

Secondary, secondary self for myself
A devil dog, a close call, somebody else
And your love, your love, your love
It's just a wicked friend and it's time that you're fighting of
f
Are you scared that I'm dying

Start believing in a secondary, secondary self for myself
Sick pride, a dead heart, somebody else
You wanna get well on your own
But truth to tell, you've been shot to hell
You're all fucking holes

All I ever
Doing things that I'll never tell anybody else
I'm not shooting, I'm not shooting, I'm not playing
I'm here waiting for anybody
Well I guess I'm not playing
Melodrama, it's just me
It's just me
It's your love, it's your love