

Suitcase

Matthew Koma

You look like Sundays with my ex eating breakfast
With your arms across your chest like a cross
She wore my trust around her neck 'til it hung her
My baby she was clinically obsessed
Our identity was physical but less
Every now and then her noise inside my head
Reenters

She said I remember loving you
All of the good shit and all the bad shit too
Yeah I remember hating you
For all the right things you never tried to do
I remember needing you
Call me an addict to your elastic moods
I'm packing every memory that we made
In a suitcase

You're on a train I used to wreck
With the bullets of the least of my respect
I wish there was a shot I could regret
But there isn't
Yeah there were tongues I spoke in heat that I never meant to say or meant to mean
In the shop or when I see her in my sleep
In visions

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I know you hate it when I say I'm sorry
But I'm sorry
Oh ooh woah oh ooh woah oh ooh woah oh
Oh ooh woah oh ooh woah oh ooh woah oh
Oh ooh woah oh ooh woah oh ooh woah oh
Oh

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