I talk to my walls about you
Pretty sure they're tired of hearing it
I talk to my walls about you
Now all four know your name
I talk to my walls about you
And I think they agree the room doesn't feel the same
And there's only you to blame
Oh, oh

I talk to my friends about you

Pretty sure they're tired of hearing it

I say I met a guy, and he treats me real nice

Which is good for a change

I talk to my friends about you

And I think they agree my exes weren't always great

And I don't really buy into fate

But you tell me I'm pretty
And you don't ask for too much
'Cause you know and I know
That promises sometimes can hurt
When it's barely begun
And I don't want this to fall through
Collapsing is what I'm used to
But we're all in agreement
This is something I should hold onto
Mmm, mmm, mmm

I talk to my mom about you
She thinks you sound wonderful
I talk to my mom about you
And I tell her you are
I talk to my mom about you
And I think we agree I found what I was looking for
And now I know for sure

'Cause you tell me I'm pretty
And you don't ask for too much
'Cause you know and I know
That promises sometimes can hurt
When it's barely begun
And I don't want this to fall through
Collapsing is what I'm used to
But we're all in agreement
This is something I should hold onto