

All the girls
and all my friends
and all the kids I know

They pray out loud every day
and still have nothing to say.
They still have nothing to say to me.
Why?

When they try?
I know they try.

Sometimes when I'm outside,
and sometimes when I'm alone.

Neighbours and cops in my head,
they drag me out of my bed,
with all the things that they said. I know
why:

Because they try.
I know they try.