

My face, the floor
Your back, the door
My fist in the wall for the third time

Now my car is a wreck
I can't work the tape deck
All I got are these godawful mix cassettes
That I made for your drives
Back when you were still mine
Back when I knew what I was doing with my life
And I don't think that I can go back

Everybody thinks I'm hooked
Yeah, you read me like a book
Yeah, overbaked and undercooked
Remember when you held me while I shook?
Yeah, everybody thinks I'm

Sometimes, I wish you'd talk of me
The way you talk about dying

Now I'm pushing down pills
While I'm pushing up food
Now I'm coughing up blood
And singing the blues
Now you're pulling me in
While I'm cursing you out
Still got the taste of the floor
In the back of my mouth
And I don't think that I can go back

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