

# Nonbeliever

Lucy Dacus

You threw your books into the river  
Told your Mom that you're a non-believer  
She says she wasn't surprised but that doesn't make it ok

You say nobody loves a city  
Nobody loves what can't love 'em back  
One-way ticket in your pocket  
What happened to the charm of a small town?

If you find what you're looking for  
Be sure to send a postcard  
You promised you'd never forget  
The little ones when you got big

You deal an unspoken debt  
No kindness without wanting something back  
What do I owe you? What did I forget?  
Are we even after all of that?

You shook my hand and said goodbye  
You'll never let me see you cry again  
What good has come from learning to pretend?  
You said I could've been a better friend

If you find what you're looking for  
Be sure to send a new address  
And if you find what you're looking for  
Write a letter and tell us what it is, and tell us what it is

Everybody else, everybody else looks like they've figured it out  
Everybody else, everybody else looks like they've figured it out  
Everybody else, everybody else looks like they've figured it out  
Everybody else, everybody else looks like they've figured it out