Pessimist

Wild Nothing

Boys don't cry, they just want to die Stumbling, coughing, grin or lie Will you look into my eyes? Will you be my new dress?

Box up all of your things with tape Write your address, hope it won't be late Can I still be your pessimist?

Boys don't cry, they just want to die Stumbling, coughing, grin or lie Will you look into my eyes? Will you be my new dress?