

matchbox twenty, Hang

she grabs her magazines
she packs her things and she goes
she leaves the pictures hanging on the wall, she burns all
her notes
and she knows, she's been here too few years
to feel this old

he smokes his cigarette, he stays outside 'til it's gone
if anybody ever had a heart, he wouldn't be alone
he knows, she's been here too few years, to be gone

and we always say, it would be good to go away, someday
but if there's nothing there to make things change
if it's the same for you I'll just hang

the trouble understand, is she got reasons he don't
funny how he couldn't see at all, 'til she grabbed up her
coat
and she goes, she's been here too few years
to take it all in stride
but still it's much too long, to let hurt go (you let her go)

and we always say, it would be good to go away, someday
but if there's nothing there to make things change
if it's the same for you I'll just hang, the same for you
I'll always hang
well I always say, it would be good to go away
but if things don't work out like we think
and there's nothing there to ease this aching
but if there's nothing there to make things change
if it's the same for you I'll just hang