

The Jade Tree Years Were My Best

Funeral for a Friend

Sometimes when the lights go out
I pretend that I'm someone else
I pretend like the best of them

If I hold, if I hold my breath just to feel
That my insides ache from the pressure
Then I breathe again

R: And if I could remember when it fell apart
The broken glass and bloody lips
I'm checking off your list
Another cold December spent waiting by the phone
The broken glass and bloody lips
I'm checking off your list

I'm calling ex-girlfriends
To tell them I'm sorry
Forgetting the next day
Trying to sleep it all away
Just to sleep it all away

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