It's been two years now since I have emptied out
Any Swisher Sweets for blunt wraps just to get high by myself
And if this is progress
Tell me why I get so hung up over the same shit
Like that dress you wore in high school
I guess that meant more to me than it did to you

I love you, you know
I could never compose my thoughts or a song
So I guess I'll get stoned by myself
As if I have anyone else to run to
And every day I contemplate
This life I made but I still long for better days

Don't you turn back on me
I brought your favorite CD
We'll sing every high note off key
Somehow it always made sense to me
And the drives we made to see the lake
I thought about it yesterday
And I'm sure that you did too
Don't forget that no one knows you better than I do

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