

Multiple Endings

Ryan Beatty

So you pull me apart
And now you're making me answer
But I don't answer to you
I went through days
With multiple endings
Just to get through
So now you're nervous
Come out with the crying
Boy, it's hard being you
We looked at the TV
For less than an hour
Boy, it's hard being used

You were right
Texas is hot at night
Thank God for the wind
There's a storm in sight
I didn't offer a room
I gave you a bed
Was all that a dream?
Was it all in my head? Mmm

And still even then, I always write you back
Yeah, I did you wrong, you did me ten times back
Blood washes away, even I know that
I stood from the canyon looking out to see
The marine layer over Santa Monica sea
Someday I'll disappear like the air underneath

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There's a storm in sight
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Was all that a dream?
Was it all in my head? Oh