



I must be cursed..

or something.

ughhh

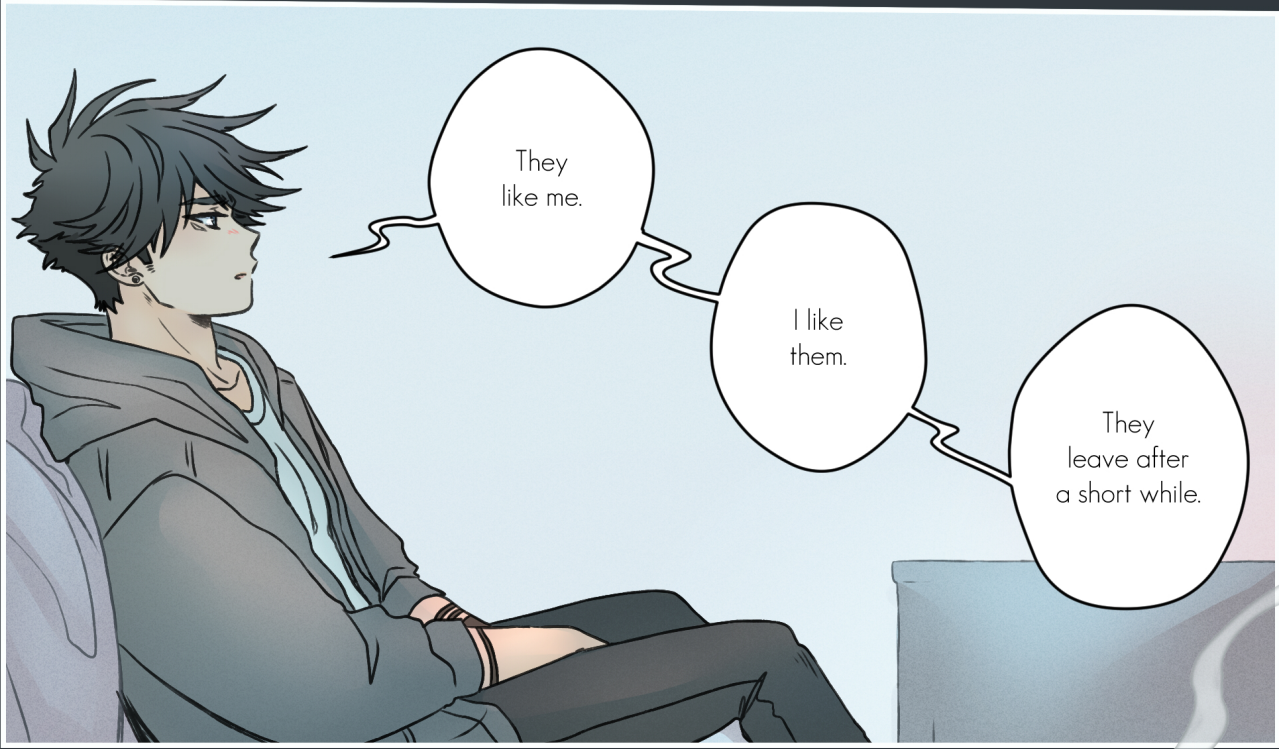


What do you mean?



It's always the same..

it repeats.



They like me.

I like them.

They leave after a short while.





The moment it becomes serious,

it's over.

And, well, I get it...

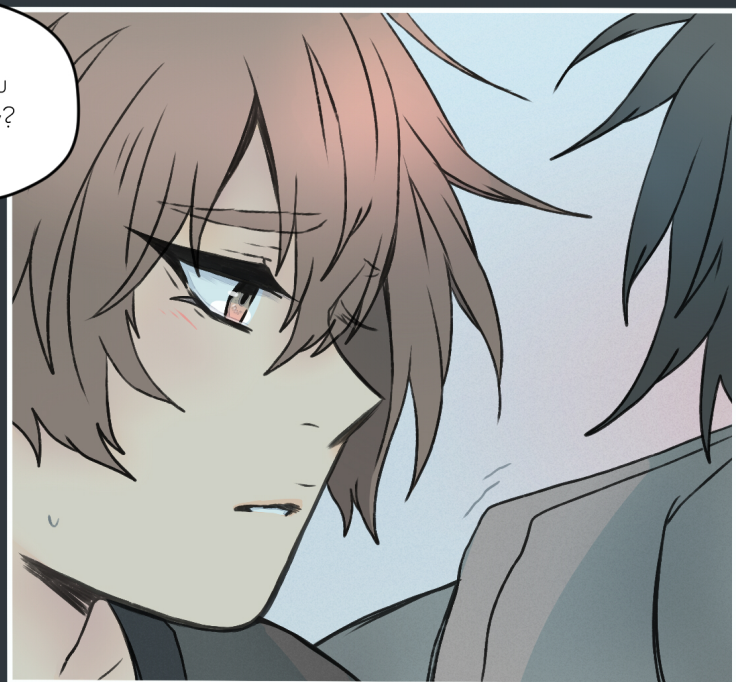


It never feels quite right.



