

Papava

Spacey Jane

I read it over and over
I can't make out any names
I fall down beside myself
I hate this opioid game
I stand up next to my mother
She feels exactly the same
The kids don't know much these days, reputation's a game

The first time I realised, was the last time I cared
It feels like everybody's watching to see what I will do next
I'm not over this feeling and I'm not even dead
I'm just sick of your sermons, they fuck with my head

Well I don't care, care, well care anymore
Every time I get a little bit closer I cave
I don't know if it's alright with you
But I will be just fine on my own
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Standing shoulder to shoulder
Young girls in skirts, boys in ties
How am I supposed to love a thing I'm taught to despise?
I stand up next to my mother
She's got tears in both her eyes
Well that man is not a messenger, he just talks and talks lies

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