

It's Impressive

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I've got a boy, but he isn't my boyfriend
Though he says all the things that a boyfriend would say
Calls me at night, texts me in the morning
He kisses me in a boyfriend type of way

I am his girl, but I am not his girlfriend
Though I do all the things that a girlfriend would do
I tell him miss him, tell him I want him
He puts me through things girlfriends go through

And I'm lying to myself
Saying I won't get hurt this time
Crying over curly hair on some head that's not mine
Dying just a little bit inside every time

I'm not in love but I do have a lover
And we're singing the songs two lovers would sing
We haven't spoke in a couple of days
It's impressive the sadness a lover can bring

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