

Moving Day

John Floreani

I know that you're not ok
But I've been doing my best to help
And at the same time I've been desperately trying
To reinvent myself
Are you thinking like I am
And does it keep you awake at night?
How you could use a real man
I bet you're sick of little boys

I'm getting sick of saying words
And you always see things for the worst
I'm getting tired of watching your eyes glaze over
When I try to explain myself
'Cause any less will just never do
When you need someone like I need you
I'll make you miss everything we had
If you can see past my attention span

I can never stay in the same place
'Cause I'm afraid of being known
And I've got so much left to tell you
But there's so much that you'll never know
And I keep pushing you away
And I know one day that you'll go
Leave me with the emptiness that I made
And I'll die waiting by the phone
And if I make it out of my room
I'll look for you

I hear you picked a moving day
And I picked the wrong day for cold feet
I tried this once before
And it took everything I had from me
Against better judgement I'd start again
And find someone that I could call a friend
The only person that I know
Who loves me
That doesn't have to

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Fuck it let's get married and we'll run away together
We'll have tiny little jobs
And a city apartment
And I'll never have to say goodbye again
As long as the city Summer breeze
Blows through those white curtains

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