

These myopic words I rewrote again to say.  
Tangoed with the urge of begging you to stay.  
Something deep in me knew you had to slide away.  
I was a dollar short and a thousand days too late.  
Champagne Mornings at 80 degrees.  
You knew that So Cal was never meant for me.  
Would it matter if I told you I'm still hung up on you?  
Would it matter if I told you though you're with somebody new?  
I hope to hell all of this passes.  
Let the future heal old wounds.  
I swear it's time to let it go for good.

These nostalgic thoughts dishearteningly worn.  
Like an old wool coat in a numbing winter storm.  
I'll be your dull end knife, your tired metaphor.  
I was a day too late and every dollar short. Midnight Crown Roy  
als, pacific breeze.  
I knew that So Cal was never meant for me.  
Would it matter if I told you I'm still hung up on you?  
Would it matter if I told you though you're with somebody new?  
I hope to hell all of this passes.  
Let the future heal old wounds.  
I think it's time to let it go for good.

A champagne morning at 80 degrees.  
Midnight Crown Royals, Pacific Breeze.  
I know that you were never meant for me.  
I won't let this song remind me anymore.  
Would it matter if I told you I'm still hung up on you?  
Would it matter if I told you though you're with somebody new?  
I hope to hell all of this passes.  
Let the future heal old wounds.  
I swear it's time to let it go for good