

Corn syrup! We're breaking up.
The doctor explained it: I'm old as Tut.
I'm supposed to take pills that mitigate triglycerides.
Seems we're at a crossroads, you and I.
Dated for decades, built up trust,
might have loved sugar better but it wasn't discussed;
we had an agreement: you'd be in everything, I'd eat
it.
But you lied when you said you'd be all that I needed.

She had means, I don't need to say it
She had dreams I was only in the way of

I pleaded with you, PS2, don't leave me.
You had a change of heart for a while (which was
deceiving).
I looked deep inside of you, fine-tuned a lens,
left the screws off, thought we could just be friends,
maybe hook up on occasion, for old times' sake.
But you won't mount a disc now, boot to heartache.
It's just not the same between us, so scat.
When your emulator's old enough, I'm ravishing that.

Prosperity, I've had it, get thee hence.
Better break it off early, not risk suspense.
Let a new generation learn to live with fence
and windows with bars and bats that make dents
in heads and... yikes, the lean times are scary!
I changed my mind prosperity, let's stay married!
You've already given up on me? But what of lubs?
The way you turn on a dime, you're not who I thought
you was.

Ear infection, I feel betrayed.
You used to come visit a lot, plus you stayed.
Now it's like I don't know you, call you Jacquelyn
Hyde.
My ear's safe and warm yet you wander outside.
Where'd you sleep last night? Should I guess?
Doesn't hurt when I burp: I'm without your distress.
How'd you do me like this? That's it. We're not
together.
How's it my fault, for taking up with eardrops?
Whatever.

California! Listen, we're breaking up.
I know I left my heart in the heart of you, but
I can't keep from feeling push came to shove
and you undid the part I was proudest to love.
California, I'll still visit I promise.
Not least among charms, you're the place where my mom
is.
And I'll be back. Get your votes rearranged.
Till then, we can't date. It's your fault, you changed.