

whatshisname

Boyish

Something to feel, or to touch, or to make me cry over
Jesus Christ it's Tuesday afternoon
Couldn't wake me if my hair was on fire
Didn't feel it but the weather app in my phone
Knows exactly the time it starts raining
Unless I'm working and I'd really like to go home
I think that you called me on Friday
I didn't answer cause I know it wouldn't be the same

And how's it going with whatshisname?

Every second is a million times longer
Is this hell or the 21st century?
Can you believe it's the end of summer?
You froze me out and I miss you so fucking bad
Remember, your high school, graduation
This year has felt just like that

How did it go so fucking bad?

It's a long way home from your house
And I don't trust myself
Remember in my bedroom?
When you called me someone else

It's all a lie
Cut and dry
But I think I deserve it
I look alive and pretend I don't know it
All my life gotta try and avoid it
I never knew it
I never, I never

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