

Boring

Wallice

Time moves fast, I wonder why
Is it 'cause we're fading?
All these years are flying by
Aren't you glad we made it?

I miss you, I love you
And I'm counting the days
I can be with you again and see your face
I'll never be more than four miles away
I know I'm leaving now

But I'm coming back to you
Nothing else I'd rather do
I'm not looking for change
Not playing chaotic games
I need the boring mundane
So I'm coming back to you
Nothing else I'd rather do

Spontaneity ruins my life
Well, I think I hate it
There's too many options
It overwhelms my mind
So I choose the same shit

Never thought I'd be the one to give my heart a break
For a quiet life with you, I'll do whatever it takes
You'll never find me more than four miles away
I know I'm leaving now

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