

Six Degrees of Separation

The Script

You've read the books, you've watched the shows
What's the best way, no one knows

Meditate, yea, hypnotized
Anything to take it from your mind
But it won't go

You're doing all these things out of desperation
You're going through six degrees of separation

You had the drink, you take a toke
Watch the past go up in smoke
You fake a smile, ya, lie and say
You're better now than ever and your life's okay
But it's not, no

You're doing all these things out of desperation
You're going through six degrees of separation

First, you think the worst is a broken heart
What's gonna kill you is the second part
And the third, is when your world splits down the middle
And fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself
Fifth, you see them out with someone else
And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have fucked up a little

Oh no there ain't no helping, to remember one's self
Oh no there ain't no helping, to remember one's self

You tell your friends, yea strangers too
Anyone who will throw an arm around you
Tarrow cards, gems and stones
Believing all the shit's gonna heal your soul
Well it's not, whoa

You're only doing things out of desperation
You're going through six degrees of separation

First, you think the worst is a broken heart
What's gonna kill you is the second part
And the third, is when your world splits down the middle

And fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself
Fifth, you see them out with someone else
And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have fucked up a little

Oh no there ain't no helping, to remember one's self

Oh no there's no starting over
Without finding closure
You take them back no hesitation
That's how you know you've reached the sixth degree of separation

Oh no there's no starting over
Without finding closure
You take them back no hesitation
That's how you know you've reached the sixth degree of separation

First, you think the worst is a broken heart
What's gonna kill you is the second part
And the third, is when your world splits down the middle
And fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself
Fifth, you see them out with someone else
And the sixth, is when you admit that you may have fucked up a little

You're going through six degrees of separation
You're going through six degrees of separation
Oh no there ain't no helping, to remember one's self
Oh no there ain't no helping, to remember one's self

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