

Crime in Stereo, Unfortunate Tourists

I am the unfortunate tourist, stranded at the edge of your bed.

Shipwrecked.

Journeyed from the depths of our drinks to the small curves of your legs and yet in your absence...

I am the constant exit, the constant ex, the next former friend to attend your revenge.

And you said "You're just like them! Born to love and then disappear!"

And i said "...People like that are the only people here."