From First To Last, Populace In Two

your memories will always haunt me like a ghost to put it nicely I hope you choke a poet of sorts but I'm not enough to give you an eyesore it's hard to swallow with your hands around my throat I'm sick and tired of I told you so you can call me at home but i know better than to answer the phone when people ask about the last time that we spoke I let the stiches do the talking for the most part and I leave out how you threw the lamp through my front window

just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we knew in short this is a long goodbye to unexpecting you just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we knew in short this is a long goodbye to unexpecting you

Even if i spend 2004 listening to morrisey in my car I'm better off alone than i would be in your arms Even if i spend 2004 listening to morrisey in my car I'm better off alone than i would be in your arms

In your arms Im better off alone

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to unexpecting you (to unexpecting you) just burn the photographs to unexpecting you (to unexpecting you)