September 10th

A Wilhelm Scream

I'd like to think this is the last song for her, but I've been know to be wrong.
Seriously, this time I think I mean it,
because two years and a day seems like a good length for this crappy movie.
And as much as I want her, I can't let it run my whole life.
So here's my letter, a goodbye to these obsessive thoughts,
and we will have these records of our lives.
That's what you've got from me.
Don't ask just how we'll meet, or when that time will be,
but I'm convinced my life's a movie and good things will come this way eventually.
Because I'm releasing the good vibes on the stereo and it's shocking.
If all I can be is a memory, then that's all I want to be.
I want this to be a celebration.
Fuck this.
You never had a reason.
Fuck this.
I know you wanted to say no.
Fuck this.
Tell me you had your reasons.
Fuck this.
I never got to see you go.

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