

I'm sick of the cynical.
I'm sick of the fashion show.
The vapid and overblown someone, someone
tells me I ought to know.
I wouldn't stay around if the money let me linger on
until the end of December.
And waste another year like a minute, trying to forget,
cause I remember my home.

I left there with bitter words.
I'll go back with cap in hand,
and launder the bed I made, hurtful things said, and pick
up where I began.

The penny lost its shine.
Dirty ankles on the promenade
in rubber flip-flop sandals.
Give me back the rags,
the neurotic and the sweet lament,
'cause I can't handle it.

I'm gonna take a lover.
Gonna take her back to Somerville.
Show her around the neighborhood,
re-case the place and settle down.

Gonna take a lover.
Gonna take her back to Somerville.
Don't care if she's pretty
when we leave Suck City.