

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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