

It's alright to tell me what you think about me
I won't try to argue or hold it against you
I know that you're leaving, you must have your reasons
The season is calling, your pictures are falling down

The steps that I retrace, the sad look on your face
The timing and structure, did you hear he fucked her?
A day late, a buck short, I'm writing the report
On losing and failing, when I move, I'm flailing now

And it's happened once again, I'll turn to a friend
Someone that understands, and sees through the master plan
But everybody's gone, and I've been here for too long
To face this on my own, well, I guess this is growing up

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And maybe I'll see you at a movie sneak preview
You'll show up and walk by on the arm of that guy
And I'll smile and you'll wave, we'll pretend it's okay
The charade, it won't last, when he's gone, I won't come back

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