

Cola

Arlo Parks

Leave me to my own devices
It's better when your coca-cola eyes are out of my face
I checked your phone and no surprises
She's grinning from ear to ear in purple lace

So take your orchids
Elsewhere, elsewhere
I loved you to death
And now I don't really care
'Cause you're running 'round over there
Yeah, you're running 'round over there
And now I don't really care
'Cause you're running 'round over there
And now I don't really care
'Cause you're running 'round over there

I'll miss your t-shirt in the rain
The one that makes you look like Gerard Way
Eating grapes in the back of the party
Throwing hands 'cause she drank your Bacardi
I know it's kinda dumb but I'll miss the way you dressed all pu
nk
With the black and the studs and the ripped up clothes
Bet she loved your tough guy frown

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