

And how foolish to live right under the city  
Where all the girls look so pretty  
They said I'd be just fine  
And the party's they hosted all through the uptown  
The boys I like hanging downtown  
They'd buy me big bottles of wine  
They told me that I would be just fine

Whiskey bottles reminding me I'm unconscious  
Concentrating on the numbness  
A feeling I can't define  
Tiny dresses, they make me feel so wanted  
But leave me feeling haunted  
From shitty Friday nights

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Finding flash backs of things I might have said  
I should have stayed home instead  
But here I am in his bed  
And life's a gamble, a no win situation  
Either way I'm stuck in isolation  
And he's stuck in my head

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