

wet cement

Gnash

Alone again
Staring at my phone under a ceiling fan
Don't know if it's one or two or three AM
All I know is I've been here before
Now and then
I drive by the place just where we used to live
Remember when we put our hands in wet cement
I almost have the guts to ring the doorbell

Oh
I kinda thought we'd get to all the plans we made
Oh no
If you're really gone I guess they'll have to wait

I miss you
Yeah I miss you
All your bad jokes
All your issues
And I won't ever know
Why you had to go
But I miss you
And I wish you'd
Come back home

Fall apart
I didn't think I'd be the type to fall apart
Everything is scary when you're in the dark
I guess that's why I stay awake at night

Oh
I think I'm going under but I fight the fight
I know
Even in the comfort of the morning light

I miss you
Yeah I miss you
All your bad jokes
All your issues
And I won't ever know
Why you had to go
But I miss you
And I wish you'd
Come back home

Come back home
Come back home

Oh
I kinda thought we'd get to all the plans we made
Oh
The sun is out, the sky is kinda blue today