

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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