

# Nothing Was the Same

Hotel Books

I chose to believe every word I was fed  
And I thought the coals on my back were a product  
Of the lack you left when you stepped back  
And racked your brain for a reason to stay,  
But you could not seem to formulate any such thought in your head.

So you left with nothing more than a reason you kept silent  
And my mind would riot stuck in self-perpetuated mental violence  
And dreams kept private.  
The ambition to fix this wish list of selfish misfit realist missions  
Contained within a vision of wishful thinking  
And sinking deep into a new bit of  
Misproportioned emotions leaking through a seeping truth  
Constructed by my need to feel important  
When you would look back and think  
Of all the little things that you regret.  
I just wanted you to think of me when you think back  
To all those little things that you regret.

I spent so much time convincing myself that the rest of this mess  
That I stressed within this relationship was a product of the world's oppres-  
sions,  
Not my deep desire to be needed.  
And it's hard to admit but I guess I've come to terms with the fact  
That I just want to be needed,  
And I convinced myself that I needed to be needed.  
And if that was true, I would still be smiling  
Like you still today but for different reasons.

I chose to dismiss the possible instance  
That the lips I love to kiss could form the words goodbye  
And it was a simple lie but I told it to you  
And like the captain of a sinking ship choosing to believe  
The bottom of the ocean was a better source of oxygen.  
It's so nice and I still chose to believe I misinterpreted your dialect  
And everything you said about it.  
Your diction, your diatribe, posture, body language and connotations,  
All pointed in the same direction  
The selection of contingent messages postponed until further notice  
Because I was ashamed to admit the problem  
And pretend your happiness came from me  
And that your happiness was important.

But we aborted the sorted truths we once distorted  
When I saw the shape of your dress when you wore it.  
And that was enough until it wasn't  
And that's when you finally felt supported.  
So the others courted you and you mentally recorded  
And endorsed the force perform of compliments you received came in  
And you felt empowered enough to take your final bow  
And find love within the arms of another instead of this heart of mine.

And that's fine because I would do the same,  
And I would leave me. Not because I'm useless  
And not because I'm broken.  
Not because I'm sad and not because I'm worthless.  
But because I saw value in your smile but not in your values,

And I'm sorry, and I love you.

And that's why I can finally sleep at night,  
Because you are free and you can thrive,  
And I'm just happy I got to be a part of your life.  
I'm just happy I got to be a part of the journey  
That you call your life.  
And I finally feel fine because I spent so long trying  
To change you, not realizing I was the one who needed to change.  
I was selfish to assume you loved me more than you love yourself  
Even though I never felt the same. And there's so many things  
That my selfishness tried to take away but you were the one  
That was the hardest to watch walk away.  
But thank you for letting me be a part of everything  
You were building and creating and finding truth and life  
And you were relating so much beauty, and I love you, and I'm sorry.

Thank you for letting me be a part of your journey.  
Thank you for letting me be me.  
And thank you for setting me free  
And showing me love in its full capacity.

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