

## Your Instagram

Tyler Ward

Blurry yellow dashes on the interstate  
I can see her laughing as they drive away  
He's got Wall Street money and that West Coast fame  
She captions "happy, I'm glad I got away", yeah you got away

We made plans  
But you left this broken heart in me  
Couldn't miss your chance  
And I don't need to  
But I keep up through your Instagram

I see the life you're chasing down on Lovers' Lane  
Those big blue sunglasses coloring up some sort of pain  
And that dress you're wearing, I bet you still [?]  
But does he know the stories and the scars beneath that shade of green

I bet he couldn't tell you your favorite colors  
Or the place that you ran to when your mom wasn't sober

We made plans  
But you left this broken heart in me  
Couldn't miss your chance  
And I don't need to  
But I keep up through your Instagram

Are you lonely now?  
Now?

That old leather jacket, the one she left behind  
I boxed it up, addressed it to the girl  
The girl beneath the Hollywood sign  
And if you see her, there's a note  
And tell her she is more than welcome to come back home  
Just come back home

We made plans  
But you left this broken heart in me  
Had to take your chance  
I'm gonna miss you  
So I keep up through your Instagram