Ryan Remembers Our Mischief

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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