

So can you fuck off? I don't need your hand
You thought it was love, baby
I was just playin' so
Good luck with your next boyfriend
'Cause I don't want a girl, I ain't even want a ma-
(Bloomtodeath)

I was tryna make a living
Well I did, and now I don't wanna live at all
And you wonder why I'm distant
My only friend is whatever I was trippin' off
Yeah, but you would never get it
You turned my personality into some kind of fetish
You think it's all copacetic
I hit your pen and then I lost it
Ever since then, I've been manic and exhausted
Think I wanna die and I can't keep my mind off it
Twenty-four-seven headache and I'm always nauseous
Cut my losses, 'cause I can never tell if it's somethin' I really wanted

Would you fuck off?
I don't need your hand
You thought it was love, baby
I was just playin' so
Good luck with your next boyfriend
'Cause I don't want a girl, I ain't even want a man

I just, I just wanna be dead (Don't be that brash)
I just, I just wanna be dead (Like)
Yeah, I just wanna be dead (Real fr- Wake the fuck up)
I just, I just wanna be dead (Who you really call- Real fr)

Run away from me, baby, block my cell
Judgment Day is comin', I'ma rot in hell and
I'm too fuckin' cowardly to off myself
All the talk don't help, you just not gon-
Okay, I started all this shit as an outlet
Now everybody plug in where they mouth is
So I burned out, all my thoughts were clouded
I was shocked by the shit that I shouted
And an old friend told me that I sold out
So I laughed and said, "All I wear is argyle"
'Cause you'd think that maybe I'd set the bar too high
When I'm strugglin' to find a way to waste my time

Just fuck off, I don't need your hand
You thought it was love, baby
I was just playin' so
Good luck with your next boyfriend
'Cause I don't want a girl, I ain't even want a man

I just, I just wanna be dead (Fuck)
I just wanna be dead
I just, I just wanna be dead
I just wanna be dead