Post March Third

Southcott

Please excuse the lateness of my reply,
Don't hold this against me,
Four years long and I
don't need your company,
Please excuse my lack of will to try,
To hold this together,
I never saw the effort and you know,I hope this keeps you up late at night,
Sinking fingers in the
back bones of some guy,
who will leave you before you wake,
this is your song, your greatest mistake,how much eyeliner does it take?
To hide the wrinkles your eyes keep,
As the soundtrack to your lack of sleep,And I know,
You're so unpredictable,
But call me Mr. Typical,
And what's his name,
Or that boy you used to kiss,
You put up with my shit
I'm so ridiculous.

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