

Propaghandi, Utter Crap Song

I hid inside my room like a f**king coward (what? please kill me). the past eighteen months flashed
I cried (well I tried, but I laughed again). who the f**k needs a caricature to be their friend? it's so f*

Really thought of me. an intimate friend? a loud-mouth jerk or just a novelty? this is not an apology