

To Me It Was

Samia

Everything with David is totally fine
Don't freak out, it's gonna be alright
You didn't say anything weird, I promise
But maybe you didn't need tequila for this

Trying to drown in the fountain of youth
How does anybody know when they're telling the truth?
I don't remember why I'm saying sorry
But let's connect at the after party

To me, it was a good time
To me, it was a good time

Never enough if you're always too much
A couple bald men fighting over a brush
So you were bullied in high school and you're looking for payback
Like finding a needle in a stack of needles

Come on baby, tell it again
Every single thing has already been said
And how much better can anything get
Than sitting on your porch remembering it?

To me, it was a good time
To me, it was a good time

Jesus, let me take the wheel
Aren't you getting tired of all these people?
Your fifteen minutes have become eternal
From publishing post-mortem journals

Your make-up's running, American Honey
Dancing to Pour Some Sugar On Me
There might not be a second coming
That doesn't mean it was all for nothing

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