

Casiotone for the Painfully Alone

"Seattle, Washington"

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it's always tight at the end of the month
until that check comes there's nothing for lunch
i'm sick of all my stuff being halfway broken
too tired to pretend
that i'm not sick of my friends
some days i'm sorry that i ever moved here
some days i think about moving back in w/ my folks
some days i think about moving up north
where rent is cheaper &
i could have a house w/ a porch
to watch the rain
walk out in the rain
stand under the rain
& let seattle wash me

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