

'Cause it's too late, baby, now it's too late
But we really did try to make it
Something inside has died and I can't hide and I just can't fake it
Hide and I just can't fake it

Bet you're well rested
How gon' hide depression
Doing nothing says something
Can you not fuck up one thing
You know I'm calling
Your picking a fight I'm stalling
Saw you didn't reach out this morning
Can you not fuck up one thing
You were too busy for us
You roll too spicy for my lungs

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Under him once again overthinking things
Love em, but a real nigga never leave you wondering
Quarantine we spent the summers in
Some candy, some xans, those placebos
Darling, is that a knife colored on your vans
You cut me open, cut me deep, you got my lung in hand
And for my sanity I'll never fall in love again
I changed your name to "Don't pick up the fucking phone again"

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On everything I love
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