

Everybody looking at me from the sidelines  
Every day I have this feeling that I might die  
Every day I have this feeling that you might lie  
And every day they make me wonder, "Why do I try?"  
Now everybody looking at me for a reason  
And every day I fucking wonder how I'm breathing  
And every day I fucking wonder why you need him  
And everybody says they care, I don't believe them  
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I can't change my past  
Optimistic lover with a half-full glass, but  
But I can't go back  
Tried my best, but I lost my track again  
And I don't need new friends  
Tried to cut you off, but I woke up in your bed again  
And all those texts I sent  
Masochistic loving that I can't forget

I'm so sick, I wake up, I hate it  
I call her up, like no shit, I'm wasted  
She told me, "I'm so sick of everything you're saying"  
And I ain't been to church in years, but now I'm praying  
That I don't fuck this up  
I'm in the bathroom of a party and I'm throwing up  
And I just don't want you to think that I'm a lost cause (Lost cause, lost cause)  
I'm so sick and fucking tired of the love songs

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