

# Unsaid

The Script

You're wearing that old T-shirt  
Just past your knees with holes that show your skin  
I wonder where it's been

Never thought I was the jealous type  
But now I'm thinking about your last time  
The less I know, the less it hurts  
But the more I think it just gets worse

And I don't wanna fuck this up  
I think I need a sedative to make it stop  
A war between my heart and the head  
That I just wanna put to rest  
I been up all night losing sleep  
Imagining the worst part of your history  
Do I let it off my chest?  
Or just leave it all unsaid?

Is there something in these waters, that makes me feel the way  
I feel?  
Am I just carrying some baggage of a past that just won't heal?  
Maybe it's just a T-  
shirt you like, ripped up and faded with time  
I shouldn't care less even if it's from an ex 'cause you're lyi-  
ng next to me

Oh and I don't wanna fuck this up  
I think I need a sedative to make it stop  
A war between my heart and the head  
That I just wanna put to rest  
I been up all night losing sleep  
Imagining the worst part of your history  
Do I let it off my chest?  
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Should I leave it all unsaid?  
Unsaid