

# Boy From Home

Brynn Cartelli

I don't want to leave this city  
Go back to the place I called home  
Back there it gets messy  
My shoes don't fit anymore  
I can handle a tight squeeze  
They won't go with my outfit  
I don't think I'm superior at all  
Just think that I've grown out of it

This boy back at home  
He sent a text  
On Saturday night  
He won't lay to rest  
What we had in July  
I should want him dead  
But I stayed by his side  
Like all of my friends

Oh, I hate to see  
This fake empathy  
Don't apologize  
Then throw it back at me  
You and I both know  
If this were anyone else  
I'd send him to hell in a minute  
But nobody wanted to listen  
So here I am finally miles away  
From a life I used to know  
Wish that I didn't have tears down my face  
Crying about a boy from home

I don't wanna leave this city  
End up in that basement again  
He always threw the worst parties  
The girls deemed as the audience  
God forbid they let us in on the fun  
Instead we're outside every joke  
I afraid that I've become the punchline  
"The girl that can't let it go"

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This fake empathy  
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No thanks  
I'll stay  
Here in New York with my  
New friends

Apartment  
You don't cross my mind  
These streets  
Hold me  
Tighter than you ever did  
You have to admit

I don't wanna leave this city  
I don't see your face in these crowds  
When I recognized your cologne on the subway  
I took the next station out