Utter Crap Song

Propagandhi

i hid inside my room like a fucking coward (what? please kill me). the past eighteen months flashed before me in the last eight long hours. it was amazing you finally got a rise out of me. i laughed, i cried (well i tried, but i laughed again). who the fuck needs a caricature to be their friend? it's so fucking stupid. i'm just as scared and insecure as you (maybe even x2). and i wonder what you really thought of me. an intimate friend? a loud-mouth jerk or just a novelty? this is not an apology, just therapy, 'cause as we all know (and apparently), i don't need anybody.

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