

And I'm reminded of a joke we had
So, I go on my phone to tell you
And your profile picture is the lad
That your girlfriend gave birth to
And I'd forgot
Yeah, I'd forgot
And that's my lot
This illness I've got

And you're wading through your life, I know
It's blossoming, consuming so
And it became your challenge to
Push me out of all the places that your mind might have gone to
But it doesn't hurt
It doesn't hurt that much
'Cause there's a queue of people you've lost

And I know
It's hard to feel okay at night
And I know
That you prefer the easy life
But I'd have shown you
There was nothing to be frightened of
Everyone was trying not
To let you see I was enough

So, this all that's left of it
A dull ache in my stomach pit
As I try to make the memories fit
A less rejecting narrative
For me
It's all for me
Maybe I'll sleep
Eventually