

## Self "Marathon Shirt"

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tell me who's to blame for this ink spot, question mark,  
blood-stained sleeves in the parking lot  
i've had it since i was twelve and i wear it like hell  
wash it when it gets worn, dirty, tattered, torn  
fell in love with me and wears me with pride  
we bathe in ultra tide when i start to feel guilty  
and everyone's jealous cause they wish they had it  
i'm half a man without it  
i'm the king of style  
and i'll keep on wearing my marathon shirt  
and i'll wear it everyday til it hurts  
and i got no lady over her  
confidence-a-plenty in my marathon shirt  
once loaned her to a friend for a party and i worried all  
night like a mother does  
and when she returned all wrinkled and helpless, she  
smelled  
of cheap cigarettes and other drugs  
i'd wear her in any season  
i'd wear her for any reason  
the only promise in my life's that shirt of mine  
and day after day, as her colors fade away, i'll  
remember  
what she felt like the first time  
now i've come to lay you down  
you can soak into the sound and i'm so elated  
she can't be recreated and the water's turning brown  
my baby she's no hand-me-down

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