

Better Friends

Bedroom

I'm back against a wall again
I've never known to chase my friends
I'm cutting nails against cement
And time will tell if I'm content

If I get up, I'd be alone
I never wanna be at home
And I can't seem to draw a line
And crossing lines to me seems fine

Waking up at 1 P.M.
A pounding head on me ascends
I recall everything I did
At 6 P.M. I start again

Then, I call up all my friends
I wish that I had better friends
We make a plan to strike at ten
Plans that never have an end