

# Some Girls, All My Friends Are Going Death

All my friends are going death  
And breathing' s just a waste of breath  
And hearing just makes me deaf  
And coming down leaves nothing left  
The street is not mine  
Just the stop sign  
We slit your cold, cold veins  
And let the loveage drain  
(they say, they say)  
If you love something, set it free  
Well I love my life  
And I' m getting rid of me