

February 15th

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 really dark fucking place
You know, my new friends are starting to know
Why my old ones don't talk to me anymore
My ex knows why my last one's my last one
Hey, guess why?
It's all my stupid fucking actions

I'm-
I'm gonna be alone forever
I'm gonna be alone forever
But I'm getting used to the thought
Except late at night, you know, maybe I'm not
I'm gonna be alone forever
I'll surely be alone forever
But I'm getting used to the thought
Except late at night, you know
(Maybe I'm not!)

She went to Columbia when I was in jail
I just wanted another apple when all she wanted was Yale
And that is the problem where all of this lies
I'm emotionally unstable, I'm just a crazy fucking guy
Who's...

Who'll surely feel alone forever
I'm gonna be alone forever
But I'm getting used to the thought
And in a couple years I'm gonna pay to make it stop
I'm gonna be alone forever
I'm gonna be alone forever
But I'm getting used to the thought
And in a couple years I will pay to make it stop