

# Feeling Left Out, Most Accidents

You're running free at record speed  
My legs are crushed and my arms they bleed  
Inside of me turns like a washing a machine  
While outside I form a smoke screen

What happened to that girl I knew?  
You look like her, but this can't be you  
You're traveling to the Upper East Side  
Make sure you enjoy the skyline

The rain comes down and hits my window  
Proves to be  
The rain is knocking at my window  
Source of company

What if I died?  
Would it make any difference now?  
I know I'll feel better in the morning  
But this is how I feel right now

If you need anything just call  
The understatement of the year  
Waving to an empty window  
Once filled by your shadow

Disappear before my eyes  
Before my eyes have time to cry  
Help myself to a plate of  
dissatisfaction