Whitmore
"Johnny Bell's Greenhouse"

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I know she told you everything
Before she finished me
Well you know now that it's all my fault
Please don't take it personally
I hate you and you hate me
But maybe we can sort this out

I don't know what you can say
Your own problems aren't far away
Maybe you should look at yourself

Don't stand up
Don't speak up
Don't tell me it's fucked up now, tell me it'll never end
Don't stand up
Don't shoot up
Don't tell me it's over now, just tick me to the weekend

I know she took everything
All the ganja I could bring
It's always the same in the end
You know I'll never beat on you
Maybe I can see you soon
And maybe we can still be friends

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