

Cold Goodbyes

Gracie Abrams

What a road I've taken, I'm not always kind
Wrote a note addressed to no one, left for somebody to find
I wish we tried to hold on, should've kept an open line
I'm imagining again, it's past my bedtime

I know better than cold goodbyes
I still make believe though sometimes

Look at all these people, do I have to play tonight?
Used to know what landed well for me, but now it's hard to find
In the hay I am the needle, there's a hundred blinking eyes
Proving cities are for lonely deer in headlights

I, I come up for air too few times
I can't get it right, can't hide

You don't mean to bother, but there's something on my face
It's the subtlest expression, I should change it just in case
The questioning starts coming, and half hollowed out your faith
Now the aliens are asking if I'm okay

And I'm far out, I'm by the shoreline
I, I, I live there in my spare time
And I know better than cold goodbyes
I still make believe though sometimes