

Like a Future With No Friend

Small Brown Bike

Remember when you said that things would never change
You liar
Because these days things in my life, they don't stay the same
You changerDriving (at you)
Thinking (of you)
Tears scream down my face
Trying (for you)
Talking (to you)
An incoherent mess
Pulled up to your place with a script fully prepared
I'm acting
You stared with no applause
A broken leg review
I'm failing
(Failing with you)A drawer full of nothing, except old birthdays and business cards
And photos that seem like history
A history worth nothing
A history worth nothing
Like a future with no friend
Driving
Thinking
Tears scream down my face
Trying
Talking
An incoherent mess
An incoherent mess
An incoherent mess
An incoherent mess

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