

Suitcases

Mac Lethal

Just because somebody walks out of your life it doesn't mean that you're supposed to chase them
Just because somebody walks out of your life it doesn't mean that you're supposed to chase them
They keep their drama in their suitcases
Every story has two sides
And every person has two faces
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Look

I got a circle of friends that over the years I think their triangles made 'em turn into squares
And I swear
I thought that I was gossip-proof
But these people rattle off their opinions like it's the gospel truth
Wait, you're telling me that I'm a bad friend
And I was such a down to Earth person back then?
Reverse smiles
Perverse styles
I don't call you for a month or two and you act like I killed your first child
So where you been then?
I broke a girl's heart, nearly killed her
Smoked that whole relationship to the filter
You're talkin' out of pocket when you told me that I've changed
It doesn't make sense to me, I'm not made out of silver
See I thought breakin' up was bad
Until I told a little girl that I can't be her step dad
So if my heart break ain't a good enough reason
Give my friendship back to me
Here's a refund, 'cause we done.

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Replace them

If you invite a homeless man to sleep in your dog house, should he be thankful, or should he be offended?
You tell me that I crossed the proverbial line
Well you've bent it, and your footprints are further than mine
This new distance is strange
You're mad at me 'cause I was mad at you for acting like I went and pissed on your flames
I sensed
That you were so incensed
'Cause I was not convinced
That you're the royal prince of the game
(It's really lame)

I wince when I think about the old you
Now you talk to me like I'm privileged to know you
What the fuck is that man?
Your ego's gonna poke through your trucker hat
Here's my receipt, I want my money back
In fact!
I'll take something of equal or lesser value
Fuck the little circle of people you keep around you
That feed you grapes like you're a prophet of the sky
Hopefully you'll autograph my coffin when I die

Yeah

Death black mourning
The compost cakes up in your water-logged eyes and your snot-nosed face
And you're heatin' your apartment with the oven and the stove
But the bills are so G'd that they're almost H
And you sit and reminisce about how great the old songs were
Kids on the blogs you relate with no longer
You just see bliss like "Give me some of that"
It's a lie though, get your money back
I'd tell you the truth but I don't wanna upset you friend
I'd tell you "Go to hell" but Satan wouldn't let you in
He'd say that you're an evil man amongst evil men
And when you need a friend you can seek him then
You don't put your money where your mouth is, no
You put your money to your nose and do a little blow
And you don't live hand-to-mouth
You live foot-to-mouth
With your foot in your mouth
Create apologies and push 'em out
Yeah
(Get out)

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You can replace them