

"You are weak, I am strong, and I've done nothing but lead you on," she said.

Drove around all night, stoplights were interminable,
But I get along all right as long I don't have to interact
With anyone else on a meaningful level, I'll be fine
Because I don't want to marry my convictions, (not right now)

When wicked thoughts come inter alia
You wind up in Centralia; morally.
Looking for a decent cup of coffee
And try to meet halfway.
It seems like I'm stealing your words
But really, I'm just giving them back to you.
Once again, it's all about me.
And pride is not a factor, no.
Once again, it's all about me.

"You are weak, I am strong, and I've done nothing but lead you on and on," she said.

Feeling well into my cups already
Just until my hands are steady
The spins are setting in
I swear I'll never never feel like myself again.
I'd like to go back ten years
And show you a picture of yourself now
But I'm afraid that it might kill you then
You used to be such a loyal friend

Once again, it's all about me.
And pride is not a factor, no.
Once again, it's all about me.
Then done by an inner-monologue:
Once again, it's all about me.