

Better Off

Handsome Ghost

We don't need a reason
It's the season right for falling apart
The drag, the bags are packed
Evening dawn to morning there were warnings if we like it or not
Your curves, the tragic turns

But now that it's over, honey come raise a glass
Here's to the future all that we can't take back

But you'll be the truth when I try to confess
And I'll be that tear at the edge of your dress
When you're dancing in the dark
And you'll be these bars when I'm at it again
And I'll be that pause when you're telling your friends
How we both were better off

Head against the hardwood when we started it was late in your loft
And all our friends had gone
Ceiling staring shadows open window air was heavy and hot
The still, the spin, the stop

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