

Looking Like You Just Woke Up

The Front Bottoms

I love to wait. I love girls with ex boyfriends, that they
Aren't really over
And I love New Mexico, I love places I've never been
I love the idea of places I'll never go

So I'm swinging like a fist fight concrete colored basement
Alright, alright lets keep this clean, as clean as you'd like
And it probably won't get easier, just easier to hide
Prepare for an aching the rest of your life

I'm playing dead. I faked my death and I'll keep pretending
If nothing else for the sake of the tradition
And I am confident
Even if it makes no sense. I will say I love you back
To the love that I am given

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