

Me Myself And Why

Alana Springsteen

Every mile to my place felt like a million hours
The miss you you left on my lips, it's already gone sour
I try not to cry, but damn it I want to
I'm mad at myself, why in the hell did I say that I love you
I don't know what I was thinking, if I was thinking at all
It was my car in your drive, it's my fault

My head won't slow down
This bedroom's a ghost town tonight
There's no one else to
Blame for the long night I'm in for when I close my eyes
It's me myself and
Why didn't I just let go?
Why did I pick that phone up?
Why did I let you kiss me?
Should've just kept that door shut
Why didn't I say hell no?
Why did I let you hold me tight tonight?
It's me myself and why, why, why

I barely got through the door
You say you made it home yet
I'm walking inside, wishing that I, I never left it
I'm on a regret rollercoaster ride
And it ain't a good high
No, it ain't a good high

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