Don't be that way
Fall apart twice a day
I just wish you could feel what you say
Show, never tell
But I know you too well
Kind of mood that you wish you could sell

If teardrops could be bottled
There'd be swimming pools filled by models
Told "that tight dress is what makes you a whore"
If "I love you" was a promise
Would you break it if you're honest
Tell the mirror what you know she's heard before
I don't wanna be you anymore

Hands getting cold
Losing feeling's getting old
Was I made from a broken mold?
Hurt, I can't shake
We've made every mistake
Only you know the way that I break

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