

Monday morning, you woke up crying.  
The outcome of a stupid line, oh.  
Set by some punk ass on the street.  
It wasn't me, it wasn't you.  
It wasn't anybody you knew,  
Is it your old friend's insecurity?  
The one companion that stuck by your side since you were born.  
Tuesday night, you would reign a fight  
The same old argument black and white  
It's something that's eating your insides  
It's not the food, it's not the booze.  
It isn't anything (something)  
Or is it?  
Coming a problem you can't hide  
So every time you thought you were wrong,  
you were right.  
the devil on your shoulder gives you strength and paranoia.  
The girl besides you calms a few  
You're best friends till the end of time.  
You'll always be there by your side.