

Broadway Calls, Classless Reunion

My eyes remember you, but I think my heart might take some getting used to.
Speak up my ears still ring, from those times we spent together in my bedroom.
I had a dream last night, that I gave you everything you ever wanted.
I gave up my chance that night, I know honesty is one thing I never flaunted.
We go too fast and lose control, over and over we roll.
We're broken. We're shattered. We're over. We do this to ourselves.
So far so good it seemed, but my blinders were on, I never saw it coming.
A "fuck you" to everything, as I laid on my bed never intending to start eating.
I broke it down. I'm stronger now. I'm over the hate inflicted wounds