

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 disappear!"
And I said "People like that are the only people here"