

Your Demise, Give Up, Get Dropped, Lose Out

The seaside vultures are swarming as their heroes return home.
They consume off the popularity they might gain.
False praise and fake smiles.

You watch from your closet, your clothes so tight,
And the girl on your arm is just for tonight

Swallow up the false friends, idle chat and cheap drinks,
For tomorrow is just the race to see what's in next.
Suck the dick of what gets you noticed,
But 'noticed' is just another tagged photo.
These seaside vultures ruined my town, my old friends and my ex-loves,
I never want to go out again.

Give up, get dropped, lose out.