

Eightball % MJG F/ Suave Circle

"Message Sent"

Visit "[Message Sent](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I've got some letters inside of my drawer
that should have been stamped and delivered
One is addressed to my ex
it says I'm the type of kid who can't be lived with
One is addressed to my friends
it says I'm a mess so y'all can't visit
One is addressed to myself
but I don't know what personality or hand to give it

I'm a God damn misfit...mismatched, but never missed
much
Mr Right-time-wrong-place with a long face until our lips
touch
I don't miss the mistrust, its what got our messages
mixed up
Before I rip up your letters let us see if I can tear you
away from his clutch

This stuff's a whole other drawer
from a different dresser I'm not ready to address
I went to the west to get my mind off things and I'm
already depressed
I give up. Get let down. Down play. Play games. Put on
my game face
Face my pharmecudial needs and feed on my
medicine, but I don't like the way it tastes

I go place to place without enough money to put a bed
under me
So I share my sleeping space with rodents, insects, and
dust bunnies
I laugh at the mess I've created for myself until it gets
unfunny
But I'm content in the fact that they don't expect
respect, sex, love, or trust from me

When I'm hungry I can taste it
I hide in the basement
Check up on me every now and then
Because my mood swings low...and I can feel myself
going down again

Falling off is easy. Getting put on takes a bit of ass
kissing
I'd rather listen to myself flop on the ground than hear
the sound of a mattress spring
I rap and sing and talk and write and often type with 2
fingers
The "hunt and kill" method
I edit one third of a word per second

Your emails sit in my unsent box. If you're a girl that I
miss
You'll eventually get my virtual good bye kiss
The rest are addressed to my friends and the subject
line is "Just check this fine bitch"
And the one for myself is untitled but...its the same
virus

My wrists get slit on your shoulder blades
when I lose my grip while I hold your face
Let it drip on your golden laced silver slip...
spilling all over the place
I'd lay my jacket over the blood puddle when we'd go
on dates
to prove that I'm a gentleman, peddling my bike at a
slower pace

"The sum of the parts doesn't equal the whole," she
states
Before my parents get home I'll take
time to find the fragments of our relationship
and glue back together this broken vase.

Falling in love is easy. Falling out of love takes a bit of
practice
I'm good at both without even owning a mattress
I never asked for a kiss without deserving one.
If you never saw me cry before
wait for the next time I wake up on the wrong side of
the floor

I've got some letters inside of my drawer
that should have been sent by now
Sealed in an envelope
One is addressed to my ex
and it says that I feel our friendship's a joke
One is addressed to my friend
and it says his ex-girlfriend's on coke
And one is addressed to myself on a personal note
Unopened...filled with endless quotes

Whenever I spoke, they'd close me in and bust my lip
Now I wear parenthesis on my temples, step to the
podium and just think
Whenever lonely I shrink...hold myself...squeezing tight
Before I sprawl out on the hardwood floor and kiss
myself to sleep at night

I have dreams of flight, but I'm not floating
The ground is approaching awfully quick
So I wake up screaming for you to catch me
That's what I start every day off with

I may talk shit, but there ain't much else to do in this
prison cell
And lucky for me no one listens well...especially when I
dis myself
I'll fly away on a pig when my living hell freezes over
And since I'm used to the cold I'll be able to rest my
head on Jesus' shoulder

Explanations are in order for why these floor boards
are always freezing
I guess it'll all make sense once we get older and reach
the Age of Reason
Until then, I'll have no reason to sleep in. Not even on
weekends
Unless we're together, because my will power will
probably weaken

Deepen my appreciation for the current condition
because I'm sick of always feeling like something is
missing.

I slumber in one position. Crouched up an fetal like.
And the couch sucks cuz my feet are like...given no
space to breathe
while I embrace my knees

So its off to the floor because I can't sleep anywhere
else
That's where I write these letters to all of y'all but never
send 'em
It's better to just keep to myself

Its better to just keep to myself

Its better to just keep to myself

