

# Blue

Bryan Andrews

I let myself get too comfortable, and that's my bad  
Guess I misread wakin' up to you in my bed  
Shoulda never listened when you said you was over here  
But don't you worry, baby, I won't let it happen again  
I can't believe I let you work yourself into this bed  
When I knew you were just fuckin' with my head  
Just so I'll understand, how the hell you moved on so quick?  
But then again, you had someone to get over it with

You can't turn a hoe into a housewife  
No matter how hard you try  
But now I'm hangin' on our last goodbye

I hope one day that you're ridin' with a new guy  
And he turns on a song, and it's one of mine  
I hope he sings every word I wrote about you  
And then I hope you get to wishin' I was missin' you  
I hope he takes you home and you look in his eyes  
And all you see are the memories you tried to hide  
Back when on a backroad, kissin' you  
And all the times I insisted on forgivin' you  
I hope you think about typin' out a text  
That says, "I really don't deserve a reply to this,"  
And when you hit send, I hope it goes through  
And then I hope it turns green instead of blue

(And then I hope it turns green instead of blue)

Every time I think of you, I'm countin' down  
Three shots [?], so loud  
Two more, I'm gone, one more, I'm home  
Last call gon' be me pickin' up the phone

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(I'm movin' on to somethin' new)  
And thank God that it ain't you