

Cutting Room Floor

Gordi

Last night I woke up on the cutting room floor
And I was thinking 'bout the way we were before
There was a time when you were last one out my door
But not anymore
I was a stranger to the way we grew apart
I hate these conversations, how'd they get so hard
I made available a portion of my heart

Not anymore
Not anymore
Not anymore
Not anymore

We used to spend our days so blissfully bored
Turning our savings into things we could not afford
Running our mouths but now we can't talk anymore
Not anymore

You're like a rope burning my hands as I hang on
And I will only persevere for so long
But I am a sucker for the show that must go on

Not anymore
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