Yours, Mine, Hours

McCafferty

The room is dark and spinning, and she is laying on your bed,
And oh, her mouth tastes like the words that you wish you'd nev
er even said.
But you're emotionless, and she is beautiful.
And you were innocent – at least you wish you finally were.

You gotta keep your head up, but not too high,
Cause you'll lose sight of what you've got.
And I have been sleeping in my car
In old abandoned parking lots,
And I have made friends with the worst type of people;
They are the shells of what we call a man.
And I am sorry, my love, that I ruined what we had.
I am sorry, my love, that I ruined what we had.

And I love the way that you say that I'm boring.
I love the way that you say that I'm boring,
But your lips look so smooth and I wanna feel 'em.
Gina, please don't leave me behind, oh…

And I wrote all of my songs, for the friends that I've made.
And the ones that I've lost, sleep deep down in their graves.
He says, "I miss my brother, but he's not coming home.
And I know that he's better, so it's time to grow up."

He says, "Gina I'm lonely, so come over right now.
Please come make me feel better, the best way you know how."
He says, "Gina I'm broken, like I was back in school.
But the difference is older, and I'm in love with you.
I'm in love with you."

But you are my best friend so I will love you till the very, ve
ry end.
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"Goddamn it."

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