

Houston Calls, Where To Start

So one night she phones me - I'm cornered in the living room
we're speaking of impending doom.

We exchange sad goodbyes - where did all the feelings go?
Couldn't we have just said no?

Why can't we have, why can't I be just what we dreamed of?

I thought what I'd do was have a shot of you and I'd be buzzed off of your love.
Or was it the Jager? It's safe to say I'd wager that it was and now I'm just hungover.

So much for forever,
I guarantee we'll be those friends (who) talk once a month then that'll end.
It's not what I wanted, sometimes things were as good as gold but quite often shit got very old.