

The Art Of Misplacing Firearms

Saves the Day

(I guess the only reality is the one you seem to believe in.
Well I'm walking out, this is the last time, I feel like shit.
This isn't the way to treat old friends...)
Let's go again
Set me up
Watch me stand on top of my old house
Watch me spinning and watch me seeing the melon sky
Oh, look it's so beautiful tonight
But I was feeling so sweet
I could barely breathe so deep
But you had to come along
You had to shatter everything
Why'd you even fuck her in the first place?
Friends don't mean a thing when you can actually feel the knife sticking in your spine
For a second there I thought I was fine
But oh, whatever
I've tasted my own blood, and now every time you walk on by, I feel like spitting in your eye
This is not the way I pictured getting hurt.

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