

Pulled over at midday
The joker's still wet behind the ears
He hands off a novel of novice citations outside the service station
The glue sets beneath our heels

My baby's in Massachusetts
And all this booze is useless
Sunset sing my scratched out sighing soul to sleep
And the cashier here is ruthless
Jeanette, I wrote your name down
But I'd hate that job as much as you do if I was stuck between
Barton and Binghamton too

Days like this I miss listening to records
Making coffee together
Snow globes and Jersey sheets
I tried sleeping in our bed without you last night
That didn't work at all, cause I couldn't sleep

Sometimes I wish it was still last summer
And you still lived in South Philly
And I wasn't playing a show in Nebraska, or Austin, Texas
Asking the kids what they ate for breakfast

But here I am, Valero bathroom
Who's paid to keep these things cliché?
Bury me beneath New York state
It's the only place where I feel dead

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