My Friend Marcus

Manchester Orchestra

My friend Marcus, he sleeps in my basement And his father touched more than spirit Now he can hardly sleep, sleep

My friend Marcus, he's got such an ego I beg him oh daily to let go Find your father and find your meaning Please

I don't give a good shit if your lonesome I think that you should go home son Find the father and your meaning

Now I can see You mean everything to nothing Now I believe You mean everything

Now I can see You mean everything to nothing Now I believe You mean everything

My friend Marcus, he works on a train set And I still can't move off my broke track He's helping me find my meaning Eventually and hopefully we'll see

And now I believe
I mean everything to nothing
Now I believe
I mean everything

It's funny how many don't know How many don't have a home It's funny how many don't know How many don't have homes Oooooh