

These Four Words

The Maine

I really should just go home
And play with myself
Better that than stay
And do something else
Cause we can't be friends that much I know
I wish it wasn't so
And I can't take my heart someplace it won't go
Show me to the door

As if a plane crash were timely
There's no good time for bad news
These four words don't come easy
"I don't love you"

So Listen to your friends & leave me alone
I'm just a boy
I'm drunk, I'm 24
I don't want to hurt you anymore
Don't waste your tears on me now pretty girl
When I hate myself for letting you go
You can be the one to say "I told you so"

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