

# The Art of Misplacing Firearms

Saves the Day

(I guess the only reality is the one you seem to believe in.  
Well I'm walking out, this is the last time, I feel like shit.  
This isn't the way to treat old friends...)  
Let's go again  
Set me up  
Watch me stand on top of my old house  
Watch me spinning and watch me seeing the melon sky  
Oh, look it's so beautiful tonight  
But I was feeling so sweet  
I could barely breathe so deep  
But you had to come along  
You had to shatter everything  
Why'd you even fuck her in the first place?  
Friends don't mean a thing  
when you can actually feel the knife sticking in your spine  
For a second there I thought I was fine  
But oh, whatever  
I've tasted my own blood, and now every time you walk on by,  
I feel like spitting in your eye  
This is not the way I pictured getting hurt.