

Nausea

Jeff Rosenstock

Held in the bong hit sitting in a
Hot tub in south Wisconsin
I feel amazing when I'm all alone
Switching between porn and Robocop

Turned off my cell phone
Drank a bottle of wine and read a Cometbus
got stoned naked, trip and stumble
to bed in a fucked up sleep walk

I got so tired of discussing my future
I started avoiding the people I love
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea

I read the worst thing ever
In a bathrobe of off-white terry cloth
Translated by technology
From your voice extremely inaccurately

I got so tired of discussing my future
I started avoiding the people I love
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea
Sweatin' and shakin', dont throw up

I got so tired of discussing my future

That I walk through my life like I'm the only one
With evenings of silence and mornings of nausea
Shakin', sweatin', and dont throw up, oh no

Cleaned up the empty bottles
Let the smoke out through chilly windows
I used the stationary bike
I watched the end of Price Is Right

Ordered an egg white sandwich
And I drove south through mid-day traffic
While I called up the folks I truly love
Hung up after they said hello

I got so tired of discussing my future
I started avoiding the people I love
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea
Shakin', sweatin', don't throw up

I got so tired of discussing my future
That I walk through my life like I'm the only one
Evenings of silence and mornings of nausea