

The Honorary Title, Everything I Once Had

Everything I once had
The bar on 1st Avenue, we went there solely for you
So you can flirt with my best friend
Kiss a girl, tell me why you're laughing
I won't hold on, I can't hold on to this
There's a hole in the trust that we mapped out
In my bed for six long months
There's a hole in the trust that we mapped out
In my bed for six long months
Well I won't hold on, to this
February, Valentines Day
Did my best to avoid the red clichs
So you dumped me on the subway
On my way to work at 9 in the morning
Everybody else is holding bouquets
Now I'm holding my face in the basement
Scratching away for any trace
Of affection you will leave
Falling victim to the publics prey
Well I won't hold on, no I can't hold on, I won't hold on to this
There's a hole in the trust that we mapped out
In my bed for six long months
There's a hole in the trust that we mapped out
In my bed
There's a hole in the trust that we mapped out
In my bed for six long months
Oh, I won't hold on to this
Anyone is suitable for you I, for you I guess tonight
Anyone is suitable for you I guess
You weren't fazed
It's over with
You my beautiful
You weren't fazed
It's over with
You my beautiful
Your beautiful blue and white
Your beautiful blue and white