

I Wrote Holden Caulfield

Screeching Weasel

I loved you for the minute
When you decided to tell me the truth
I heard you and that night I cried for you
I know that you're alone just like everyone else in the world

Don't tell me that things don't get better
'Cause sometimes they do
Sometimes they do and I know they will for you
The days are getting shorter

And you're forgetting the things you just said
I'm hoping that you'll move ahead
I wonder if you'll ever come to realize what I always knew
I wrote Holden Caulfield and so did you

I want to know if you want to wake up
I want to know when you'll stop dying
For what you've done
Stop crying for what you've done

It's only the past
It's only life
What have you done that's so bad
It's only life so don't waste time

Why don't you stop crying
For what's done for what is done