

I hear people talk
They say it's a shame
All your old friends call
They say you're lost again

But I know how people like to talk
They just sit around all night
And make stuff up
Nothing better to do
Than talk about broken hearts
And all the things that were said
The things that aren't
The sadness and the sympathy
The love affairs
The enemies
The promises and deceits
Beauty and your cruelty

You made it all look so easy
Like you never had to try
Some might call this envy
Some like to see you fall
Once and a while

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