

Hurts Like Hell

Wrabel

It's been two years, and eight months and a day
Walking around in New York in the rain
And right now I'm a walking cliché
It's been two years, and eight months and nothing's changed

And I'm out here trying to love somebody
And I tell myself I'm doing well
But every time I think about you
It still hurts like hell

Where'd you meet? Where's he from? What's his name?
Does he love you? Does he touch you the same?
And I know I'm a walking cliché
It's been two years, and eight months and nothing's changed

And I'm out here trying to love somebody
And I tell myself I'm doing well
But every time I think about you
It still hurts like hell
And by now you're probably loving somebody
By now you're probably doing well
But every time I think about you
It still hurts like hell

It still hurts like hell
It still hurts like hell

I close my eyes and you're here in my mind
I close my eyes and you're here for a while

And I'm out here trying to love somebody
And I'm out here all by myself
And every time I think about you
It still hurts like hell, yeah

By now you're probably loving somebody
By now you're probably doing well
But every time I think about you
It still hurts like hell
It still hurts like hell
It still hurts like hell