I think we're over-bored Fighting in the backseat Saying things we don't mean

We can't keep score no more Write our names in concrete Drunk at after-parties

I turned my hotel room
Into a garden, into a garden
Flying to France, Toulouse
I was too honest, a little too honest

21 when I told her
Love's like an atom bomb
Pressing down on your shoulders
Put my thoughts in a folder
Bury them til I'm dead and gone
Don't read them out they're way too dumb

Lost myself intoxicated

Everybody wants to be somebody but nobody's there for you

Guess I love you and I hate it

If you loved me then why would you leave, I'm stuck all I see is you

Slow dancing on your bed Kissing you to Coldplay Love me in the same way

I've pictured in my head Take me into your place Throw me out the same day

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