Heart Attack American

The Bronx

I'm done telling you that I'm in love what I have will never be enough come on baby go live life on your own everything inside is breaking down and you don't want to be hanging around I don't think I want to leave myself alone I'm done having to apologize I'm done living inside your eyes when the lights go out what's left to know nothing ever makes sense to me a broken branch of the family tree kill the lights now baby watch me explode there is no revolution and I'm done doing things I don't want to do there is no restitution and I'm done living in this decline I'm done watching you redesign come on baby let's go walk out the door I'm done showing up to fucking work taking orders from a fucking bitch I'm in the chair now go ahead and flip the switch I'm done doing things I don't want to do and I'm sick and tired of setting up to be like you fucked up thrown out and overdue I'm done there is no revolution

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