

## Saving my Ticket

Superchunk

Wipes a little space at the window  
Still can't see too well  
And he spits into his hand  
Not for luck anymore  
Not for luck anymore

Plan to fill it in  
Empty my spirit over anyway  
All the bets are in  
I'm saving my ticket for then  
I'm saving my ticket for then

Always expecting the worst  
My mouth cracked open spit out a curse  
Well timed and well rehearsed  
And that's no surprise  
And that's no surprise

Plan to fill it in  
Empty my spirit over anyway  
All the bets are in  
I'm saving my ticket for then  
I'm saving my ticket for then

They rock back and forth on their heels  
He cuts, she deals  
They're not comfortable with how this feels  
No matter now  
No matter now

Plan to fill it in  
Empty my spirit over anyway  
All the bets are in  
I'm saving my ticket for then  
I'm saving my ticket for then