

# Date Night

Seth Sentry

Super Cool  
Yeah

I don't need a phone to do a doomscroll  
First date boredom and I'm crawling out a loophole  
Now she on mute like a Zoom call  
Put the spoon back into the bowl but the soup's cold  
Whoa, sorry, kinda spaced out  
I was looking round the place for escape routes  
Between the canapes and the baked trout  
Got a little vague, tell me more about the drapes in your lake house  
So what do I think?  
Uh, I think the light's too bright  
And it's stifling and everybody's knives keep scraping on their plates (Argh  
!)

And it's kind of doing circles in my brain like an ice rink  
I think I'm worried that the waiter doesn't like me  
And more than likely, I think he probably spat in my drink  
I think that giant blimp shovelling the fried shrimp's  
Gotta be like four or five minutes from a heimlich (Save him!)

I think the scary little kid staring at me could be psychic  
I swear he's tryna do a fucking mindtrick  
Eat your fries, kid, quit tryna read my mind, shit  
Wait, did the waiter spit in my drink?  
Oh, you meant what I think about the drapes?  
Oh, yeah, I guess they sound pretty great  
Oh, I agree it's getting kinda late  
Oh, how you feel about a second date?  
Yeah, now she wanna know what I'm on  
Good question, I don't really know, maybe somewhere on the spectrum  
You don't need to trip and get stuck like a stepmum  
'Cause we got a couple more angles to connect from  
I don't go to clubs 'cause the music's too loud  
I don't go to pubs, I don't really like crowds  
I get overwhelmed, people talking all at once (What?!)

That's why I used to stay at home and do a lot of drugs  
I would rather stare into the void  
I don't wanna walk around annoyed (Nah)  
I just wanna talk around the point (Yeah)  
There's only two things that I enjoy  
And none of them are sports, full credit to the boys  
Yeah, I'm really tryna work through it  
Keep the Larry David in my head and not refer to it  
I don't need to be the one to drive, I'll let her do it  
Everywhere I go I hear the motherfucking Curb music  
I did too much wading in my life (Yeah)  
I kept tryna step into the same river twice  
The river banks way steep, waist deep  
Guess I kinda understand why that waiter hates me  
Fuck him, I ain't good at making friends, I'm too busy shittin' on 'em  
How the fuck you take offence, you're so busy sitting on it  
Now, put that in your lucky star, go and wish upon it (Yeah)  
You know a beat is getting fucked when I'm spitting on it  
Spitting like the waiter spat into my summer ale  
I knew it, 'cause it's something that I woulda done as well  
I'm in the parking lot fighting with my younger self  
It's hard to tell whose winning but this shit is run as hell