

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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