

Two things on my birthday
I don't want a cake give me a sundae
Where I don't think of getting hanged
I don't wanna play just give me one day
Where I don't think of getting played
I'm a sensitive guy with no touché
I done fucked up, on my plate
I got plenty of problems, and It's too late

Tell me why I can't, feel like a normal man
Anagrams say, I'm a closed book exam
I-I-I-I Feel like a sham, I'm babbling like an animal
Cannibals might as well eat me like a cantelope
I just don't think I'd give a shit, what's the matter
It's the rain, its the pain when it hits
I feel like a sack of shit
Pitter patter, I can feel the pittiness in your lips

I'm so sad and lonely
I'm so sad and lonely
I'm so sad and lonely (woah ohh)
I'm so sad and lonely (woah ohh)
I'm so sad and lonely (woah ohh)
There's a few things, I complain about
Like when a person only cares about clout
When people say they care, lies coming out their mouth
I fucking hate it, they don't listen, talking 'bout my spouse
Secrets, are within this one, sounds like I'm just having fun
But I know how I really feel, I'm the one changing to fit appeal
And you can't and that bothers me, eventually I will be fed up and leaving you
So you better be making an effort, instead of watching your TV, please
Making an effort, instead of watching your TV, please
Making an effort, instead of watching your TV, please

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