

We used to only do this on the weekends
But now it's almost every single night
I hear you down the hallway back there puking
I hear your pompous college friends; they're puking outside
So, I pull your drawers and fill up your sink
Make everything exactly how you hate it all to be
Because I'm not trying to hold your hair
No, love won't pass through me
Because I'm far too cynical for faith and make believe
'Cause there's no such thing as love
We just felt vulnerable without a God
Without a crutch or anything else to lean on

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Without a crutch
There's nowhere else, nobody else, nothing