

## Note To Self

### Modern Baseball

Holt's above my hideout  
I dug this hole beneath the floorboards  
Buzzing bad and locked in  
Try to not recall

Counting numbered days  
From the wheel we cried to clutch  
Looking for some inspired land  
But all I found were empty cans and cigarette butts  
Lining dirty parking lots in Ottawa  
(Glazed eyes, trying to rub away at the sketches of the...)  
Daytime  
When every second of sun's the same  
What's the point of staying awake?

Your hands are out and I see  
You're asking me for a vowel but I am weak and I am stubborn  
So I'll say "This is all I have right now"  
But I want to make something good  
I want to make something better  
Something that cannot leave the ground  
Unless we lift it up together

Where I want to be still seems a thousand miles away  
But pretending we feel safe right here gets harder every day  
It's a note to self mislaid  
You ate the words you always used to say  
There will be no more fucking around today

Drunk and worthless, spewing bullshit all across the stage  
Wake up and we find new hiding places  
Trying desperately to escape  
The glare from our stupid, spineless  
(I don't believe you, you're all the same)  
Words just whining, every fucking day  
What do I really want to say?

Where I want to be still seems a thousand miles away  
But pretending we feel safe right here gets harder every day  
It's a note to self mislaid  
You ate the words you always used to say  
There will be no more fucking around today