

Cover it up  
I'm keeping you close out of habit  
I'm a coward and oh so dramatic  
All this time is unfortunately hazy  
And after all this time there's no sense in pretending

Hey, quit coming around  
In your old red corolla  
Quit coming around  
You'll forget me like the magazine behind the front seat  
You'll forget me like the words on every page  
Hey, quit coming around

Cover it up  
The pain in our eyes is tragic  
I'm the nice guy with bad habits  
Living this lie was unfortunately amazing  
And after all this time there's no sense in pretending

Hey, quit coming around  
In your old red corolla  
Quit coming around  
You'll forget me like the magazine behind the front seat  
You'll forget me like the words on every page  
Hey, quit coming around

I'm not trying to be a coward  
I'm just trying to face the choice that lingers here  
I'm not trying to be a coward  
But we've disconnected

You'll forget me like the magazine behind the front seat  
Of your old red, of your old red...  
But we've disconnected

Hey, quit coming around  
In your old red corolla  
Quit coming around  
You'll forget me like the magazine behind the front seat  
You'll forget me like the words on every page  
Hey, quit coming around  
In your old red corolla  
Hey, quit coming around