

The Outsiders

Bury Your Dead

I never said that I was a fucking poet. I never tried to be something I know I'd never be. There's no use in pretending. I'll tell you one thing, so listen closely. I'll tell you one thing, so listen closely when I tell you this is straight from the bottom of my broken heart. So please save the excuses for someone who wants to hear them. You're not here; that's all that matters. The lies, the deceit; will I ever say enough is enough, or will I continue to let you walk all over me. I am done. Pistol please. I can't take this anymore. Pistol please.