Well, People Will Talk

Drowners

You doing these poems,
I don't like the prose,
You don't know what you're talking about,
They show you indifference,
You think it's a rebuttal,
Ad patri just fucking around,
Hello, it's all too real.

I drove myself off to death,
Wondering about who you woke up with,
How much fun is it?

Takes a lot to exist,
A lot to admit,
What I'm feeling jealous about,
Cause all of your friends too there looking,
You joke around but oh, it's all too real.

I drove myself off to death
Wondering about who you woke up with.
I drove myself off to death,
Wondering about who you woke up with,
How much fun is it?

Everybody knows but me...

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