

Capacity

Cassadee Pope

It's half my fault waiting for
Taking the next step seeing the next door
Open up and let me in
You're a dead bolt I just can't ever win
Imaginary borders around
Your feet, your heart and your mouth
Yea I keep letting you let me down let me down

So save your manners and all your empty pleasantries
I know you're trying to stall, rip off the bandaid
Just give it me straight yea say it back me
I don't love you, I don't have the capacity

I held onto potential but that's all you've got it's obvious
Can't even say we had a good run you never tried, never left the starting line
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It might suck to hear but things would be clearer
Hey yea I might regret you but I'd respect you
Hey I don't need a favor don't need a savior
Hey yea I might regret you but I'd respect you

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