

It's trivia, the tangles in my hair.
Winter hat on my bedroom floor,
next to your underwear.
And pretty soon I'll have nothing left to cut loose.
Being clumsy's an explanation, not an excuse.

Lately I think about insecurity,
how I'm not real sure I even know what it means.
Pushing through each boring, blurry day.
This behavior is a method, not a phase.

You spell it out, how I mistreated you,
and I'm silent. You know I treat myself badly, too.
So, I write Jordan letters to say I'm trying to learn
and say I'm sorry for how I acted that one summer.

I know I've fucked up. I've put people through hell.
Well, I guess I just don't know myself that well.
He forgives, forgets and he thinks that I'm uptight,
and I'm learning about loneliness each night.