

Note to Self

From First to Last

Two roads split off from here
And my life goes running in opposite directions
Exaggerating the barrier
Between who I am and who I want to be

I wanted to be that breath of fresh air
When everything smelled so insincere
But this taste still lingers in my mouth

Deceit has ways of sticking around
And I'm ready to disappear
Vacation seems far from here

Note to self, I miss you terribly
This is what we call a tragedy
Come back to me, come back to me, to me

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I can feel my mind wandering again
Into where I don't know, and will I ever get home?
Time starts moving faster than I can
And I'm sick of this scene, I need to break the routine

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Which part of me is lost?
I feel so close, yet so far
Which part of me is lost?
I feel so close, yet so far