

night that we danced

ericdoa

Yeah, I remember
The night that we danced
You canceled your plans
You had to be home by nine
Nothing but drugs in your bag
But I don't party like that
Someone like you hard to find

I'm sorry impulsive
Open, so hard to control it
Broken, hopeless
Praying you don't notice
New things, mood swings
My old ways of coping
Friendly, empty
I'll take in the moment

Told you I'm feel like I'm fucked
You said pretty much
I know that things won't be the same
Know it's tough
To end up thinking about you this much

Hop in my shit, give a fuck 'bout the dash
You got me now give a fuck 'bout ya last
Honestly, I just like getting you mad
Asking me questions like where are we at?
I don't respond give 'em time to react
Yeah, AirBnB movin' slow off the yak
So many things I put in the past
I'm giving up baby rather just laugh

Ooh, whoa
Ooh, whoa
I'll be right back to you again
Again
Again

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