

Chicago

Highly Suspect

Why am I fucking up so bad?
What am I even doing?
When am I ever gonna learn?
What it is she already knowsBaby, I met you in downtown Chicago
But I, I had to drive away baby the next day
So I, flew your pretty ass to New York City
Then I, I left you in L.AWas it love? Or my fantasy?
Was it real? Or just a dream?Remember one night getting too fucked up in the Hamptons at
Tom's
I fell off his bike, and girl, you laughed at me so hard
Spent a whole week getting drunk on the dunes of Cape Cod, that's when you met my father
Was it love? Or my fantasy?
Was it real? Or just a dream?
Was it love? Or my fantasy?Cause sometimes you get so angry
And I take it personal
And I should've known
That you were only hurting
Cause life can be uncertain
When you're only 19 years oldSo it's another land night out here in California
And I'm, I'm burying my pain into somebody else
And now you're back at home living with your mama
Got my first record sitting on your shelfWas it love? Or my fantasy?
Was it real? Or just a dream?
Was it love? Or my fantasy?
Was it real?
Well baby I met you in downtown Chicago
But I, had to drive away the next day
So I, flew your pretty ass to New York City
Then I, I left you in L.A

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>