

Heard that you were selling your piano and your car
It feels so weird to not reach out and ask you how you are
I wonder if you're moving or if money's just that tight
These are the kinds of questions to which I've resigned my rights

Ever since
I decided
There were things
That I needed
That you couldn't give to me
But I'm still wondering

Would we have turned a corner if I had waited?
Do I need to lower my expectations?
If we'd kept heading the same direction
Would we be home by
Now I don't know if I'd been okay with
Holding out hope for your stack of rainchecks
If I had been able to grin and bear it
Would we be home by now

Have you ever heard about how when a person's in a maze
They will tend to walk in circles thinking they are going straight
They can't see the bigger picture so they get stuck in a loop
In the end I was afraid that that's what you and I would do

But I still
Have my moments
Where every reason
Feels a lot like an excuse
I wanna ask you

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What is love supposed to feel like anyway?
Why is it so hot in LA
In late October?
Said I don't know if it's enough to make it last
You said if I even had to ask
You had your answer
But I still wonder

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