

## Feeling Left Out "My First Heart Attack"

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And I'm wandering the lower east side  
Where all the streets have stories  
My feet play the role of a folk singer  
strummin' the streets like guitar strings  
I had angels in my ears  
singing my own memories back to me  
as if I forgot.

These streets blend to one  
Like the days of, the last few months. [x2]

Anywhere I knew you'd be  
Inside the wallgreens, 22nd street  
You still had seed in your hair so I brushed it out  
Using the same hand that connects the dots  
To your beauty marks. Yea.

Like a constellation of stars  
Using your body as the universe. [x2]

Now it's all coming back

Feeling as hard as a heart attack  
Realize the beauty that you are  
But I'll keep it wrapped inside my skin.

It's a sin that I can't touch your neck  
Or bring your lips to mine.  
Right now you've lost your value  
Losing faith, you're falling from  
The pedestal that I've held oh so high for you. Yea. [x2]

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Like the days of, the last few months. [x2]

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