

Pale skin, dry eyes
I beat myself up for fing up this time
I've lost all I learned
from my acid trips this one is gonna hurt
all these bottles at my feet they dont bother me
all these bottles at my feet keep me company
no one else left to blame cause my friends left me
im my worst enemy

feelin myself feelin myself downtown
no cares to give so at the moon ill howl
dont give a damn dont give a shit
dont really care call me
what you want long as you call my name loud
cause im gonna be a star and
ill shine from here to mars and
if you try to stop me from
getting my fix or get in my way ill f up your shit
bye now

he doesnt give a shit
WOO. HA
he doesnt give a shit

lost boy got a lot on my mind yeah
not enough clonazepam to prescribe yeah
im way too busy getting fing high and
no i dont wanna talk
and i cant lie
and i do so much to not feel alone

and i do so much to not feel this way now

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maybe i know too much for my own good
maybe im just too woke for you
maybe im just misunderstood
maybe i just wish that i could breathe
maybe im not the man i thought i was
a boy is not a hero just because
maybe i hate myself cause i dont know love
or maybe im just an asshole