

# quinnie, man

i dont remember a single real thing about you  
just all of the sickness that u were supposed to see me through  
and ur lucky as shit  
the things i omit  
coz u stole more of me than id care to admit  
so i cant remember all of the fucked shit that youd do

so fuck all ur gold stars  
the cherries in the backyard  
no amount of sugar could sweeten such a bitter heart  
and fuck ur soft boy scam  
the cowboy or the tarzan  
no amount of nail polish could a paint u a good man  
man

its late at night when the sprinklers turn on as im leaving  
and i dont know why every time im with u i lose feeling  
i was already sick  
when u called me ur fix  
then i pushed mine aside to make room for ur shit  
ive spent life holding other peoples aches in safe keeping

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