

## Going To Bed Now

Modern Baseball

What do you give someone  
Who's already got one of everything you thought would be the perfect  
Accoutrement to their unnerving temperament?  
Attention

What could a lowly peasant being like myself  
Offer a perfect pleasant savior of humanity  
The redeemer of us sickly, sinning hillbillies?  
Attention

Just one more resounding stab at all the others  
You've almost blown your cover  
But your traps don't stick  
One more bottle should do the trick  
Discreetly cleansing the remnants of every disdainful quip  
You found no escape route  
But I know you well enough to hate you now  
It's too bad you haven't figured that out

What do you call someone  
Who calls you out on DIY ethics you don't embody  
As he drains his dad and mommy's monthly data plan?  
An asshole  
With an iPhone

I'll admit, I'm in the same boat  
Caught between my adolescent safety net  
And where the world wants me to be  
But I never use that as an excuse  
To treat my friends the way that you treat me

Just one more distorted, sad attempt at humor  
From the jagged, bleeding tumor in our throat  
Malignance at best, and quick to address yourself  
As anything other than what we've learned to expect  
The patron saint of Good God Damn  
I'll kick myself to sleep  
Before I shake that grimy, dirty, crusted, arrogant hand  
So please leave my house