

Mr. Mirainga

"This Night I Call"

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I Smoke too Many Cigarettes
My Back Always Hurts
I Procrastinate And I Scribble My Words
Subject to a Life Long Curse
I Used to Walk Around So Tall
Good Looking Kid With No Problems At All
Had This World at My Fingertips
Why In Gods Name Did I Turn Out Like This?
My Lifes Become a Game of Poker
I'm Losing Every Single Hand
I can't Seem To Find My 2nd Joker
I Fold My Cards Are Bad
I Wonder How Your Painting Is
How Your Family Is Doing Too
And I Wonder If Your Hands Miss My Arms
Or If They're Holding Someone New

My Lifes Become a Game Of Poker
I Lose Every Single Hand
I can't Seem to Find My 2nd Joker
I Lost Every Chip I Had
My Hair Is Way Too Greasy
I Know a Shower Wouldn't Kill Me
I can't Help But Think it's None Of These Things
That Make Me Walk Around So Lonely
But These Haunted Cold Streets Call Me
They See My Staggering Feet Try
I am Not Worth One of Your Tears
So Please Just Close, Please Just Close The Door
On This Night This Night I Call Bad Luck
This Night I Call Bad Luck

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