Feeling Left Out, Most Accidents

You're running free at record speed
My legs are crushed and my arms they bleed
Inside of me turns like a washing a machine
While outside I form a smoke screen

What happened to that girl I knew?
You look like her, but this can't be you
You're traveling to the Upper East Side
Make sure you enjoy the skyline

The rain comes down and hits my window
Proves to be
The rain is knocking at my window
Source of company

What if I died?
Would it make any difference now?
I know I'll feel better in the morning
But this is how I feel right now

If you need anything just call
The understatement of the year
Waving to an empty window
Once filled by your shadow

Disappear before my eyes
Before my eyes have time to cry
Help myself to a plate of
dissatisfaction