

Polar Bear Club

"Eat Dinner, Bury The Dog, And Run"

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200 gallons ago, I buttoned up my jacket
I said goodnight to my supervisor, walked to my car,
and unlocked it
The inside's so cold, at least the shit's still running
Picked up my cell phone; the roof of the car looks good
for slugging

Walked in through my back door like a bull through
bedsheets
There were flowers on the floor went from bull, to weak
in the knees
Yeah, I'm a fuck-up. First day home.
Yeah, I'm fucked up and I'm calling you.

Put a camera in my car and you'd get me less and less
and less.
I need a windshield built for war that can withstand my
confidence
Today I reached into a shitter and saw the inmost part
of me
My reflection has looked better, but never clean

Yeah, I'm a fuck-up. First day home.
Yeah, I'm fucked up and I'm calling you.

Nights like these won't be avoided.
Not by me.

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