

# hurts like hell

**Sadie Jean**

It's been two years, eight months, and a day  
Walking around in New York in the rain  
And right now I'm a walking cliché  
It's been two years, eight months, nothing's changed

I'm out here trying to love somebody  
I tell myself I'm doing well  
But every time I think about you  
It still hurts like hell

Where'd you meet?  
Where's he from?  
What's his name?  
Does he touch?  
Does he love you the same?  
And I know I'm a walking cliché  
It's been two years, eight months, nothing's changed

I'm out here trying to love somebody  
I tell myself I'm doing well  
But every time I think about you  
It still hurts like hell  
By now you're probably loving somebody  
By now you're probably doing well  
But every time I think about you  
It still hurts like hell

Hurts like, hurts like hell  
Hurts like, hurts like hell  
Hurts like, hurts like hell  
Hurts like hell, hurts like hell

I close my eyes  
You're here in my mind  
I close my eyes  
And you're here for awhile

I'm out here trying to love somebody  
I'm out here all by myself  
And every time I think about you  
It still hurts like hell  
By now you're probably loving somebody  
By now you're probably doing well  
But every time I think about you  
It still hurts like hell

Hurts like, hurts like hell  
Hurts like, hurts like hell  
Hurts like, hurts like hell  
Hurts like hell, hurts like hell