

**man**

**quinnie**

I don't remember a single real thing about you  
Just all of the sickness and you were supposed to see me through  
h

And you're lucky as shit  
The things I omit  
'Cause you stole more of me than I'd care to admit  
So I can't remember all of the fucked shit that you'd do

So fuck all your gold stars  
The cherries in the backyard  
No amount of sugar could sweeten such a bitter heart  
And fuck your soft boy scam  
The cowboy or the Tarzan  
No amount of nail polish could paint you a good man  
Man

It's late at night when the sprinklers turn on as I'm leaving  
And I don't know why every time I'm with you I lose feeling  
I was already sick  
When you called me your fix  
Then I pushed mine aside to make room for your shit  
I've spent life holding other peoples' aches in safe keeping

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