

# Bittersweet Symphony

Bryce Vine

Now you're nothing but a memory to me  
But you're always in the back of my mind  
Playing like a sweet symphony  
But I never wanna press rewind  
Cause your melody breaks me to pieces  
At the karaoke bar every weekend  
Now you're nothing but a memory to me  
Another bittersweet sweet symphony

Summer sun set at 9 p.m.  
Tryna get you off my mind again  
Faded with Holly and her Hollywood friends  
But there ain't nothing that can make me forget  
'Cause I been thinking about it often  
We both got options  
She ain't you but I still fly her out from Boston  
Pillow talking water dripping out the faucet  
Tryna find another moment to get lost in

Turn it up  
All them pictures with you had to burn them up  
I already know that I'm the worst to love  
Yeah, I heard enough  
Really thought that you would always be the one

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I still remember  
That cold December  
I tried to give you my love  
Return to sender  
I tried to cope with liquor drugs, someone new in my bed  
But the record of you playing on a loop in my head

I can't turn it off  
All them pictures with you had to burn them up  
I already know that I'm the worst at love  
Yeah, I heard enough  
Really thought that you would always be the one

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