

Either My Friends Are Fake Or I'm The Problem

Social Repose

Call it what you want
Maybe it's bad luck
I've been waiting for awhile now
It's hard not to feel stuck

If all these people surround me
Why do I feel so alone
I only rent out this space
But I'm searching for a home

So many people say I've got a heart of stone
I pinched off all the arteries
I'm reaping what I've sewn

It was no mistake when I pushed them all away
And those that remain hold a subtle disdain

But I didn't give them much of a choice
Nobody wants to be with a negative voice
So be happy be happy be happy they said
I grew angry grew angry grew angry instead

I hate you all for leaving
When I needed you the most
My veins grew cold
When I was treated like a ghost

I convinced myself they did me wrong
But later I found it might have been me all along
Cause like the dead flowers sitting on my window pane
I took all that water and poured it down the drain

So was it me or was it them?
It was probably me