

Call It Self-Interest

Like Pacific

I always knew you as the quiet type
But it all makes sense when we end the night in fights
I'm always wrong and you're always right
When does it end? Cause I can't stand this

Never have I been so lost and confused about this
Where are my friends when I need them?
But most are conceited. I rely on myself when needed
So I'll always stand alone

I'm at a loss for words, I can't even think straight
And your talk makes my head hurt
I think of the friends that I've made and I've filed you under the worst
This should be no surprise to you

As time goes by, I always seem to realize
How fake you can be at times
Head under water you were never that smart
I can spot a bad friendship and regret from the start

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I've wasted all my time, and I'm better off alone
I've said my goodbyes and finally mean it

It seems so simple to
Start things again just like new
For a better choice of words I hate you
For a better choice of words I hate you
In time we'll drift apart
It won't even make a difference 'cause we are done
For a better choice of words I hate you
And I realize I'm not lost without you

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