

Lyndsay Diaries, The "How We Kill Ourselves"

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We all have our simple ways of killing ourselves, and
this is yours
Denying it all by covering it up
You were never the best at smiling
So just stay up all night just to say you are tired.

I think I'll stay in tonight
I can't help to think thoughts of home
I miss the chairs at the coffee shop
Doing nothing for five minutes and talking for hours-
Conversation never ran dry.

We all have our simple ways of killing our thoughts
And this is yours, and I have mine.

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