

Me And My Friends Are Lonely

Matt Maeson

I can't open up to you
Me and my friends are lonely
I don't know what to do
I always figured I'd be the one to die alone

I cope smothered in smoke
Dehydrate my soul
I know things that you don't
I've met murdering folk
And they took one of our own
They took our innocent home

So I can't open up to you
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So is there any lesson in confessing that you posted up
Like Jesus on the corner selling baggies full of blessing?
Is it stressing all the things that you have morally accepted?
Is it vexing wearing clothes that you have bled in?

Picture perfect victim, overwhelmed and so sadistic
I was looking for a purpose, what a chance you had some with yo
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On the street when I forgot, the city breathes when I do not
If I leave it does not stop here, no
So is there any treason in the tricky little price I pay?
Oh is there any treason in the tricky little price I pay?

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