

To bias sleeps on a floor he made
From stealing in and out of others peoples names
He never read all the formula
And the feeling alone could never be enough
He couldn't even begin to impress himself
Enough to slow down and see a mattress
Still would've been a better deal

It could've been a mistaken case
He couldn't lie through another face
He wouldn't try to have been replaced it seems
Unmoving cold he'll attempt to go
He never had something that could grow
He feels his best with his bruises left unseen

And in the end, he won't open up
We'll never know if we tried enough
He said, "He'd stay for another day or two"
Despite his place he can't ask for more
He can't recall what he had before
When all the while he can fake a smile on cue

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I can only offer a walletsworth
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