

## Feb. 15th (Alone Forever)

Hobo Johnson

The butterflies in my stomach have died  
Now there's lowly caterpillars that are waiting for the night  
To strike, and they've been dying to escape  
The pit of my stomach's a real dark fuckin' place

My new friends are starting to know  
Why my old ones don't talk to me anymore  
My ex knows why my last one was my last one  
Hey guess why- it's cus' my fuckin' actions

I'm gonna feel alone forever  
I'm gonna feel alone forever  
But I'm getting used to the thought  
Except late at night- so maybe I'm not

I'm gonna feel alone forever  
I'm gonna feel alone forever  
But I'm getting used to the thought  
Except-

She went to Columbia and I went to jail  
I just wanted another apple when she really wanted Yale  
And that is the problem where all of this lies  
I'm emotionally unstable, crazy fuckin' guy who's!

Who's gonna feel alone forever  
I'm gonna feel alone forever  
But I'm getting used to the thought  
And in a couple years I really hope that this stops

I'm gonna feel alone forever  
I'm gonna feel alone forever  
But I'm getting used to the thought  
And in a couple years I fuckin' hope that this stops