

Sentimental Surgery

RedHook

No I'm not okay
I'm a fucking emo cliché
Jamming all the sad songs
Cut me open
I need sentimental surgery
Say anything to drain the misery
Under my skin
Cut me open
I need sentimental surgery

I've been feeling on the fringes
Dark clouds painted on my fingertips
I hope it's only a phase
But I'm cynical
Got this shadow on my shoulder
Thought that once I'd gotten older
That it'd fade
Now I'm afraid
That it just may be clinical

I can't remember why everything changed
Into a mess
Now I confess
Only romance is chemical
Shut down again, like
"When will this all end?"
Are we living or just surviving?

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I've been trying not to get my hopes up
That there'll be an end in sight
That black dog you heard about's an animal
Got this devil on my shoulder
Tells me that I'm getting older
Romanticizing death
And I'm aware that that's regrettable

I can't remember why everything changed
Are we living or just surviving?

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(Oh) Cut me open

I need sentimental surgery...

(Sentimental surgery)