

Lucky Strike

Andrew Jackson Jihad

I'll never be the comfort
You lost when you were nine or so
I can't fill those big old holes
Thought you knew that about me

I never want to wake up
Living in your faint memory
I want to wake up in your bed
Fucking scared
Pushing through the bullshit
And working up the nerve to speak

I'll never fix your car
Or find you another dead end job
So let's lay on this carpeted floor
And draw with crayons