

Backseat Goodbye, Lost Means Lost

collective thoughts collect like rain on your shoulder
this carpet tries too hard for no one to notice
so do i, but not on purpose
and no, i'm not listening
and no, that dream doesn't mean it was true
lost means lost, and i've got no way of getting through to you
of course you call it "ours"; all you'd like
but when we hate each other who will take it home?

and will be alone when you say it's alright
'cause you're the only one who will know
and i know, and do you even remember
the color of my eyes
or even what my voice sounds like
well here's a reminder love
to go with those chills down your spine

whatever happened to our silhouettes
side by side in the middle of a park bench
we could sit there all day if the weather permits
but you'd rather stay inside
'cause you're not much on the sun
you're a sucker for the shade and reruns

and no you don't cross my mind
when her lips keep mine company
it's more like we never were
before i knew what forever was
i thought hope was love
but it turns out, forever's just a word

and will you be alone when you're under the covers
as the sky falls will it be on purpose
or will you say it was just an "accident";
you didn't mean to pull that hard
you didn't mean to say those words
well i don't mean to break your heart
when i say goodbye
but i hope it at least hurts

and you said "you can save your "la da da's";
for your shitty love songs";
well as for me i'll be fine
you just let me know what it's like to be alone
and i'll be singing
yeah i'll keep singing
la da da da da