get what u get

quinnie

I fantasize about being cut down to size
And telling you sweet goodbyes as I'm watching you cry

Then I'm walking through some door to a place to get well
Where I can be cared for in a white sterile cell

And I don't like to poeticize or double the gravity
'Cause what's broken inside can rattle about in me
The bad days remind and the good days forget
The burden is mine and you get what you get

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