

Subtext Read, Nothing New

of Montreal

I hate people who think they, "Knew me when"
As if I was once true and now am false
A personality is a progression, some wild twisting beast
That never stops escaping from itself In the ghetto of winter, I traced my hand on a place mat
Drew your face with my eyes closed
Pretended I was eating with my favorite author
Pretending I was making him laugh I just don't know how to feel
I just don't feel but I wouldn't even notice
No, I wouldn't have any reason to care
If not for your complaint
I know that I make you unhappy
But what can I do?
I wasn't created just for you
Not just for you

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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