

Hold your tongue!
It doesn't own you!
Or does it by default?
You can't pretend that it's not weighing you down
or that you really even want me around because you don't.
I know that burdens are a girl's best friend!
In the end, you'd give it up for the weekend.
You don't even want me around.
It's okay. It's okay. It's okay.
We can't look at you; you're not the same.
I keep thinking, you use your brain.
Already threw it away!
Don't give a fuck what we say!
Already threw it away, oh no.
Learn to hold your tongue. It doesn't own you.
You can go but I might stay!
Yeah, I noticed that you're so bored but I'm okay!
It's not a problem for me; is it a problem for you? Hope not!
And if you're asking me to stick around then why is it,
when we separate you keep holding on and on.
Oh, but not for long. Not for long!
Aside from all the points turning thoughts into sickness,
all my stupid blind ambitions never fit inside your vision.
Maybe so, I don't know.
Sure, I could've made it work,
been the necessary jerk like you wanted me to be.
Aside from all the rest,
there's a sickness in my thoughts where the twist to every plot is:
what I think I am, I'm not! Maybe so, I don't know!
I could never make it work but I sure could make it hurt.
Do you want this from me? And as you may recall,
I never signed a thing at all.
You just started your addiction.
I just started my withdrawal.
It seems to me the suit I wear is too tight at the neck
but the tailor that is vanity is sure it fits me best.
It's not a flattering color on me but I wear it always
because my skin's been sold, it's always cold
and all my methods seem too damn old.
I should've folded a long time ago.
I came in thinking that I'd know exactly what my part is,
know all of the lines because I'd authored all the hardest
but I didn't have the will, so I don't know why I started.
These empty ribs still have no room to fit a proper heart in!
So if all you want are flowers, just plant yourself a garden.
DON'T RELY ON ME. Quit calling me to remind me.
I have many ways to remember all those things and even now,
I cling to them. It's sad.
I know it's hard but I swear it gets easier.
It just takes distraction and time.
I can't tell if I'm undeservedly given to
or if I'm undeservedly giving what's mine.