Bite Back

Diet Cig

I feel like garbage
And it doesn't mean that I'm wasted
Tell me if you can taste it
On my mouth
When I'm screaming at you so damn loud
I feel like dying
I don't know why I'm not trying
To feel better
Don't tell me it's always about the weather

Can you tell
That my shoes are too big on my feet?
And seeing you
Makes my boots so damn heavy

There's pictures of you on the wall of my room
That I haven't taken down yet
What if they could summon you?
And I'm trying so hard to be mad
But so far I'm just really fucking sad

Can you tell that my shoes are too big on my feet?
Seeing you makes my boots so damn heavy

And I am so lonely
In this big city
And everybody's
So damn busy
And I am so lonely
In this big city
And everybody's
So damn busy
And I am so lonely
In this big city
And everybody's
So damn shitty

I feel like garbage
I don't mean that I'm wasted
Tell me if you can taste it
On my mouth
When I'm screaming at you so damn loud
I feel like dying
I don't know why I'm not trying
To feel better
Don't tell me it's always about the weather

Something nice about knowing everyone feels helpless
No one wants to think they are all alone in this

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