

If so and so was so delightful,
go ahead, don't waste you life.
Shed it like a change of season.
Send a letter where the grass is greener.

Haven't been to sleep much lately.
Words you never said that grate on me.
Keep a secret flake of his life,
call it happiness.

It would have been nice to be someone.
To have and to hold the only one.
there's nothing there, just bitterness.

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There's nothing there ---

Always the last to know and the first to cry.
Our summer years are nothing
as they're Freudian-slipping by

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there's nothing there