

The Barbers Unhappiness

The Matches

Do me a favor, would you please
Hang up the receiver on me
Before I, before I talk my vocabulary dry.

Cold colas to coexist
Hold sodas in both her fists
I...I'd hoped for a different you.
There's comfort in the clamor of cafés
Solace from the abyss of days
I...I'd hoped for a different you.
Still I trace your gaze
But that's stalker praise, and I lack the turn of phrase

Do me a favor, would you, my Doe
Don't come over later, don't spend two days in a row
I know my pre-calculated charm will soon run low.

Every morning through Ma's twin rose trellises
Grammar, middle, and Lake High
Barber college, through Ma's twin rose trellises

I'd planned to pick for you a rose; my hell, this is
A plan's as close as I'll ever get; my hell, this is
I haven't yet, I haven't yet, I haven't yet...

Do me a favor, be rational
Save me the labor of the breakup call
Just assume the worst
When the phone don't ring, dismiss me to the hearse