

Dear Everybody

JamisonParker

I spend my nights dead, face down on my floor
But the drugs aren't really working anymore
The nights are mostly just depressed
From staring at my open chest
I'm bleeding and I'm heartless, but I'm yours

And I'm scratching down every blurry scene
On the mattress where you used to sleep and dream
I'd rather chew on broken glass
Than keep on living in the past
And wasting time on words I know you didn't mean

Dear everybody, or whoever's listening
I think I'm gonna do me in this time
This is all overrated
Waiting on my roof again
This is the end of my so-called life

I haven't seen the sun in about a week
And I'm keeping all sharp objects out of reach
I finally know the taste of love
It's a cross between cheap beer and blood
With an aftertaste of dry, sarcastic speech

And so I guess it's safe to say
That we both knew that I'd end up this way
With a brain that's clueless and unsure
And eyes that hardly ever work
But I guess that's fine
I rarely use them anyway

Dear everybody, or whoever's listening
I think I'm gonna do me in this time
This is all overrated
Waiting on my roof again
This is the end of my so-called life (3x)

(Dear everybody)
This is the end of my so-called life