

## Honeydogs

### "David"

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It's alright, David, I'm fucked up again  
I'm tired of waiting  
Of being your friend  
You're stuck on the first page and I'm close to the end  
So just shut your mouth and pretend

You scream through your cellphone and you watch your  
TV  
Sometimes you look like a fool  
Sometimes you look right past me  
And I'm the one singing you songs in the end  
So goddamn, I guess we'll be friends

And oh, all the days pile up like used paper plates  
And you know but you still go

Pictures and movies and books and cartoons  
When I'm lookin' at them sometimes I'm thinkin' bout  
you  
And writing down things that I think you should do  
You know, I might get sick of me too

And oh, all the days pile up like used razor blades  
And you know but you still go

So David I'm here and my fingers are sore  
From writin' down words that I know you'll ignore  
When each one comes out it feels more like before  
So David I've evened the score  
David I've evened the score

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