

# Please Don't Return

Bahamas

You mix shots from the bar in a Mason jar  
You went down to the lake to swim  
Dreaming 'bout the times you lived to love  
And the day you left me for him

We used to hang out in parking lots  
We used to make out in cars  
We used to make something of ourselves  
And now we hang out in bars

And every second of every minute  
You make a mess  
I'll get in it  
This love's gonna burn to the ground  
So please don't return  
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You got lost on the way out to my house  
You showed up in the middle of the night  
Knocking on the windows  
Alright

Showed up at the party 'bout half past twelve  
Got pissed while they all got stoned  
People round here they wanna please themselves  
Or they wanna be left alone

And every minute of every hour  
We make a deal  
It goes sour  
This love's gonna burn to the ground

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