

## Suitcases

Mac Lethal

Just because somebody walks out of your life it doesn't mean that you're supposed to chase them  
Just because somebody walks out of your life it doesn't mean that you're supposed to chase them  
They keep their drama in their suitcases  
Every story has two sides  
And every person has two faces  
Just because somebody walks out of your life it doesn't mean that you're supposed to chase them

Look

I got a circle of friends that over the years I think their triangles made 'em turn into squares  
And I swear  
I thought that I was gossip-proof  
But these people rattle off their opinions like it's the gospel truth  
Wait, you're telling me that I'm a bad friend  
And I was such a down to Earth person back then?  
Reverse smiles  
Perverse styles  
I don't call you for a month or two and you act like I killed your first child  
So where you been then?  
I broke a girl's heart, nearly killed her  
Smoked that whole relationship to the filter  
You're talkin' out of pocket when you told me that I've changed  
It doesn't make sense to me, I'm not made out of silver  
See I thought breakin' up was bad  
Until I told a little girl that I can't be her step dad  
So if my heart break ain't a good enough reason  
Give my friendship back to me  
Here's a refund, 'cause we done.

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Replace them

If you invite a homeless man to sleep in your dog house, should he be thankful, or should he be offended?  
You tell me that I crossed the proverbial line  
Well you've bent it, and your footprints are further than mine  
This new distance is strange  
You're mad at me 'cause I was mad at you for acting like I went and pissed on your flames  
I sensed  
That you were so incensed  
'Cause I was not convinced  
That you're the royal prince of the game  
(It's really lame)

I wince when I think about the old you  
Now you talk to me like I'm privileged to know you  
What the fuck is that man?  
Your ego's gonna poke through your trucker hat  
Here's my receipt, I want my money back  
In fact!  
I'll take something of equal or lesser value  
Fuck the little circle of people you keep around you  
That feed you grapes like you're a prophet of the sky  
Hopefully you'll autograph my coffin when I die

Yeah

Death black mourning  
The compost cakes up in your water-logged eyes and your snot-nosed face  
And you're heatin' your apartment with the oven and the stove  
But the bills are so G'd that they're almost H  
And you sit and reminisce about how great the old songs were  
Kids on the blogs you relate with no longer  
You just see bliss like "Give me some of that"  
It's a lie though, get your money back  
I'd tell you the truth but I don't wanna upset you friend  
I'd tell you "Go to hell" but Satan wouldn't let you in  
He'd say that you're an evil man amongst evil men  
And when you need a friend you can seek him then  
You don't put your money where your mouth is, no  
You put your money to your nose and do a little blow  
And you don't live hand-to-mouth  
You live foot-to-mouth  
With your foot in your mouth  
Create apologies and push 'em out  
Yeah  
(Get out)

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You can replace them