

We were at a good place,
a “how did we get there?”
sorta story.

Imagine when you read a story,
Pictures and words (are?)
all out of order.

Split on the question.
Split on the question.
Split on the question.

I won't tell you (and?)
you'll never guess.

Whatever that was,
a scheme to save money.

the conflict is this: You can't fix stupid.
Kinda won't stick, how you think
I think I did.