

Therapy?, Last One To Heaven's A Loser

Last one to Heaven's a loser
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I'm damned for what I said
And the way I said it
I didn't think it through
And I don't think I meant it
Is it me that bothers you?
And will we live to regret this?
Too much air is lost already

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Now you've fallen on hard times
You're ripped and torn like many
At the scene of all your crimes
You're guilty and they're plenty
Now you never leave the house
Unless you're really desperate
One last ticket to God knows where

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