

## Lunchtime

Spacey Jane

Giving up on it slowly, letting all the feelings go  
It's a permanent maybe, it's probably gonna be a no  
I'm ready for, days and weeks  
On my face, or on my back

I said I don't our love is a mess we both know  
Nothing to show as far as I can tell  
We look like we're undone to me  
Soggy cheeks and running from me, yeah

In a race to get happy, no sign of the leading pack  
I'm the consummate lonely, I'm there to drink and then head back  
I wake up at lunchtime, well, I don't know what you're talking about  
And I'm stuck, catatonic once again

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She looks like she means it, I'm not feeling confident this time  
Dripping tears on pillows, and an overwhelming sense of fuck this

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