

America Needs a New Sweetheart

A Loss for Words

Steady, six months in a Limbo, sidelined, I watched you slowly
let go.

Try and tell me how you've grown, I don't believe you.
Keep up appearances. keep hanging on, keep hanging on

Being alone is what gets you through the days
Face it baby, hang on to your own hard feelings now.

We go our separate ways
Face it baby, hang on to your own hard feelings now.

Glass bottle figure, Expression tinted blue
With whimsical stares, such a lackluster you
Falling for every empty truth, I don't believe you

Being alone is what gets you through the days
Face it baby, hang on to your own hard feelings now.

We go our separate ways
Face it baby, hang on to your own hard feelings now.

We were always out of time rehearsing the same old lines
Now you're making cameos in other guys lives
You build them up in my wake, romantic fantasies
You always hatch a plan to get carried away

Being alone is what gets you through the days
Face it baby, hang on to your own hard feelings now.

We go our separate ways
Face it baby, hang on to your own hard feelings now.
You always hatch a plan to get carried away