

Simple Song

Alec Benjamin

The seasons they don't change here
And sometimes I miss cold weather
And it's hard to be next to her
When it's hot out in December
But I am taking off my coat
And I am hoping it gets better
I am taking off my coat
And I am hoping it gets better

Simple

(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was)
I wish it was simple
(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was)
Simple
(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was)
I wish it was simple, simple
(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple)

The people always change here
And I always go new places
But I woke up from a dream
Where I thought I saw your face so
I am getting out of bed
And I am trying to remember
I am getting out of bed
And I am hoping it gets better

Simple

(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was)
I wish it was simple
(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was)
Simple
(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was)
I wish it was simple, simple
(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple)

I went to your apartment
Where we used to sit and talk
So I can sit down on the floor
And draw your picture out in chalk
You would think that I was crazy
I would swear that I am not
You would think that it was crazy
I would tell you that it's not that

Simple

(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was)
I wish it was simple
(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was)
Simple
(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was)
I wish it was simple, simple
(I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple, I wish it was simple)

La la la la
La la
La la la la

La la la la

(I just have one more thing I have to tell you please listen)

It was December the 8th

It's crazy, I remember the day

You hardly remember my name

It was cold in Minnesota

Out in Cali, it was 78

I heard you met a new boy

And now, everything's great

For me, things are jealousy and pain

I'm hoping that you call me

Or just message me "hey"

'Cause I just want to talk and maybe set it all straight

I don't know what I should do

With these flowers on my desk

They're dead and it reminds me of

The power of regret

And it's simple

I don't deserve you

It's not his fault

But I fucked up and hurt you

And it's simple