

Look at you, you're perfect,
Hoodie hanging just right,
Tattooed arm, cigarettes,
Unaware of your might

Yeah, sure, your pants are baggy,
And your mesmer-eyes are blue,
And you leave me feeling hollow,
As she makes plans with you

What do I have to offer?
Suicides and unhappy times,
Compared to your youthful wonder,
I'm just four tracks and shitty rhymes