

Blackhole

"Post-It-Will"

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Why does it matter now?
When apart, you didn't give two shits.
Now she's changed her mind again.
I'm back to being a dick again.
The way I feel right now,
The lowest of the lows.
And you don't give me any sympathy,
And you're just making it worse.
I'm not wrong for doing what I think is right,
I'm not wrong for anything I do right now or I do
tonight.
Maybe soon I'll learn to deal with this mess just right,
Maybe soon I'll learn to talk about my problems instead
of wanting to fight.
The way I feel right now,
The lowest of the lows.
And you don't give me sympathy,
And you're just making it worse.
I'm not wrong for doing what I think is right,
I'm not wrong for anything I do right now or I do
tonight.
I'm not wrong for anything,
I'm not wrong for anything I do tonight.
Maybe soon I'll learn to deal with this mess just right,
Maybe soon I'll learn to talk about my problems,
Instead of wanting to fight.

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