

Wedding Singer

Modern Baseball

Find it hard to believe tonight
In a curiously well-kept house built before I was born
This year we're gonna stamp out the sorry feeling
Rain on summer vacation five blocks from Tasker-Morris Station
 Fucked for the ride home if I can't find two bills to rub together before

Midnight rolls around
I thought you heard me sing your spirit's sound
But you turned in early
Left the TV flickering its staged romance across your face

Said goodbye from the front porch
I always wonder if you're smiling at us or if you're looking away
I'd ask, but either way I feel sorry for you
Locked your love in a screenshot
They all work that way but I've been wishing I could say that I don't
The selfish side likes to think my execution's more
Of an honest one, these artists all cut cloth with underscored conviction
Blacked out, friction flies me back to Baltimore to wait for you
But I'm stuck here too

Until midnight rolls around
I thought you heard me sing your spirit's sound
But you turned in early
Left the TV flickering its staged romance across your face