

## Talk to a friend

Slaves

I just called to see how you're doing  
Never mind, that's a lie  
I've been going through it  
I had a good thing but I blew it  
It wasn't her fault and she knew it

Tell me, what kind of man am I s'posed to be  
When the lines the razor blade made are faded  
Is there really any hope for me  
If a simple conversation's complicated

I know everything I've ever done wrong  
That kind of memory won't let me move on  
Though there's bound to be some things that you ain't told me  
I could never be ashamed of you homie

I wouldn't talk to a friend the way I talk to myself  
(I'm turning my life to hell)  
See the voice in my head really needs some help  
(I figure I might as well)  
I wouldn't talk to a friend the way I talk to myself  
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Step inside this is my confession  
I let resentment turn into a deep depression  
I spend the next five lines asking bad questions  
How could I hit rock bottom never learning a lesson?  
Do I deserve this hurting?  
If my body goes limp would I float to the surface?  
Or can I live in a world with no purpose?  
How could I change when I'm still the same person?

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Stuck in a circle  
Waiting to die  
I won't find a way out  
Looking inside  
Don't I deserve  
To make anything right  
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