

Propaganda

"The About-As-Close-To-Emo-As-We'll-Ever-Get Song"

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I hid inside my room like a fucking coward
And the past 18 months flashed before me in the last
eight long hours.
A little less than amazing: you finally got a rise out of
me.
So I laughed, I cried (well, I tried, but i laughed again).
See? Who the fuck needs a caricature to be their
friend?
It's so fucking stupid.
I'm just as scared and insecure as you (maybe even
X2)
And i wonder what you really thought of me.
An intimate friend? A loud-mouthed jerk? Or just a
novelty?
(and, hey, do you think i could sing this a little more out
of key?)
This is not an apology. It's just therapy.
Because as we all know (and apparently), I don't need
anybody.

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