Hearts

Give Up The Ghost

Dear eastern prom
I know what's wrong...
But it's suicide eyes
That wrote this song
For all I'm worth
Writer's block is a bitch
Words falling like bricks
For a New England wish...
I was an easy male fuck
In the town of "naive-ity"
All I wanted was a shot in the dark
But like a knife through the heart
I choke on spit covered words...
Oh my god - It happened again
What's wrong with me?
Screaming gets you nothing
One more night in this town
And I swear that I'm dead...
I drew a heart
Around the name of your city...

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