

## Dear Whoever

Skyzoo

The life of Kings and everything we call it  
The realization of everything that we forfeit  
The last scene of the night, with no applaudin  
Tryin to circle back to when the curtains were called in  
I talk to you, cause you told me to throw my all in  
And now it feels like I'm too far in  
Told me regardless, as long as I could show you where the heart is  
Another day shouldn't be a problem  
But now the more I come to you, the more it feel like, real life  
Couldn't of been built right, you told me to still write  
Said that you would help me make sense of it all  
And we would never have to censor our talks  
So I told you everything, I never worried about if you could hear  
I assumed your attention was a sign of how you cared  
See with you, I was different, I ain't try to hide fear  
Nor anger, nor excitement  
Played you my life as, quick as I was livin it  
Gave you my life as, quick as I could give you it  
And never had a second thought  
Hopin is for the better and forever more  
I put you in front of everyone around me  
From the first moment that you found me  
BFF, I fell for it, by far I fell  
And you was the help for it that I would call myself  
So if your ears are off or tainted in the least  
Then how can I explain this to me?

So now I'm like - dear whoever  
When I put this together  
I felt like severin ties, may work better  
I felt like steppin aside, instead of together  
Could be the best thing for the both of us, forever

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In all honesty, plannin on how to leave  
Is just more proof of the fact that I'm all out of me  
Just more truth that exactly the way I tried to be  
Was either too much or not enough  
No middle ground, so to talk to you and pen it down  
Is not as easy no more, I think different now  
The idea of tellin you what I wouldn't repeat  
Only for you to be wrong is what I couldn't believe  
Ran to you anytime I was lookin for me  
And I took your advice on how to carry it  
No barriers, no doubtin you  
Until doubt was the only thing I knew how to do  
When the doors close on me, day ones fold on me  
You would get a hold of me and tell me to word it  
But shit is gettin old on me, shit is monotone homie  
Same metronome homie, I already heard it  
Same metronome homie, I already heard it

Feelin like everyone before me who support me  
Is deservin of a reason to applaud me  
And if I ain't able to give 'em that much  
Due to how we matched up  
I could of scripted out a different story  
I threw all caution to the wind, when you told me it was worth it  
And pictured that the picture would be perfect  
At the end of the day, dear notebook, thanks for all the listens  
But we should probably both stop pretendin

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