

We were gonna see 100 geecs in October
 We were gonna drive like three days straight to Manitoba
 Now we can't go, the tickets are sold out
 You're six feet under and the tickets are sold out

You were dealt a bad card and you had nowhere to go
 Even talkin' through the phone, you had such a pretty soul
 You had such a rough start, it was such a tough blow
 Wish you didn't have to go, but I'm glad you weren't alone
 Even though it was so brief, I saw how they made you smile
 Happy they were by your side in your life and when you died
 I was such a shitty friend and I'm so full of regret
 Wish I could go back again and respond to every text

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Promise that I never meant to stop responding to your texts
 I was in a burnout, yeah, I wasn't doin' the best
 I was just exhausted and I didn't know how to handle it
 And I know you're scared of abandonment
 I'm so sorry I put you through that shit
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