

# LTJ

## "107"

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Unless you could see inside my head,  
you couldn't possibly understand  
I'm happier when things are falling apart at the seams  
and you'd never know just by looking at me  
and I'm strung out on the future  
and burnt out on the past  
sometimes I'd rather just burn this place right to the  
ground  
And y'know it just may be me  
but the parking lot with all those creeps  
keeps me convincing myself I'm completely sane  
with sleep over rated  
and my ideals outdated  
I know that I wouldn't have it any other way  
and I can't explain what this place races through my  
mind

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