

Coding These To Lukens

Modern Baseball

It's not just what you say
Or how you've come so far
The words that you repeat
When time tears us apart

That smug look on your face
When you have something to hide
Or at least that's what I think
Maybe I'm out of touch
You tell me if I'm wrong
But you know I'm right

Spit fire
Spit blood
Spit fast
I'm heated
I'm sure this won't linger
More than it has to

Get out of my way
Steadfast
I'm Fiending
I'm a certain kind of way
A certain kind of way, tonight

I know it can't be in my head
It must be one of you who keep pulling me aside
To chit chat about me, who I am, what the deal is with
Who I was once