

# Pain, Juice / Square Pegs

Lately I've heard this song, you see,  
And it will not let me be.  
It's a measure or two with a hell of a groove  
But a lot of simplicity.  
It's the kind of a song you want to write for your mom  
It's the kind of a song that makes you hum for a while  
It's the kind of a song that's kind of stupid and dumb.  
Just another tarnished diamond for the pile.  
And here I am, smashing square pegs into round holes.  
Here I am, weakening the whole.  
Square pegs, we'll knock all their blocks off this time  
With a hell of a melody rhyme,  
Always keeping in mind that I'm  
As square as they come, well that's fine.  
I'll spend all my money and time  
Spinning wheels on an incline.  
Staying inside has got me doubting my mind  
And doing battle with phantoms again.  
In the form of some notes,  
I think a musical ghost  
Is digging dead melodies from my head.  
I should be out in the sun, I should be having some fun.  
I should be drinking some beer, I should be reading somewhere.  
I should be seeing my wife instead of wasting my nights  
And from all that I hear I should be getting my hair cut  
But here I am, with 53 chords and broken horn lines.  
But here I am, losing my mind.  
Square pegs, we'll knock all their blocks off this time  
With a hell of a melody rhyme,  
Always keeping in mind that I'm  
As square as they come, well that's fine.  
I'll spend all my money and time  
Spinning wheels on an incline.