

# Broken Cash Machine

## Modern Baseball

Home alone on friday night  
No better time for exercise  
And wishing you were still my girlfriend

Sweeping floors and folding napkins  
Praying something cool might happen  
The sun explodes we die  
The world ends

Talking to my friends about stuff  
Nasty beer and plastic handcuffs  
Back when them and you and me  
Would share our space in harmony

Oh, why did I do that?  
Why does everything collapse  
Even when it's glued together

Hey, why did I do that?  
I make everything collapse  
Even when it's glued together

Questioning my awkward footing  
Mixing bitter pills with chocolate pudding  
Hiding gifted fixtures

Trying to not say words out loud  
Wondering if I'm talking too loud

My eyes burning holes in your old pictures

Oh, why did I do that?  
Why does everything collapse  
Even when it's glued together

Hey, why did I do that?  
I make everything collapse  
Even when it's glued together

Fuck you why did I do that?  
It's your fault I can't relax  
But nothing changing while I'm sitting here  
With both hands glued together