

I cut my fingers on a broken picture frame
The welling up waxes and wanes. It's not fair and it hasn't been
All my friends are living saints. Been killing me for weeks
A garden weed that cracks concrete. It hasn't been fair for long
Growing up isn't moving on.

Do you miss our broken reason or the nights spent treating
Troubles and normalcy to bottles and comedies?
You forgot your necklace upstairs on purpose
It was your golden ticket scam and it always made us laugh
Do you see me as your acquaintance, your death by time, age and
long
distance?

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All my friends are living saints
Broken still but never breaking ties

I never pictured this, disperse in fall and don't reminisce
See it's just not fair, not everyone moved on