

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

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

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