

One last time

Matt Simons

It's a little bit foreign
It's a little bit strained
We've got our excuses, we're emotionally drained

It's a little familiar
Still a little bit blind
Fighting, it is useless as we're losing both our minds

Running on empty and I get you have to go
We'll take it one more time before you hit the road

One last time, close the door
Come by it honestly, suddenly feeling
Two hearts breaking that thought they could make it
Take my hand, show me you don't love me anymore

It's a little bit tragic
A little bit sound
Yeah, damn good years of both our lives
in a pile on the ground

It's a little bit stupid
A little bit hard to conceive
That it all fades away when you leave

Running on empty and I get you have to go
We'll take it one more time before you hit the road

One last time, close the door
Come by it honestly, suddenly feeling
Two hearts breaking that thought they could make it
Take my hand, show me you don't love me anymore

Is this really over?
Is this really over?
Is this really over, love?

We had our whole lives
We had our whole lives

Take my hand
Show me you don't love me anymore
Take my hand
Show me you don't love me anymore