

Who You Are ≠ Where You Are

Into It. Over It.

Made a note of everything you did and said
Then I hung my goddamn head
Sorry, we all said this was a bad idea
Less intent for more temper
A poor excuse to leave your old New York home
For the Midwest glow
Well, you are not the form
You aren't where your head rests
The truth is, no personal touch
Made it all too much

Solo
So you left here all alone
All recalled you "So low"
So you left here all alone
It's all your fault

Made a list of everything you did and said
Then I shook my head
Reduced to fit the form
You weren't where his head rests
But while we moved on to figure you out
You just ran your mouth

"So low"
So you left here all alone
All recalled you solo
So you left here, all told
All alone
It's all your fault

Solo
So you left here all alone
All recalled you "So low"
So you left here alone
Solo

Sorry, we all knew this was a bad idea