Unfortunate Tourists

Crime In Stereo

I am the unfortunate tourist, stranded At the edge of your bed. Shipwrecked.

Journeyed from the depths of our drinks to the small curves of your legs and yet in your absence... I feel good now that you're gone.

I am the constant exit, the constant ex the next former friend to attend your revenge. And you said "You're just like them! Born to love and then disa ppear!" And I said "People like that are the only people here"