

# Forget Me

Conor Maynard

Days ache and nights are long  
Two years and still you're not gone  
Guess I'm still holding on  
Drag my name through the dirt  
Somehow, it doesn't hurt though  
Guess you're still holding on

You told your friends you want me dead  
And said that I did everything wrong  
And you're not wrong  
Well, I'll take all the vitriol  
But not the thought of you moving on

'Cause I'm not ready  
To find out you know how to forget me  
I'd rather hear how much you regret me  
And pray to God that you never met me  
Than forget me  
Oh, I hate to know I made you cry  
But love to know I cross your mind, baby, oh oh  
Even after all, it still wrecks me  
To find out you knew how to forget me  
Even after all this time

Days ache and nights are grey  
My heart is still your place, babe  
Guess I still feel the same  
Know you can't stand my face  
Some scars you can't erase, babe  
Guess you still feel the same

Well, I'll take all the vitriol  
But not the thought of you moving on

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