

Eating chips on my bed  
Sixty-eight unread texts  
We avoid making friends and killing time and boring sex  
'Cause it's all the same in the end  
This life's a sitcom, play pretend  
Spend your money, say you love me  
Let's just kick it 'til we're dead

If I bought a locket, could I have a strand of your hair?  
Would you have my back if it got too scary out there?  
When the medication tastes like hell  
Could you maybe save me from myself again?  
Who needs jealousy when you've got you and I've got me?

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Listening to Cudi, rollin' up a spliff in your room  
I get too high and laugh at everything that you do  
When the medication tastes like hell  
I'll be there to save you from yourself again  
Who needs jealousy when you've got you and I've got me?

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