

I've worked so hard on things that never seemed to pay off.
But looking back I realize that I never really meant that much.

And I let you down.
It might not be the last time.
I'm sorry, and I know how it feels when my eyes see a loser in the mirror.
I think "what did I do?" sure I fucked up, but I got back up,
so that loser shits out the window
And if I let you down., it might not be the last time.
Cheer up, it will hurt much less tomorrow.
We're all tired of fucking up and that's not just being sorry.
It means brush the dirt off, get up and try again

When you're sick of trying, how can you expect to succeed?
I can't recall my first failure, and I'll forget this one too over time

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