

## The Bag

NOFX

Endless evenings of non-exist  
Are getting shorter, monotonous  
Like an intruder, I belong outside  
Although I find myself right back  
The same place I was before  
Saying things I'd say once more  
There's no reason for me to be here, no  
I feel so lonesome, surrounded by friends  
Who are talking about me, saying things I could care less about  
This dialogue is without  
Worth, content, significance  
Conversational ambivalence  
Hear the same things every night, it just ain't right  
I'm not the one to hold the bag  
Give me something I can sink my teeth into  
Show me a time, tell me a story  
That I haven't heard a million times before  
I pass out from boredom  
As I watch the people pass  
I see moments in their lives, nothing fascinating  
Are we all living for the past, never realizing  
We're clinging to an empty bag  
Lacking content, significance  
Conversational ambivalence  
Say the same thing every night, it just ain't right  
We'll see who's left holding the bag