

Old Maid

Squash

Is it so bad to go out like that?
This old game of solitaire's had me rapt for years, I'm glad
Is it so bad to sit with my screen?
The telephones in reach
So I'll reach it when it rings

Or these ghosts could take me home, I'm tired of being lonesome
Ghosts take me home, the living think I'm wholesome
But I'd go to hell in spades if I wouldn't be an old maid
My words used to be gold to the ghosts
Please take me home

Is it so bad to toss out my cards?
I've got it in my keyboard, commands memorized by heart
I started practicing in spring 2003
You were with me
You were with me

These cards don't have a box anymore
The rubber band ball you made for me has long rolled out the door
It's nice to watch the cards one by one slip through the floor

Ghosts take me home, I'm tired of being lonesome
Ghosts take me home, the living think I'm wholesome
But I'd go to hell in spades if I wouldn't be an old maid

I'll look up till my brain breaks every relative that ain't called this way
I'll click each link right to the brink of sanity I'm offering
No shipping fee, for free, this deck of cards
They were grandpa's

You could take them home, they're tired of being lonesome
You could take them home, they're incomplete, I lost some
And I'll go to hell in spades, but you could play old maid
Please take, take them home