

I'm in New York, thinking of you
Wondering what you are up to
From this lonely ass hotel room
With a pretty good lookin' view

I am somewhere in the states
Going somewhere on a plane
It doesn't really matter as long as I'm
Always far away

Or maybe on a bus for months straight
Shit's fun but I'm going insane
Like it's been months since I've had sex
I'm just a horny little lovesick mess

And I don't wanna be the type of person who calls you up
Every time I need to get off
But I guess that's who I'm turning into
Oh fuck

Down at Times Square in the rain
There's a billboard with my face
It's so weird how things have changed
Think about it every day

If I ever make it back
Will I find what we once had?
Guess I ruined us pretty bad
Oh-oh-oh

I'm in the same city as you
But I still don't come through
'Cause I've got so much to do
And that's the shittiest excuse

So, don't ever take me back
Let's just face the fact
I treated you like trash
And you deserve more than that

My love comes out at midnight
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