

# Six Degrees of Separation

## The Script

You've read the books.  
You've watched the shows.  
What's the best way no one knows, yeah.  
Meditated, yeah, hypnotized.  
Anything to take from your mind.  
But it won't, no.  
You're doing all these things out of desperation.  
You're going through six degrees of separation.

You hear the drinking, take a toll.  
Watch the past go up in smoke.  
Fake a smile, yeah, lie and say that.  
You're better now than ever, and your life's okay.  
Well it's not, no.  
You're doing all these things out of desperation.  
You're going through six degrees of separation.

First, you think the worst is a broken heart.  
What's gonna kill you is the second part.  
And the third, is when your world splits down the middle.  
And fourth, you're gonna think that you fixed yourself.  
Fifth, you see them out with someone else.  
And the sixth,  
Is when you admit that you may have fucked up a little

No, no, there ain't no help, it's every man for himself.  
No, no, there ain't no help, it's every man for himself.

You tell your friends, yeah, strangers too.  
Anyone throwing an arm around you, yeah.  
Tarrot cards.  
Gems and stones.  
Believing all that shit is gonna heal ya soul.  
We'll it's not, no.

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And the sixth,  
Is when you admit that you may have fucked up a little.

No there's no starting over,  
Without finding closure,  
You take them back,  
No hesitation,  
That's when you know you've reached the sixth degree of separation.

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Is when you admit that you may have fucked up a little.

No, no, there ain't no help, it's every man for himself.  
Oh, you're going through six degrees of separation.  
No, no, there ain't no help, it's every man for himself.  
Oh, you're going through six degrees of separation.  
No, no, there ain't no help, it's every man for himself.  
No, no, there aint no help, it's every man for himself.