

Quarantined Past "Flat Tires"

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I don't dig this air but I'll not stop breathing in
I don't care for him but I'll allow you to
Go and waste your time away with him
I'll just be here holding your christmas tree

I swear I love getting footprints all on my back
It's a way for me to redirect pity
God knows I'm such a stonger person now
Except for all of those lapses in judgement

Your green car can.t outrace my blue one
Even though my stereo system sucks
I'll crack jokes until my head is
Bloody, black and blue
From running away from you

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