

Dear Scarlett

Cameron Dallas

Dear Scarlett, I want you to know the truth
You probably think I'm heartless
I'm working on myself for you, for you
I'm sorry, that we had to learn the hard way
'Cause the girls at all these parties
Don't make me feel like you, like you
Dear Scarlett, I know your hear my name
In your friends conversations
And it all sounds the same, the same

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All the first times, over last times, was just to pass time
But it should've been with you
Now it's the worst times, I might fly a line
From the thought of you with someone new
I apologize, for the thousand time I gave my love to someone else
Now the more I try to redeem myself, it fucks me over
Now these texts I send at 2AM, like "Can you come over?"
'Til I get sober

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