

She knew just what she was doing
Leaving her personal effects behind
I know I'll find 'em one night
And she'll probably be on my mind, ooh yeah
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Alone in my apartment
I'm humming to the tune of my favorite song
And my baby's gone
But the way we said goodbye
I could tell she wasn't into moving on
Look at my phone charger, that's not mine
Curling iron, that's not mine
Hair ties, not mine
She loses hair ties all the time
So many reminders it's not unintentional

And this is why I think

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Whoever gives you tips about relationships
Let me tell you something they're a damn liar
Cause you never know the baggage to unpack
Even when they've packed their bags
For instance, I look inside my drawers
I look inside my head but one day what's mine is yours
Nowadays your stuff just lingers
All these reminders it's not unintentional

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