Something is missing,

... you know?



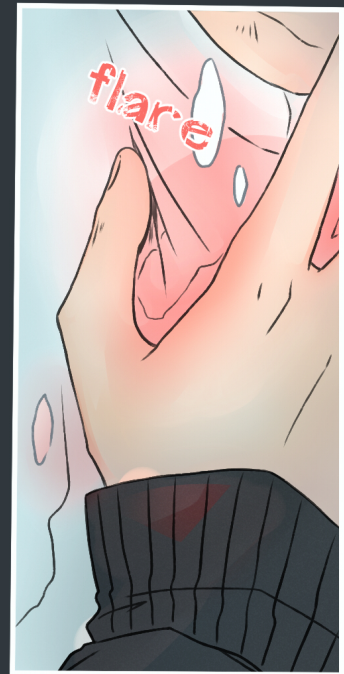
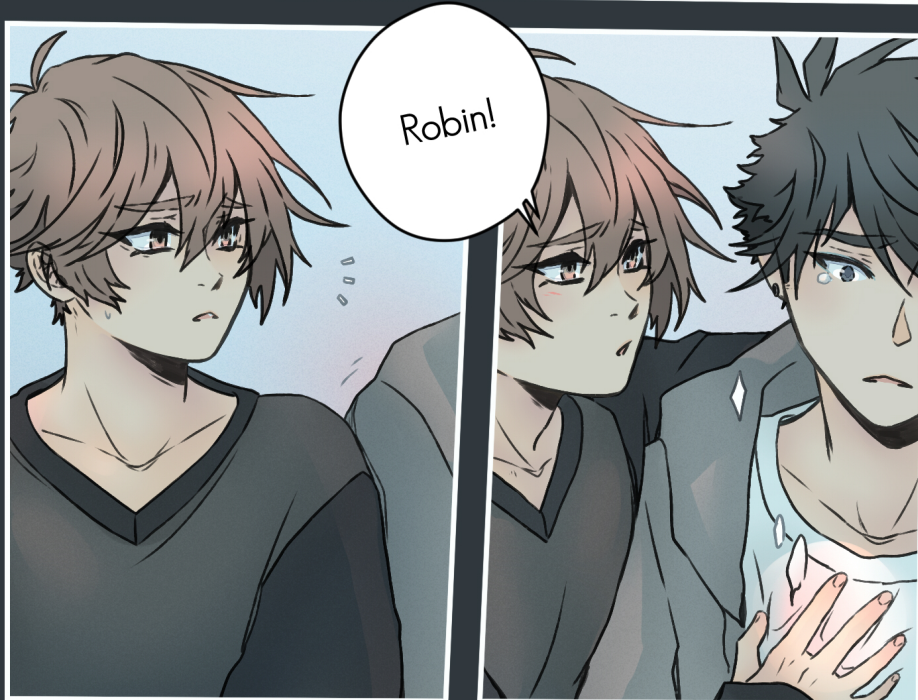
But, even though I know how it'll end,

whenever someone asks me out,

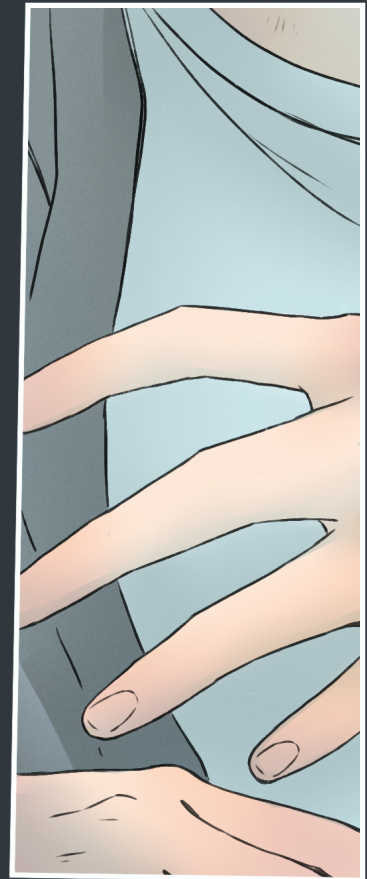
I still say yes.

Every damn time.



