

## Assistant. Assistants.

## Trophy Scars

Was clawing at the walls in my tiny apartment  
Trying to make sense of my life and then it started  
My stomach felt weird and my heart was speeding up, man  
When all of it was over I spoke up and raised my right hand  
"Why do I exist? I got two more years to live."

I'm hardly suicidal and I've been heavy drinking  
Two years is what you make it  
And I know what you're thinking:  
"Jerry's lost his mind again; he's way too self-indulgent."  
Maybe you're right  
I should never have told you

Do you think I'm lying?  
I lie all the time  
But I'm telling the truth, man  
In two years this voice will die

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick, tick-tock

I've got so many names to thank  
Should we start with Mary?

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick, tick-tock

We'll hide our wounds from our parents  
We'll eat out our wrists like they're candy  
We'll think twice before kissing  
We'll miss our old friends like they're dying

I remember when we were just sixteen and dreaming  
Drinking in the basement just shouting and screaming  
Listening to our favorite records all the while thinking  
Someday we're gonna be there on stage all singing  
Remember breaking hearts and getting hearts broken  
Lying to our parents about what we were smoking  
Solving all our problems with bottles and women  
Even though we knew we were better without them

This is not me, this is not me  
This is me  
Getting old, getting cold and getting stoned  
I'll write backwards and call it art  
I'll set things right from the very start  
And I know my heart won't get in the way  
I hope to God that they take me away  
While my foot is tapping out the rhythm  
While my foot just taps out the rhythm

Can you hear them screaming?  
Oh God  
Can you hear them screaming?  
Oh God