

My therapist once asked me  
If I wanted to be in love  
And I told her  
"I don't know, I guess, maybe, kind of"  
I mean it doesn't sound like something  
That I'd really dislike  
But then again  
I don't even really know what true love feels like

I write these songs  
Singing like I'm an expert  
Teaching love in a lecture  
A broken heart collector  
And I'm fooling myself  
Over something I don't know  
Putting on a big show  
A single clap from the back row

I don't know anything 'bout the topic  
I so choose to falsely go and muse  
I'm a farce of a king  
Writing love songs all about things I've yet to go and try on out  
Writing love songs all about things I've yet to go and try

I'm shameful of my lacking life  
It feels like I've been left behind  
I missed out on my chances  
To feel how love is blind  
And I know that I have got some time  
So why feel rushed if there's no need  
But part of me just wants to know  
What I'm missing... do you agree?

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