Breadcrumbs

I pick one up, just to find another in the front of Your truck [*gasp*] That's not my glove If you're gonna do it, could you clean your mess up?

Look at the time

God we've been doing this dance for awhile

Death by microfractures

Rather we just shattered

Put it in the past

How can I when I'm still following tracks

They lead to the present

Here come all my questions

Where did you go?
And what did you do?
And aren't you exhausted hiding the truth?
You think that I bought it, you never knew
When you lie you're leaving

Breadcrumbs

I pick one up, just to find another in the front of Your truck [*gasp*] That's not my glove If you're gonna do it could you clean your mess up

I promise you a clean slate
To get the truth, the whole plate
But now it's far too late (but now it's far too late)
I've got a stomach ache

I know I've done everything that I can do
Pressure cooker, I think the lids coming loose
I feel crazy searching for clues in your tone
Why do you sleep with your phone?
Your messages know what I don't
I have the pieces you have the cake
And I'm getting sick with every taste
When you lie you're leaving

Breadcrumbs

I pick one up, just to find another in the front of Your truck [*gasp*] That's not my glove If you're gonna do it, could you clean your mess up?

I promise you a clean slate
To get the truth, the whole plate
But now it's far too late (but now it's far too late)
I've got a stomach ache

I thought that if you were honest (It would be okay)
But now I know and I'm nauseous
(Ya you're such a snake)
In the end it's kinda funny

(What a fucking waste)
Waited so long for a sorry
(Now it's far too late)

Breadcrumbs

I pick one up, just to find another in the front of Your truck [*gasp*] That's not my glove If you're gonna do it, could you clean your mess up?

I promise you a clean slate
To get the truth, the whole plate
But now it's far too late (but now it's far too late)
I've got a stomach ache
But now it's far too late
I've got a stomach ache