

I Got Drunk

Miya Folick

Guess I'll write you a love song
'Cause I got drunk and told you how I really feel about you
Not supposed to, just two weeks
But I was drunk and overwhelmed by how I feel about you

How'm I supposed to hold in
Words need saying
Cool never looked good on me
Guess you'd find out anyway

I shouted across the table
But it was rowdy, we were wasted I'm not sure you could hear
I guess I'll write you a letter
And I can tell you how I fade into the floor when you're near

How'm I supposed to hold in
Words need saying
Cool never looked good on me
Guess you'd find out anyway
How'm I supposed to get through
What I try when
I say it and it ricochets

Isn't is obvious to you, to you?
Isn't is obvious to you that I want you?
Isn't is obvious to you? I want you!
Isn't is obvious to you, to you, to...?