

Saving my Ticket

Superchunk

Wipes a little space at the window
Still can't see too well
And he spits into his hand
Not for luck anymore
Not for luck anymore

Plan to fill it in
Empty my spirit over anyway
All the bets are in
I'm saving my ticket for then
I'm saving my ticket for then

Always expecting the worst
My mouth cracked open spit out a curse
Well timed and well rehearsed
And that's no surprise
And that's no surprise

Plan to fill it in
Empty my spirit over anyway
All the bets are in
I'm saving my ticket for then
I'm saving my ticket for then

They rock back and forth on their heels
He cuts, she deals
They're not comfortable with how this feels
No matter now
No matter now

Plan to fill it in
Empty my spirit over anyway
All the bets are in
I'm saving my ticket for then
I'm saving my ticket for then