

Braid

"Consolation Prize Fighter"

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Your head's in the way of my mind
And by the way i'm fine
But i'm a liar
And i'm trying
So give me a brand name and
I'll wrap my arms around the caller's collar
Ring ring
Tears in the towel throw it in
Who'll chose the prizefighter?
Windows down the idiots yell
At me, meek on the street
Clueless as usual and unbelievably easily bruisable
But i'm trying
So give me a capgun and
I'll press my lips on the necks of the next ones
Ring ring
It's everything
Won too few in one too many.

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