

Missing the Show

Hannah Grace

Hi, we haven't talked in a while
I've been thinking of you and what you might be thinking
We, we don't like being honest
We keep dancing around it, oh, and now we're sinking

Oh, we're no good at goodbyes
But I think I really mean it this time

Was all this loving, all for nothing?
Got that golden ticket, but it feels like we're missing the show
I'm sick of crying, I'm done with trying
But I don't feel like letting you go, like letting you go
I don't feel like letting you go, like letting you go

Life, there's always something to live for
I know nothing is final, we're just moving forward
And I, I believe in my own mind
I believe in myself that I'll be fine when I'm not

Oh, we're no good at goodbyes
But I think I really mean it this time

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Got that golden ticket, but it feels like we're missing the show
I'm sick of crying, I'm done with trying
I don't feel like letting you go, like letting you go
I don't feel like letting you go, like letting you go

And I'm tired, so tired
I wanna feel alive again
Get out, my mind
I wanna be in love again
I'm no good at goodbyes
But I think I really mean it
I think I really mean it this time

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