

Dear U

Tate McRae

Wait, what is this feeling in my gut?
I swear I never get this way, only with you
And now it's just boiling my blood

Wait, I haven't seen you in six months
I hoped I wouldn't recognize your face
But I did and I'm thinking it might be too much

Sometimes I tell myself it happens for a reason
For a while I guess it kinda worked
But this time I can tell you it's a different feeling
It's worse

I hate that I knew you and knew what you hated
Hate that I'd call, tell you all my mistakes
And I know how desperately you tried to "make it"
Guess I convinced myself you couldn't change

Yeah, we used to talk, now you talk with two faces
Shit talking's something that's making you famous
Let me just say it's been bugging me lately
Hate that I know you, cause I know that you hate me