

Lvl. 2 Pidgey in a Masterball

Free Throw

I'm pretty sure I hate you
This epiphany, it came to me today
Amidst a fit of rage
I wish that I could break you
And make you feel my hate
You're nothing more
You're nothing more
You're nothing more than a mistake
Whoa, whoa, whoa
Whoa, whoa, whoa

Your voice, it echos
Off the walls of the cave that is my head
It makes me wish that I was dead
Feed my addiction
By pouring liquor down my throat
Only hoping I can cope
And make it through another fucking day

The alcohol, it helps me to pretend
That you don't think you're happier with him
Sometimes I wish the worst on you and all your friends
And hope that you all meet untimely ends

I never thought we'd be
I never thought we'd be
Falling just like the leaves
From all of these dead trees

I never thought we'd be
I never thought we'd be
Falling just like the leaves
From all of these dead trees

I never thought we'd be
I never thought we'd be
Falling just like the leaves
From all of these dead trees

I never thought we'd be
I never thought we'd be
Falling just like the leaves
From all of these dead trees