inside joke  
With my busted ears ringing  
God knows I miss being at home