

The Exit

Conan Gray

February
And the flowers haven't even wilted
It's crazy how fast you tilted
The world that we were busy building
Mid November
And I'm sipping on a half-cold-coffee
Staring at a girl who's not me
On your arm, a carbon copy

Feels like we had matching wounds
But mine's still black and bruised
And yours is perfectly fine now

Feels like we buried alive
Something that never died
So God it hurt when I found out

You love her
It's over
Do you even doubt it on your lips? (When you say it, say it)
You love her
It's over
You already found someone to miss
While I'm still standing at
The exit
I'm still standing at
The exit

I can't hate you
For getting everything we wanted
I just thought that I would be part of it
I was moving into your apartment
When you met someone, she's from your hometown
You hate the east coast, it's where you live now
Impossible to understand
How you're not coming back, but I can't say it out loud

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