

Separate on a morning train  
Early July in the Belgian rain  
Two months with no sleep  
Finding out what it means to be  
Pushed out with no legs back  
And left out without a coat in the cold  
Blacked out with the worst of friends  
I cannot relate any more

Spent half the year in Silver Lake  
I shaved my beard, got my shit straight  
I've made my home, I don't sleep in it  
The walls are much too barren, they're much too barren  
Try to lose myself of the weight  
Of this yolk I've yet to shed  
Though you live in a different place  
I still feel your indent on my bed

And please be the last to leave  
You don't have love in you, and I can't blame you  
Ground me until we see  
Please be the last one to leave

Please cut me straight and deep  
And I can't blame you if it's just not in you  
Hold me down 'til we see  
Please cut me straight and cut me deep

And I won't do this again  
And you can't lock the door if I don't let you in  
Please be the last to leave  
You don't have love in you, and I can't blame you