

Misremember

Pardyalone

Truth be told, I knew you would run
Anxious was I for someone to love

My strings are broken, but you took my hand
Knowing your trouble, I gave you a chance
Once was I love you, but now a regret
I spent my last breath on your cigarette

It's too late, the love's gone
And it holds the past against us
The truth hates a love song
But it's nice to misremember you
It's nice to misremember you

I couldn't find a picture of us
Jealousy turned diamonds to dust

Last I recall, it was you in my arms
We spent our summer both chasing the sun
Hearts can turn cold and the memories fade
'Cause I don't remember you feeling this way

It's too late, the love's gone
And it holds the past against us
The truth hates a love song
But it's nice to misremember you
It's nice to misremember you

(Misre-, misremember you)
Nice to misremember you

It's too late, the love's gone
And it holds the past against us
The truth hates a love song
But it's nice to misremember you
It's nice to misremember you