

# Populace In Two

## From First to Last

Your memories will always haunt me like a ghost  
To put it nicely, I hope you choke  
A poet of sorts but I'm not enough, to give you an eyesore  
It's hard to swallow with your hands around my throat  
I'm sick and tired, I told you so  
You can call me at home but I know better than to answer the phone  
When people ask about the last time that we spoke  
I let the stitches do the talking for the most part  
And I leave out how you threw a lamp through my front window  
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know  
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpected you  
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know  
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpected you  
Even if I spend 2004 listening to Morrissey in my car  
I'm better off alone, than I would be in your arms  
Even if I spend 2004 listening to Morrissey in my car  
I'm better off alone, than I would be in your arms  
In your arms, I'm better off alone, in your arms  
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know  
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpected you  
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know  
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpected you  
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know  
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpected you  
To unexpected you, to unexpected you  
To unexpected you, to unexpected you

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