

Modern Excuse of a Man

Funeral for a Friend

Island liver like we think that we're "oh, so special"
Like we're owed the things that we can never quite hold on to

Let me ask you something
Do you think this weather suits you?
Let me ask you something
Do you think it suits you?

So if I see you and your words fail to connect with mine
Let me be the first to apologize
For every fucking thing that I haven't done or will do

So you can quietly walk on by
Into a distant memory where I will lock you up
And throw away the key

We're sick of playing these shitty games
I'm sick of playing these shitty games