

I been dreading telling August that the well ran dry  
But you know you're the man (and so am I)  
And now the house plant's dying  
And the city girl's crying  
There's nothing left for me here  
He's giving up on trying  
Cause the love's gone quiet  
There's nothing left for me here

O-oh, who'd of known it'd be me that would get in my way  
(Tripping on my own mistakes)  
O-oh, no matter how much I drink, I'll remember your taste  
And I'll take it point blank  
And by the end of your night, I'll be clear in your sight  
So baby lean in, take your aim  
And I'll take it point blank

You make a move then I'll copy (I did everything I could)  
They got the helping hands on my body, oh  
There's not a dollar to spot me (Have you thought of me lately?)  
)  
They wouldn't even look for me probably  
So is this my end?  
But then I was tryna talk me off the ledge  
Tryna pick up pieces, but baby, there's nothing left  
Maybe things will be different this time

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