

Kind Of Like Spitting, The Thing About Distance

Folding love letters and carefully placing them
in a box underneath my bed
When I drink I read over them
I'm much stronger than I was when I knew her,
but see here, see here,
doesn't mean we should have never met,
it doesn't mean we should have never met.
We had a lot of awful shit go down,
never love again you swore
I said things I'll probably go to hell for
We both felt really young
But anyway that was a long time ago,
so see here, see here,
doesn't mean I can't wish her the best,
I hope she gets that job in Ireland