A couple of months have gone by
I feel the same;
Don't know why
I've forgotten the way that I once was
Our last decision;
A heartbreak
Did we make a mistake?
I'm convinced that I'm worse off than you

I can't think of anything worse
Than being with somebody else
I hate the fact that you're my last
I need to put us in the past

I want to stay out 'til the morning
I'm not going to leave here alone
Wake up at a house in the suburbs
With someone new 'cause I need to move on

I see you on my phone screen
You're doing well;
Or so it seems
You were always a master of disguise
I hope you don't come to this bar
'Cause that would be
A disaster
Even though I miss you all the time

Catching eyes and a quick smile Don't want to go the extra mile My internal monologue Is telling me to give it a shot