

Pencey Prep, P.S. Don't Write

While you were fucking off
I went and found something new.
Packed up all my shit,
stole back all my tapes,
left your spare key under the mat.
This is not a joke,
You'd better learn to take a hint,
Cause I'm not coming back.
Maybe you'll understand,
When you're waking up alone in a cold and empty bed.

If you're reading this I'm gone.
Happy Birthday.
P.S. Don't write cause you will not get a reply.

While you were fucking off,
I got my life in shape.
Somewhere along the line I found a hidden strength that I didn't know I had.
Standing on my own,
Cutting all the strings that you used to control.
Surprise, surprise,
I am long gone.

If you thought you could keep me down by holding me up
You were wrong.
You don't call the shots anymore.

While you were fucking off,
I learned to love myself again.
Even better now I learned to hate you.
C'est la vie, baby, we're through.
See you around,
maybe on the sixth of never.