Untitled 2

Tomberlin

I just don't trust people who like me
After you leave my house, I'm already in doubt
I am convinced that I am some kind of cloud of disease

Someone said to take myself out
Romance myself and have no doubts
But all I ended up with was a can and a couch
A lonesome heart and a hungry mouth

The cat doesn't even like me these days
And I can't blame her, she is right in her ways
I remember kissing you
It stops my breath and skips up my neck
Then I remember you are far away
And I'm not the one you wanted anyway

Love is a four-lettered word, a curse, and a lie
I slept with a ghost, I'm convinced, that night
Didn't see you with the lights so dim
You let me in and I knew then
You let me in and I knew then

I'm missing you when I try to sleep
Like a kid on the phone waiting to speak
And I'm in deep, I know, I know
But I'm a saint with the secrets I keep
And I crumble with each memory

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