

# Populace in Two

## From First to Last

Your memories will always  
Haunt me like a ghost  
To put it nicely I hope you choke  
A poet of sorts but I'm not enough  
To give you an eyesore  
It's hard to swallow  
With your hands around my throat  
I'm sick and tired of, 'I told you so'  
You can call me at home  
But I know better  
Than to answer the phone  
When people ask about  
The last time that we spoke  
I let the stitches do the talking  
For the most part  
And I leave out how you threw  
A lamp through my front window  
Just burn the photographs  
And bury all the pages that we knew  
In short this is a long goodbye  
To unexpected you  
Just burn the photographs  
And bury all the pages that we knew  
In short this is a long goodbye  
To unexpected you  
Even if I spend 2004 listening  
To Morrissey in my car  
I'm better off alone  
Than I would be in your arms  
Even if I spend 2004 listening  
To Morrissey in my car  
I'm better off alone  
Than I would be in your arms  
Just burn the photographs  
And bury all the pages that we knew  
In short this is a long goodbye  
To unexpected you

Songwriters

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