

Propaghandi, The About - As - Close - To - Emo -

I hid inside my room like a f**king 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 f**k needs a caricature to be their friend?
It's so f**king 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.