

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