

Curl Up And Die, If This Band Thing Doesn't Pan

For all the girls that have interest in me.

Please forget me. Just go home. I'm breaking bones

Over roaming free, empty, and with nowhere to go.

Who wants a boy sad and hurt from you missing your call back?

I am not wanted when you are not around. I hate myself and I

can't help it. Because I don't know how to call it a night, I love you
and can't help it.

I walk to have a hold on this. Someone please help me.

I walk along silent roads trying to figure out how to figure this all
out. Those times of trying too hard to have it all under control, all
understood, where nothing makes any sense. I am the ghost
lingering on behind in time past, and there's nothing for me.

I want to have a hold on this. Someone please help me.

(These are quick romances that are adding up kills.)