## **Sunday**

## Grayscale

Turn off the lights and tell me everything that's on your mind Or how we both know you've been off since last July Your eyes are swollen from feeling so alone It's inside, I swear that I'm not going home

Two days now broken down in your bedroom
I'll hold you tight while you cry hard into my arms
It's funny how everyone says we're too young
Except my best friends, they're the only ones that are on my si
de

Don't tell me it won't be the same I guess I'll hope for the best And tell myself I'll be okay

I hope it was worth it for you
Don't even tell her that you're sorry
Cause I make breakfast from here on out can't fix
Through the years I've loved you
So here's a thank you
From me from the lesson of growing older
And how I actually
This was the man at you at seventeen

Don't tell me it won't be the same I guess I'll hope for the best And tell myself I'll make it and be okay You know you mean so much to me

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