

Best Coast, Goodbye

My highs are high
My lows are low
And I don't know which way to go
Everytime you leave this house, everything falls apart
I can't get myself off the couch
I don't wanna talk to anyone else
And I don't know which way to go
Everytime you leave this house, everything falls apart
I lost my job
I miss my mom
I wish my cat could talk
Everytime you leave this house, everything falls apart
Well, I don't love you, and I don't hate you
I don't know how I feel
Well, I don't love you, but I don't hate you
I don't know how I feel
I don't know how I feel
I don't know how I feel
And nothing makes me happy
Not even tv or a bunch of weed
Everytime you leave this house, everything falls apart
And everytime you go away, I feel like I could cry
But I would never really cry because you're the worse at goodbyes
you're the worse at goodbyes
you're the worse at goodbyes
goodbyes, at goodbyes
goodbyes, at goodbyes
goodbyes, at goodbyes