

Red Car Wire, Timing Just Isn't Your Thing

She wrote in my yearbook "baby,
Promise we'll keep in touch"
I know, she knows, I know, she didn't.
Maybe we just grew up.
But it's been four years and a whole damn summer,
And baby I just gave up.
You lost your shot, your boy, you know it
So goodnight, goodbye
And I tell myself not to get too close
Cause I trust you'll let me down
Unless of course I beg you to bring me down, goodbye
Sorry girl I thought of you
And all the things you do to me
Cause you lost your shot, your boy, you know it
So goodnight, goodbye
We've reached the end of this vacation
There's nothing left to feel for you
I watched and waited as you vacated
This love, my love
You can bat your eyelashes, pray to god
Honesty's not your calling
And you know timing just isn't your thing darling
Girl you'll never get to me