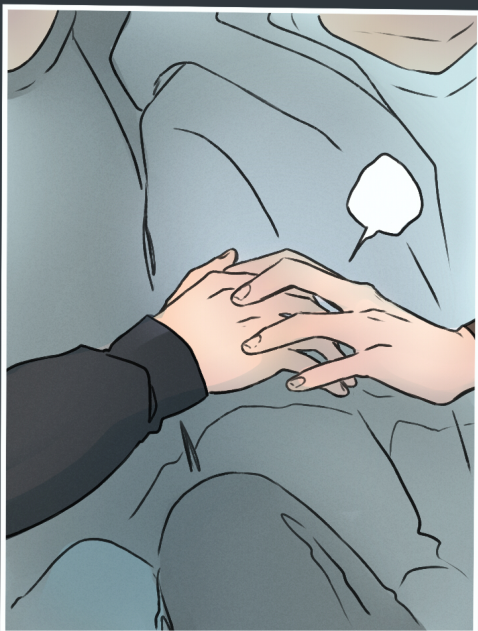






Because I keep thinking,

that I'll find it...?



Finally find it, if I just try again.









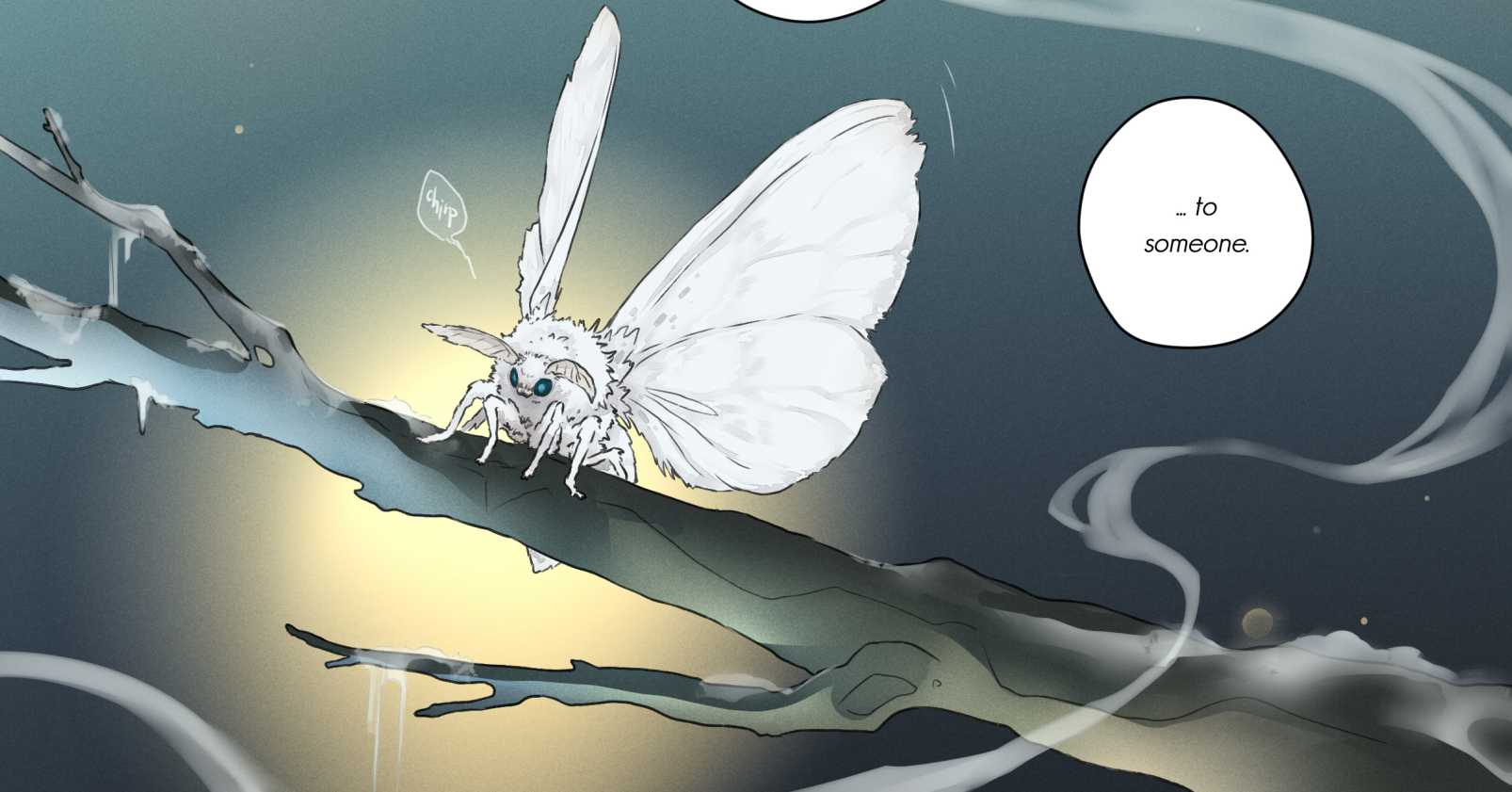
If only I knew.



It pulls me...

... somewhere?

... to someone.



chirp