

Front Row Seats to the End of the World

Funeral for a Friend

You never feel it until it's too late
You never see it coming
It hurts my head when you tell me that everything's alright

I've tried to write something meaningful but I feel I've lost my stride
Can't think of anything witty or flattering tonight
You lie to me and I'm getting bored of this stupid conversation

It's no fucking interrogation so quit while you're behind

Open your eyes and look outside
It's gonna fuck you up and leave an empty shell
Dressing better is a bigger tell
Your best lipstick for annihilation

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You lie to me and I'm getting bored of this stupid conversation

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Keep on closing, closing your eyes
Keep on closing, closing your eyes
Keep on closing, closing your eyes
Keep on closing, closing your eyes

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Can't think of anything witty or flattering tonight
You lie to me and I'm getting bored of this stupid conversation

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I write some words on a scrap of paper
Tied it tightly round my little finger
Can't think of anything that would make it worth the fight

Falling slowly with the little numbers
Every time I feel like hating someone
Can't think of anyone that would make it worth the fight