Everyone Who Pretended To Like Me Is Gone

The Walkmen

Because he knows
Our Romeo,
He can't climb back.
He swings in loopholes.
When he goes through the air
Their vengeance will stretch out.

I made the best of it.
I made the best of it.
I made the best of it.

This velvet rope
Has fell before
In vain.
Clothing crashing the floor.
Insane.
Worse than once thought.

I made the best of it.
I made the best of it.
I made the best of it.

I made the best of it.
I made the best of it.

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