

Boat

"Last Cans of Paint"

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Talk about a study of selfishness
He was a hopeless case
Drinking all the milk and leaving
None For his wife to drink
Skittish attempts to make things go right
Almost every night
Failing just to fail
And put it off til it feels alright

I won't pick up the telephone
'cause there's nine hundred people
And they're all alone
All used up like the cans of paint
In the garage

Drinking diet soda and
Watching all of your baseball games
Staying indoors on the days you know
The sun may break
Choking on the words you want to say
To your friends tonight

I won't pick up the telephone
'cause there's nine hundred people
And they're all alone
All used up like the cans of paint
In the garage

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