

You come around, with your pretentious crap
You ask me what books I read, man you should be slapped
It must be oh so hard to always be correct
But I was wondering have you been yourself yet
You hang around, long after everyone
You tell me you're lonely now, girl you should go home
It must be oh so hard to have to live your life
But I was questioning the source of all your strife
Sin on be the one they sin against
No one here thinks you're innocent
You know God he's not even listening
To a word... to a word
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