

Leave

Gnash

Got my head in my hands
And my heart in the clouds
And the worst part of me is walking out the door

There's a knife in my chest
But I'm trying my best
Is it me or was it you? I'm not so sure

One time and I'm ready to go
Two times and I'm driving you home
It's all my fault if it makes things better
Blame it all on the change in the weather

Three times and I'm ready to blow up
Last time and I'll leave it alone
Say it's all my fault if it makes things better
I'll take the fall you can wear my sweater

I'm not saying I know how to save this
I'm just saying we've been here before
You say, "Do the dishes"
I admit I'm vicious
Now there's broken dishes on the floor

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I lost my patience, made an ultimatum
Wrote it down and gave it on a piece of paper
Pinned it up on the refrigerator
Peace of mind or peace and see you later
I've been up and down a couple days
Tryna cope with going separate ways
I put all of that shit aside
It took looking you in the eyes
To see I don't want you to leave

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