

Walkmen, The

"Everyone Who Pretended to Like Me Is Gone"

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Because he knows
Our Romeo,
He can't climb back.
He swings in loopholes.
When he goes through the air
Their vengeance will stretch out.

I made the best of it.
I made the best of it.
I made the best of it.

This velvet rope
Has fell before
In vain.
Clothing crashing the floor.
Insane.
Worse than once thought.

I made the best of it.
I made the best of it.
I made the best of it.

I made the best of it.
I made the best of it.

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