quinnie, man

i dont remember a single real thing about you just all of the sickness that u were supposed to see me through and ur lucky as shit the things i omit coz u stole more of me than id care to admit so i cant remember all of the fucked shit that youd do

so fuck all ur gold stars
the cherries in the backyard
no amount of sugar could sweeten such a bitter heart
and fuck ur soft boy scam
the cowboy or the tarzan
no amount of nail polish could a paint u a good man
man

its late at night when the sprinklers turn on as im leaving and i dont know why every time im with u i lose feeling i was already sick when u called me ur fix then i pushed mine aside to make room for ur shit ive spent life holding other peoples aches in safe keeping

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man

man man man man