

# 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

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

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

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  
In a suitcase

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