

The Plan (Fuck Jobs)

The Front Bottoms

I fuckin' hate the comments
Why do you feel you have to talk
Nobody asked for your opinion
Your sick sad way of jerkin' off
Every one you think you're better then
What the fuck I'm guilty too
Half the time that I'm complaining
I'm just talking shit on you (I'm sorry)

Never underestimate
Poor hungry and desperate
My body is a temple
How much you think I could get for it
And I will take cold showers from now on until I learn
That once you fuck the fire all that's left to do is burn
Baby burn, baby burn

I could feel myself falling from an aeroplane
I hear static when I close my eyes
I imagine one day things settling
And I think about what that might be like

When my mind is uncertain my body decides
'Cause I love you I miss you I wanna hug and kiss you
'Cause I love you I miss you I wanna fuckin kiss you
(It's alright)

I want world domination just like everybody else
So if you hear me talking strategy
It's only to myself
Everybody's gotta have a game plan
Cut up a couple different ways
Just hope no one remembers these the darkest of my days

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