

Like It Tends To Do

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I don't know where we stand anymore
We have cordial conversations
Don't know why I feel I'm faking something
I don't know what to do with my hands anymore
Feels exactly like it was but at the same time
It feels so different

If we were standing in the same room
Would we be in separate corners?
Would I actively avoid you?
If we were standing in the same room
Would you find a little window
And finally make your move?
Would it feel like it felt when we had nothing to lose
Or would everything have changed
Like it tends to do?

I've been standing in the same room
People enter one by one
I've stopped hoping they'll be you
I've been standing in the same room
You don't visit anymore
But you showed up before the move
I can't tell if it felt like we had nothing to lose
Or if everything had changed
Like it tends to do