

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, 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 know
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpected you
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know
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
In your arms, I'm better off alone, in your arms
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know
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To unexpected you, to unexpected you
To unexpected you, to unexpected you

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