

Math

Jake Miller

Dropping me off at the same old airport terminal
Ooh I really hate to see you cry
It gets harder every time
Standing on the curb waving bye
Wishing time was reversible
Ooh I try to make you think I'm fine
But it gets harder every time

Now I'm crunchin numbers
'Cause I can't help but wonder
How much life do I have left with you
FaceTime calls and timezones
Where did all the time go?
I keep getting older, so are you

I don't wanna do the math
Please don't make me do the math
'Cause it's not adding up

Ooh na na na
Ooh na na na
It's not adding up
Oh na na na no
It's not adding up

25 hundred hundred miles from your door step to California
Ooh I wish I lived right down the street
But you told me go and chase that dream (chase that dream)
It's like I blinked twice and now you're turning 60
I'm on the west coast feeling fucking guilty
'Cause the weeks and the months and the years just keep on flying by

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