

scraped my knee, pt. 2

fats'e

I shouldn't look back, I do not know how to act right
Nothing here can last, I stash my memories in ziplocks
Running from my past, I gotta get to the cash, right?
Life is going fast, been getting tremors under moonlight

I'm glad I got out of my head and got out of my hometown
Just to be stuck inside of my bed, I lost my friends now
Trying to stay positive, but I know I'm a let down
I can tell, it's obvious, I'm just no fun to be around

Maybe I'm just better alone, remember the ghost
Don't even bother hitting my phone
Swear to God I'ma die from hesitation
Guess if that's the case, all the words that you're saying
My back's full of knives, but my hands always place them

Can I erase them?
All of these memories, can I go on vacation?
From my existence that's been trapping me
There's a voice inside my head that's laughing at me

Stop acting Hollywood, you're barely blowing up
And in every song you stay inside and never follow up
You should stop acting Hollywood, you're barely blowing up
And in every song you stay inside and never follow up

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(I do not know how to act right)
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(I gotta get to the cash, right?)

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