

Feeling Left Out "Populace In Two"

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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 of, 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 knew
In short this is a long goodbye to unexpected you
[x2]

Even if I spend 2004 listening to Morrissey in my car
I'm better off alone than I would be in your arms
[x2]
In your arms
I'm better off alone
(In your arms)

Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that
we knew
In short this is a long goodbye to unexpected you
[x2]

Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that
we knew
In short this is a long goodbye to unexpected you
[x2]

To unexpected you
To unexpected you
(Just burn the photographs) To unexpected you
(Bury your memories) To unexpected you

