

Two Thirty Eight (Two Thirtyeight) "Tales From Your Nightstand"

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Losing friends and missing lovers
Spending days beneath the covers
Buying time with every tooth inside your head
Being short with all the neighbors
Turning down their simple favors
They never understood you anyway
His is a pathetic little castle but as least your the king of
it

This is your one obsession
You're most complete in your depression
Wooden eyes and ears for poetry
This is tragically romantic
So short and passing somehow endless
This is senseless to everyone but you

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