

More than Friends

Quinn XCII

It's a field day
But not in the sense that we're in elementary
More like I'm-in-my-feels day
Recalling the moment you wrote on my hand
With a sharpie your little screen name
And told all my friends that you liked me
I didn't believe it, man, that's a real shame
Oh man, that's a real shame

I'm scrolling all through your life
And I'm thinking 'bout you tonight

If what I know now is what I knew then
I would've made a move on you before you met him
If I opened my mouth, bit the bullet and swooped in
You and I would be way more than friends
And not only strangers on the internet

Back in high school
Somebody told me that you wanted me
All to yourself, but secretly, I knew
It had to be rumors, it doesn't add up
Now I say to myself that I ruined
A perfectly good opportunity
I should've followed you to the bedroom
I slept in the guest room unfortunately

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I wonder if you ever
I wonder if you ever think of me (If you ever, if you ever)
I wonder if you ever (Do you ever think of me?)
I wonder if you ever think of me
When you're drivin' at night
And you don't know where you're going
But you call me up, na-na-na

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