

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
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
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that we know
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpected you
To unexpected you, to unexpected you
To unexpected you, to unexpected you

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