

# 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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