

# Pulley "Barf"

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Why every time when something hurts  
Someone always comes and wants to make it worse?  
I'll never make the cover of a rolling stone  
But at least I know my life's my own

On my back porch what will it mean  
On my notes tell me what they'll mean

Splitting up the difference between one and two  
Doesn't make a difference for me or you  
What the signs they say  
Trucks that we met back and forth on any day but  
Sunday

At four o' clock  
And the meter's running too late now  
Put your quarter in  
And you know you won't be found

Don't know it  
Don't know it

I know inside that you're afraid of me  
I've become all the things that I said I would be  
Something more than rehearsed, the pain I feel  
contained  
I look in the mirror and I saw someone else

Don't be anything [Incomprehensible]

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