

## The About-As-Close-To-Emo-As-We'll-Ever-Get Song

Propagandhi

I hid inside my room like a fucking coward and the past 18 months flashed before me in the last eight long hours. a little less than amazing: you finally got a rise out of me. so I laughed, I cried (well, I tried, but I laughed again). see? who the fuck needs a caricature to be their friend? it's so fucking stupid. I'm just as scared and insecure as you (maybe even x2) and I wonder what you really thought of me. an intimate friend? a loud-mouthed jerk? or just a novelty? (and, hey, do you think I could sing this a little more out of key?) this is not an apology. it's just therapy. because as we all know (and apparently), I don't need anybody.