

# Tornado Warnings

Sabrina Carpenter

We were never in the park  
Talking on a seesaw, teetering with our feelings in the dark  
Ignoring tornado warnings  
He didn't hold me in his arms  
We didn't stumble over the pages of our relationship arc  
Ignoring tornado warnings

Don't understand how quickly we get  
Right back in our rhythm without missing a step  
And logically, the last thing I should have on my mind  
But I want you there sometimes

I guess maybe that's why I'm lying to my therapist  
I keep saying things like "I never saw him and we never kissed"  
Now I think, somehow, in my mind  
If I could convince him if he doesn't see it, then maybe it doesn't exist  
I think he's onto me every time I say I'm over that son of a bitch  
I'm lying to my therapist

I deserve an hour in a week  
To focus on my thoughts  
Not so obsessed with yours, I can't hear myself speak  
I deserve my own consideration  
But sometimes I wish I kept  
Some of my feelings in the basement  
So I'd still have some left

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Right back in our rhythm without missing a step  
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But I want you there sometimes

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I'll drive you home  
You drive me crazy  
But that's not gonna stop me  
I'll call you out  
You call me "baby"  
But that's not gonna stop me

From lying to my therapist  
I keep saying things like "I never saw him and we never kissed"  
Now I think, somehow, in my mind  
If I could convince him if he doesn't see it then maybe it doesn't exist  
I think he's onto me every time I say I'm over that son of a bitch  
I'm lying to my therapist