

I wonder what it's like to be alone
If you won't call me back, I guess I'll know

If I start to touch the ground
And can taste it in my mouth
Is my hand touching yours?
If I hold it, I won't let go
Won't let go

This is overdramatic
Headed back from New York
'Cause we both know that this situation's out of control
Now I'm caught in the middle
Breaking down on the floor
'Cause we both know that this situation's out of control

I landed, then I felt myself decay
Was crying out for help, but no one came

It's the act of letting go
When at last, I feel I'm home
Miss the warmth of your neck when I knew you the best
I'm yours, I'm yours

This is overdramatic
Headed back from New York
'Cause we both know that this situation's out of control
Now I'm caught in the middle
Breaking down on the floor
'Cause we both know that this situation's out of control

The moon turned black when I left you
Your T-shirt still on my back
Got lifetimes left to forget you
I should've turned back
But I wasted it all for nothing
For a light that'll never last
Now I stand at your front door, hoping that you'll take me back

This is overdramatic
Headed back from New York
'Cause we both know that this situation's out of control
Now I'm caught in the middle
Breaking down on the floor
'Cause we both know that this situation's out of control
Situation's out of control

Your cry is an echo, and I will let go of your love
Your voice is an echo, and I will let go of your love
Situation's out of control