

Mope

Wheatius

Feel I've wrapped and went around myself
I feel like only hope is on the shelf
This existential vacuum is my bedroom
Like that is where I'll sit and watch the clouds loom

No I can't remember when
Everything was fine with friends
If I knew that you
Would stick here with me
I would let you win

But I won't
I'll sit around the house
In a mope
Pick up the phone and go
"It's so good"
And then sit back
I need my feelings
Like a dope
I copy every line
That they wrote
The tie around my neck
Is a rope
And I won't ever know
The meaning

Promise that it's gonna be okay
And I should just get up and find a way
But you have never done something like this before
So how the fuck would you know what it's good for?

No you can't remember when
I was ever fine with friends
If I knew that you
Could stick here with me
I would let you win

But you won't
Just sit around the house
In your mope
Pick up the phone and go
"That's so good"
And then sit back
I need your feelings
Fucking joke
I tear up every rule
That you broke
And throw a mountain
Into your moat
Pull up in sweats and play
Some guitar

No I won't
I'll sit around the house
No I won't
I'll sit around the house
No I won't

I'll sit around the house
No I won't
I'll sit around the house
In a mope