

Just What I Feel

Hotel Books

You were the best of friends
Who have the worst intents
[?]
Was she calling? Was she calling?
You were the best of friends
Who have the worst intents
[?]
Was she calling? Was she calling out?

You live for confidence
Well, I can confidently say
That we'll find a bright future if we can just find some better
days
'Cause I want something I know that you cannot give, a sense of
clarity
Certainty were certainly no memory of the truth we knew before
we found it would mean everything
I wish I knew how to give something that I never got
I wish I knew how to love you and not hate myself a lot
And now it's just a fading memory to keep these demons at bay

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All I ask is that you know yourself and feel hope without chasi
ng after a shadow of a doubt
And we'll scream out loud to live in a cloud of confusion
It's abusive to live life just to avoid pain
But put in a corner, an emotional hoarder
It feels more like a game to jump to conclusions
When was the last time you chased after pleasure?
When you talk to yourself about the future, and not just the we
ather?
Where you can find a vapid way to put it into practice, without
feeling so plastic

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