

Dangerous levels of introspection

JP Saxe

I dont miss my apartment,
ceilings six feet tall
where my neighbors schizophrenic,
and screamin through the paper thin walls

I dont miss my LeBaron,
the steering pullin left
Losing nights in Venice
to strangers acting like my best friends

I dont want any of it back,
but I miss how it felt
it happened so fast,
I kinda miss myself

Dangerous levels of introspection
Trippin over my own reflection
I dont know where Im going with it,
really shouldnt matter,
ruining a moment with some reckless nostalgia

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leading me back to you
leading me back

I dont miss your attention,
needing it so bad

Or how you never mentioned
my existence to your religious dad
I dont miss being so naive,
but part of me prefers it to a passive animosity
But if anybody happens to ask

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