

Schroeder's Songbook "Life Of The Search Party"

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Bottoms up – here it goes
Take flight carried by my pigeon toes
Trying hard just to leave my nest
That I've made out of notebooks and regrets
My therapist will never listen to this
Because I pay him in 15% tips
I wish these days were done
When I throw up my guts just to prove I got some

But I need you...

La da da da da da da da
If I'm gonna find the words to say
La da da da da da da da
I'm gonna need an entire search party
All the weight in this world couldn't break this ice

Ain't it cute when I stumble and trip
On every word shaking from my lip
Barkeep can I get a shot please
Of wit and wisdom and a charm she won't believe
We'll talk about which positions are fun
'Cause lately I've been stuck in the fetal one
On the couch with my foot in my mouth
And I gotta get out, I gotta get out

I need you...

La da da da da da da da
If I'm gonna find the words to say
La da da da da da da da
I'm gonna need an entire search party
All the weight in this world couldn't break this ice

I wish I could write just one sentence
On how to clean up all my messes
But it's hard when my alphabet is
Made up of only ex's
Limited vocabulary
Overwork my capillaries
Until my heart beats
Some sense into me

La da da da da da da da
If I'm gonna find the words to say
La da da da da da da da
I'm gonna need an entire search party
All the weight in this world couldn't break this ice

I need you...

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