

Hey, my love
Buried you a month or two ago
I keep thinking that you're standing on my floor
That you're waiting there for me
Hey, my love
You've walked out a hundred times, how was I
Supposed to know this time that you wouldn't come
That you wouldn't come home

But four drinks I'm wasted
I can see you dancing, I can lay down next to you
At the foot of my bed
If I drink enough
I can taste your lipstick, I can lay down next to you
But it's all in my head
If I drink enough I swear that I will wake up next to you

When you left, you took my bestest friends away
And in this mess, I think I dug a thousand graves
Talía, I hope you're happy anyway

Talía, Talía, Talía, Talía
I hope you're happy anyway, happy anyway

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