

## ...Well, Better Than The Alternative

Will Wood

Pink lemonade on autumn bomber coats  
Peter Pan collars, but my daughter's growing up  
She's gonna be a lot like me  
But I don't wanna be at all like me  
Oh, yellow buzz-cuts, pulling out stingers  
You're telling me I'm holding up eleven fingers  
And stranger things than death can happen  
To lab rat girls and pretty white rabbits

But everybody knows that, nobody knows that  
Everybody's in on everybody's business  
This isn't my first Christmas  
I know mistletoe when I see it

Baby, could you play along with me?  
Baby, would that be alright with you?  
And when we find out what's wrong with me  
Could you tell me how I'm right for you?  
Baby, could you play along with me?  
Baby, would that be alright with you?  
And when we find out what's wrong with me  
Could you tell me how, could you tell me how and if I'm still pretty?

Cigarette burns, laugh lines, wide dimples  
If they could see the future back when times were simple  
Would they kiss your cheek or yank the bandage off  
Let you speak or take advantage of how  
If everyone's sick, well then, nobody can catch it  
And if everybody's different, how could anybody match?  
And we're looking through the pockets of the hand-me-downs we laid out  
Wondering if we'll fit into the yesterdays we played out

Everybody knows that, nobody knows that  
Everybody's all up in my god damn business  
This isn't my first kiss, its better to be lost than loved, now, isn't it?

Baby, could you play along with me?  
Baby, would that be alright with you?  
And when we find out what's wrong with me  
Could you tell me how I'm right for you?  
Baby, could you play along with me?  
Baby, would that be alright with you?  
And when we find out what's wrong with me  
Could you tell me how, could you tell me how and if I'm still pretty?

Walking bikes home with a scraped-knee, sunset smudged across your brow  
Warmer tears than you've grown used to since then  
A toast to the nosebleed seats and the big dream sequence where you're found  
Guilty of your innocence and gently sent right back to bed  
Everybody knows that, nobody knows that  
Everybody's all up in my motherfucking business  
This isn't my first anything  
This isn't my first anything  
Everybody knows that, nobody knows that  
Everybody's in on everybody's business  
This isn't my first lyric  
I know exactly how I should finish it

Baby, could you play along with me?  
Baby, would that be alright with you?  
And when we find out what's wrong with me  
Could you tell me how I'm right for you?  
Baby, could you play along with me?  
Baby, would that be alright with you?  
After all of that's been done to me, could you tell me how, could you tell m  
e how, could you tell me

What's so wrong about what's wrong with me?  
I'm just trying to do what's right by you  
What's so wrong about what's wrong with me?  
Oh, I'm just trying to do what's right by you  
Baby, could you play along with me?  
Baby, would that be alright with you?  
After all of that's been done with me  
Could you tell me how, could you tell me how  
Could you tell me how?