

## Old 97's "Nervous Guy"

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In the court of our friend's opinion  
In the right-cut eyes of all our friends  
In the way the phone goes dead  
In the way you lose your head  
I can see how this thing is gonna end

In the darkest hours of my depression  
In the tumbling rocks it takes to mend  
In the way you cross you legs  
In the way my right hand shakes  
I can see how this thing is gonna end

Goodbye, goodbye from a nervous guy  
Goodbye, goodbye from a nervous guy  
From a nervous guy

When the smoke pours into the bedroom  
When the man comes 'round collecting all our friends  
When the loved one finally learned  
That the fire no longer burns  
I can see how this thing is gonna end

Goodbye, goodbye from a nervous guy  
Goodbye, goodbye from a nervous guy  
From a nervous guy, from a nervous guy

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