

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

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Should I leave it all unsaid?
Unsaid