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## Ryan Remembers Our Mischief

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# Ryan Remembers Our Mischief

Johanna Blanchard

I wrote you a long letter, but it started with "oh how I love life" and  
Ended with a word I made up  
You must think I'm only made of sarcasm  
But nobody can see inside me and that's why I'm always alone  
Actually I only write you when I'm sad, sometimes twice a day  
Reading two books and smoking all night is my idea of a  
fun evening

Suddenly I can't distinguish between me and you  
Do I want to?

Is it my fault that everyone is boring?  
She was obsessed, she was uninteresting, she never let me show  
my crazy side

I let you show your crazy side

When I start to seem strange, they are ashamed  
When I am quiet, they are afraid

You think I'm bad for you

You take my mind off being miserable, I don't know how  
to act otherwise  
Sometimes you keep me from my reading  
But I'm glad you give me candy and laugh at me, why did I leave  
that town?

I can remember our mischief, someday we'll climb  
a thousand roofs

We can eat Chinese and watch a bad movie  
Steal a car just to go get coffee  
I'll spend my pill money on cigarettes  
It's no fun to swallow my tears with prescriptions  
But drown in the smoke with you here beside me