

Good Advice

The Growlers

You think that you know more
About being, being lonely
But I get so lonely
No one's allowed to hold me, hold me

Funny I can't help me
I know that that sound's ugly

Throw me a bone
Give me, give me something I can use
Or leave me alone
If you can let me, let me get loose
I'm not thinking too hard
Or not, not at all

There's nothing as depressing as good advice
Nobody wants to hear how to live their lives
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About being, being lonely
But I get so lonely
No one's around to hold me, hold me

Funny I can't help me
I know that that sounds ugly

Sleep talking letting secrets out
Blacked out and [?]
That feel when times ain't call for
Crying, but you're thinking too hard

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