

## The Lows

Jeff Rosenstock

Cliche malaise in a dumb conversation  
Predictable drama for 5 AM exits  
Fridays they only pick up the recycling  
So thank god it's Monday 'cause I'm useless garbage

I can relate  
I'd throw me away  
They discontinued my train  
Now I can't get home

Trade a few beers for crashing on couches  
And overstaying your welcome with your parents  
They're furrowing brows while they wonder what happened  
They're so fucking bad hiding their disappointment

They can't relate  
Why'd you do this to me?  
Now they canceled my plane  
I'm on the runway but I can't get home

All of the things we collected and thought would remind us of the people we wanted to be  
Pile up like bricks in a poorly made tote bag that's doing its best not to burst at the seams  
But sooner or later coffee mugs and magnets are gonna come crashing down onto the street  
And you'll stand there holding the tide from your eyes saying

"Stop, wait for the good times ahead of me  
I can't think that the best is in back of me."  
Clean up the shards of ceramic  
Or leave them for someone who needs it

Yeah, stop, think good times are ahead of you  
Stop, think, good times are ahead of you  
This isn't the end  
We'll always be friends  
And we'll smile like we're falling in love when I see you again