

# I Told You Things

Gracie Abrams

I told you things that I never said  
You're the golden boy and my worst regret  
So I cut the cost and I limit feeling  
You were all at once 'til the fade to black  
Took your cigarettes and poems back  
You were in my hands, now you're on my ceiling

But how's the city been?  
You get recognized at the local bar  
By the drunken guys  
And the starlet girls, they claw for pieces  
Do you give a few? Do you like that?  
Do you freak out or get sad?  
Do you go home, or am I reaching?

Hey, wait, guess what?  
Yesterday I stopped and played it safe  
Instead of walking straight to you to say  
Stay, nevermind, okay  
Don't mean it, plus you've changed  
Not much, but just enough to throw away  
Fake fantasies and games  
I've lost a year, it's strange  
Composed a hundred ways to tell you  
Hey, what if I took your call as more than just a call?  
As writing on the walls? You built this cage  
Lost color in my face, you're fearing I'm insane  
Hallucination, shame, guilt, pain, more pain

(Don't let them know) More pain  
(Don't let them know) More pain  
(Don't let them know) More pain  
(Ah)

I told you things that I never said  
To anybody else, I regret them  
But I'll pack it up and practice leaving (Mm)  
You were all at once 'til the fade to black  
'Til the yellow glow turned a little sad  
You were in my hands, but you're good at leaving