

From First To Last "Populace In Two"

Visit "[Populace In Two](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Your memories will always haunt me like a ghost
To put it nicely I hope you choke
A poet of sorts but not enough, to give you an eyesore
Its 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
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that
we knew
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpected you

Even if I spend 2004 listening to morrissey in my car
I'm better off alone, than I would be in your arms
Even if I spend 2004 listening to morrissey in my car
I'm better off alone, than I would be in your arms
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
Just burn the photographs and bury all the pages that
we knew
In short, this is a long goodbye to unexpected you

(Instrumental)

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

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

Visit [From First To Last](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.