

I've Shared Your Lips So Now They Sicken Me

American Nightmare

FUCK. A great word for a great world.
Like each clue, just not getting through.
I spoke to you in yawns,
with sweaty palms.
All the kids swearing forever,
and the they're gone...
Nobody's got style like us
And we could be friends
like before I was crazy...
Before I met her,
before I went lazy...
FUCK THESE MEMORIES...

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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>