

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