

# Loose Strings

Gavin Adcock

Left your jacket in the backseat, that's why I'm calling you now  
I found it tucked up in a ball when I was cleaning the odor out

Swing by the house anytime you want, oh I can drop it off

You know whiskey makes me honest, tequila makes you mean  
Last thing I remember you were cussing, my keys were in the weeds

Threw them out to the love to see you leave  
But I won't let you go, kill yourself or get busted by the po-po

So I staggered home alone, still thinking about you  
I'm through talking about all the things you can't change  
It's hard moving on, I don't want you gone  
Ain't it strange the way we keep trying to tie down this thing  
With these loose strings

Maybe if we weren't so hard headed, maybe we wouldn't fight  
And if you weren't so damn pretty, I would've slept last night  
You say you can't live with it, oh but you can't live without  
It's the little things that I think about

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It's hard moving on, but I don't want you gone  
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Ain't know what you're gonna be, babe  
What you get is what you see, babe  
We can try to lock it down, in my hole for now  
But that ain't you and me, babe

We keep tying ourselves down with these loose strings  
Every time I turn around, loose strings  
You and us just tangled up in loose strings  
Every time I think I love you, loose strings  
Loose strings  
Loose strings  
Loose strings  
Loose strings