

Propaghandi

"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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