

Pick A Town, Find A Box, Live Alone

Kind of Like Spitting

a lack of interest has shown itself, let's go. less and less adds up to very little, so it's back to work i know. all your favorite places that you've taken me to, they're all just repeats. what's an old bored kid to do? try to write bright words. make you smile, make you smile for once. we've been the problem, the solution. why now does the truth get treated like a lie?