

(Cody, emo's fucking dead)

Let me go
'Cause life's too short to get old
And if I die young, fuck my ghost
Yeah, baby, you should really let me go, yuh
Let me go, ooh
Let me go, ooh

I feel like Sosa, I hate being sober
If we talkin' 'bout hearts, I done broke some
Fuck the road, I think I'm better by my lonesome, yeah
All this money mine, I don't owe none
She shoulda never gave me a chance
But she fell in love with a fan
I got money in the bank and I got money in my hand
Let's take another flight, I might text you when I land

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(Welcome to the sinners' club)