

Drunk On The Steps

Taylor Bickett

Drunk on the steps of a bar with a silly name
Hands numb from the cold
White shirt, black mascara stains
Cracked my phone
Got hit on by a tourist from Canada in a cowboy hat
Told a stranger that if you'd have just apologized
I'd have taken you back
But you didn't
And I know it's none of these random people's business
That I'm still dealing with the drama you inflicted
But they listened
Which is more than you ever did

This isn't me missing you
This is me pissed at you
Don't get it twisted, you
Don't deserve the attention
I'm sure you would love it if
You knew I was struggling
You don't need to rub it in
Yeah, I get the message
I'm drunk on the steps
I'm clearly a mess
You've come out ahead
Hope you feel like a man

Maybe your name on my tongue makes me nauseous
Or maybe I've just got the spins
Maybe I'm having an allergic reaction to letting you win
Don't think I can take one more love song from this cover band
It's killing me just sitting here knowing you've got the upper hand

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Yeah, I get the message

I'm not crying 'cause I want you back
I'm crying 'cause you made me mad
Don't you see? It's simple math
Six or seven drinks plus four, five months without apology
Are bound to set me off, you see
It's 101 psychology
Repeat it 'til it's true
This isn't me missing you

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