

Eggshell

Runnner

I'm sleeping later every day
I let my time all go to waste
I'm cracking eggshells in the pan too much
I don't know if I'm washing my hands enough

I'm keeping it close to the surface
But that's not really making it hurt less
Nothing to do but keep texting my therapist
So many half-assed attempts to get over this

Still dreaming in abbreviated emails
Regarding airfare quotes, unrendered thumbnails
It's 9pm and slipping out "I'm still at home"
Blistered my palm, losing to metal Mario

I'm having it out with the countertop
'Cause it doesn't believe I can turn it off
Wasting a year in the garage like a gravel pit
But I'm young I should just fucking enjoy this shit
I hate the part of the song where the chorus hits
'Cause I don't like sticking flags on my nervousness
Stuck in the kitchen for hours it's my default
Still can't determine between white sugar and salt