Expectations

Fousheé

You hold me like you never been in love
I probably shouldn't expect much from you
Cause really there's not much room
In this studio apartment to suit our

Expectations
I've grown accustomed to hate them
It's too much to put us through
And so much more to prove
It's better if we lose

You see me in your future holding space
I don't think about us quite as much you
Cause most of those plans fall through
& the odds are so rarely in favor of you

Expectations
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