

**5:45 A.M**

**Macseal**

I hate that I still care about caring too much  
The goodbye in a few months is silently pulling me under  
5:45 A.M.; the moon's fighting the sun  
And I'm the only one whose awake to see it

If you've had enough  
To have had it up  
To here with me, you can  
Always call it off

I hate that I still think about that honest day  
The thoughts I must eradicate  
The dark hallways I turned down  
The ones that led to no escape  
All the doors that I forgot to hold  
The curtains that I didn't close  
Sweaty lips and bumping noses

If you've had enough  
To have had it up  
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Always call it off

If you've had enough  
To have had it up  
To here with me, you can  
Always call it off, it off

If you've had enough  
To have had it up  
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