

1612 Havenhurst

Off With Their Heads

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a lifetime of pain and isolation
Everyday is just the fucking same
I want to change but I can't get my foot in any door

Every time I knock there's nobody home
But what's the point in waiting outside alone
The doors are locked and there's no windows
And outside it's always thirty below

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Just when I feel like it might not be so bad
It always kicks and tells me where I stand

All this strife and all these tears
And all this anger from all these years
Has left me broken and is what keeps me here
I'll never be happy without you here