

If I can get this hanger through the window of my car  
I'll never leave my house again for anything, I swear  
Pacing in the driveway, I'm the nemesis of fun  
With soggy hot dog buns from spilling warm beer in my trunk

Throwing down my jacket as I walk inside  
I send a cloudy CD case flying off the side  
Of a dresser from Ikea that I can't get right  
(God, I swear it's missing pieces; I could choke someone)  
"I guess you can come over if you're really dry  
But I'm not really trying to go out tonight"  
It's been a really shitty day, I'd rather take some time  
To just pound zinfandel by myself and unwind

"Remind me of the last time that we hung out, was it sick?"  
'Cause I don't remember anything, not a glimpse of it  
And I would rather re-up than hear about your kids  
But I hope that y'all are doing  
Just as great as I expect you're doing

'P' got me some gifts because she's super tight  
I'm lighterless, relying on the stove for a light  
But I don't really care, these are my favorite nights  
(When I can sit on my ass and respond to no one)  
"I guess you can come over if you're really dry  
But I'm not really trying to go out tonight"  
No, with my clammy fingers grabbing every crumb that I find  
I could sit around here for the rest of my life

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