

Met You

Morgan Wade

I'd write you a love song
But I don't know how that feels
Tonight I am numb
From a cocktail of pills
I hallucinate
Think I'm touchin' your skin
I'd much rather die
Than think of the bed that you're in

And the streetlights, they might as well, burn and hold out
Ain't nothing bright as you, ever step foot in this godforsaken town
You lied and you left, and I'm wonderin' what the hell I should do?
I'd seen it all, or so I thought, until I met you

We didn't get our books
In bed every night
We're dancing in the kitchen
Drunk off of some shitty wine
I didn't get that ring
There on my hand
I didn't get your name
In ink all over my skin

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Now I ain't, tryna ask you to save me
Even I, don't like, who I've been lately
And I'm well, aware, that I might not ever find loving
But like Hemingway and Hadley, it's not the end of our story

Sit here tonight
Alone with my thoughts
Alone with my sins
And the things that I've bought
I told you I loved you
The night that we met
I felt it back then
And it ain't left me yet

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You lied and you left, and I'm wonderin' what the hell I should do?
I'd seen it all, or so I thought, until I met you

I'd seen it all, or so I thought, until I lost you