

Pneumonia

Bassholes

Get over the sorrow, girl
The world is always going to be made of this
 You can trust in it
 Unless you breathe in bravely
I adore how you simply surrender to high, high
 And your lungs, they're mourning TB style
 All the stillborn love that could've happened
 All the moments you should have embraced
All the moments you should have not locked up
 Understand so clearly to shut yourself up
 Would be the hugest crime of them all
 Hugest crime of them all
 You're just crying after all
To not want them humans around anymore
 Get over that sorrow, girl
 Get over this

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