

Paris Jackson, bandaid

You know I've spent a good few years
Just thinking, drinking about you
My head is filled with souvenirs
I'm limping, beginning to undo
The pieces of me
Strung together
Free the new me

Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh
Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh, oh
Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh
Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh, oh

I dream of you when I'm bleeding out
I'm veiny, I'm draining out and done
I wonder if there's a small amount
In your heart, a part of you that loved
Or if I was just another stain that made
A decent bandaid

Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh
Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh, oh
Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh
Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh, oh

I know it wasn't the same for you
The singing, the ringing in my ears
I've done everything that I can do
So I'm writing, pining til I'm blue
The seasons change
Like us, like me
And thus, ending

Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh
Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh, oh
Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh
Yeah, ayy-ayy, oh, oh

Now there you are with a filled up arm
With some pictures, scriptures on your shelf
I always wished you would do no harm
Insanely, and mainly to yourself
But here we are, a stabbing lost crusade with no bandaids