

Propagandhi, The About-As-Close-To-Emo-As-W

I hid inside my room like a fucking coward
and the past 18 months flashed before me in the last eight long hours.
A little less than amazing: you finally got a rise out of me.
So I laughed, I cried (well, I tried, but i laughed again).
See? Who the fuck needs a caricature to be their friend?
It's so fucking stupid.
I'm just as scared and insecure as you (maybe even X2)
and i wonder what you really thought of me.
An intimate friend? A loud-mouthed jerk? Or just a novelty?
(and, hey, do you think i could sing this a little more out of key?)
This is not an apology. It's just therapy.
Because as we all know (and apparently), I don't need anybody.