# Inconsiderate Me

## Horror Show

Dear rosemary
I'd like to fade away
So wipe the me away
From your diarySuicide whispers
In my ear and it happens
A lot around hereWhen I said, before
I'd sleep not to wake me if you left
Well I'm awake
And you're not here
And I'm better off deadThis is my last
Love letter to you
It's not a stunt
I'm well aware were throughWhen you think of me
Remember better times
'Cause ive grown to be
Quite selfish when i cryInconsiderate meSitting at home for the afternoon
Don't wanna go outside
Sick of sun soaked concrete streets
Close the blinds I'd rather hide
Because the ghost in me
Is out of key
From never keeping loveSick of pale white bedroom sheets
Close your eyes, so I can dieYou were my spine, my crutch
My breathe, my sight
My life, my death, my all
You were my hope, my fear
My love, my fear, my love
My fear, my fallI can't do this without you
I can't do this without you
I've tried, I can't, I'm gone
Sincerely yours

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

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