

Connecting Dots

Kate Bollinger

Wait, wait a second
Everybody's telling me all sorts of things
Wait, wait a second
How come love so sweet can turn so mean?

Wait, the more I know you
The more I hate you, I do

I spend my time connecting dots with resolve to
Do just what you do
I grew acquainted with not hearing myself
The commotion became my devotion

Wait, I got caught in the wrong thing
We lost our heads which we said we'd never do
Wait, I'll find the answer
And I don't mean the kind that comes from outside

Wait, the more I know you
The more I hate you, I do

I spend my time connecting dots with resolve to
Do just what you do
I grew acquainted with not hearing myself
The commotion became my devotion