

Thought it was a tragedy
Losing you, losing me
Think about you randomly
Picture you in the driver's seat

I get high
To forget about you touching me
Over time, I'll run out of every memory

I was an open book
You were illiterate
So it's not really worth it
You were never my person
What a coincidence
Saw who you're sleeping with
Said she's so unattractive
That I'm overreacting
I wasn't overreacting

Finally left you in the past
Now I'm feeling free
And I'm loving me
Must have got my senses back
Cause it wasn't that good and you weren't that great

I get high
To forget about you touching me
Over time, I'll run out of every memory

I was an open book
You were illiterate
So it's not really worth it
You were never my person
What a coincidence
Saw who you're sleeping with
Said she's so unattractive
That I'm overreacting
I wasn't overreacting

I spelled it out for you
Told you what I wanted
You still got it wrong
I know that you're a liar
But if you were honest
Tell me what went wrong

I was an open book
You were illiterate
So it's not really worth it
You were never my person
What a coincidence
Saw who you're sleeping with
Said she's so unattractive
That I'm overreacting
I wasn't overreacting