

# 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 eyesoreIt'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 phoneWhen 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 windowJust burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know  
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpecting you  
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know  
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpecting youEven 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 armsJust burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know  
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpecting you  
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In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpecting you  
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know  
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpecting youTo unexpecting you, to unexpecting you  
To unexpecting you, to unexpecting you

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