

Cool Kids Table

Heart Attack Man

I can't, wrap my head around it
Why you, keep on bringing up old shit?
Taking, its toll on my health
I don't, feel like I can really be myself when I'm around you
Lest I want to face the side of you that I hate
Which in and of itself should really indicate
There is to some degree a certain sense of uncertainty
That you don't fucking hate me

Why do I kid myself?
Why do I keep on pretending, there's something
Worth even holding on to?
Worth holding on to

"Hey man, how have you been?
What's up?
Haven't seen you in months," he says
And lights up a smoke
As I wonder how I'll be made into the butt end of a joke
'Cause that's all I am these days
Begging for crumbs, at the edge of the cool kids table
Am I unstable?
Is there something, that I'm not getting?
Am I letting, go of a good friend?
Or was I, merely pretending the whole time?

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I'll be just fine
We'll still cross paths from time to time