

You've been sober now
For a few days and I bet that it helps
You to not send me a text
That says you love me still

And the only thing that I've done
This month is drink beer and
Masturbate, and ignore
Phone calls from you
What else am I supposed to do?

Because the last image of you I remember
Is your hunched over back on the side of the bed
Telling me that I shouldn't leave

And I didn't wanna lie I guess
When you asked me if I loved you less
In the passenger side of my car
So I didn't respond

And the last image of me you remember
Is my hunched over back on the driver's side
Begging you to get out when you said that You wanted to die
Can't you see that's the kind of shit that I can't be the one t
o decide?
But if you asked me now, I'd want you alive

And it's a chilling confidence
That I don't need you anymore
But you knew that, I'm sure
Honesty broke the glass of the bottle
That I struck at the door
When I couldn't do this any longer
Now I don't even think of you
When I am sober

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