

I saw you in a photograph  
With some brunette girl in a head-back laugh  
And I almost hurled when I saw your hand  
Down the small of her back  
You were never outside with me  
Spent my summer months in your unwashed sheets  
And I know it's dumb that I'd ever think  
That I'd meet your mom and dad

Skipping your stones at my window in the dark  
Kissing your ghost was my own damn fucking fault  
But deep in my bones I know pain is what I earned  
And you remind me of how good it feels to hurt  
Yeah, you remind me of how little I deserve

I knew we weren't meant to be  
I'm from Texas skies, you're from London streets  
And I'm not your type, but you're trying things  
So that's everything I need  
To break apart my own heart again  
Validate the worst thoughts inside my head  
That I'm not worth shit, and I'm better dead  
Who's the victim in the end?

Skipping your stones at my window in the dark  
Kissing your ghost was my own damn fucking fault  
But deep in my bones I know pain is what I earned  
And you remind me of how good it feels to hurt  
And you remind me of how little I deserve  
Yeah, you remind me of my father slurring words  
So you remind me of how little I deserve

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