

Mr. T Experience, You You You

It's funny how I'm running into you again,
and how you're asking me how I've been.
I keep running out of girlfriends cause they keep running out on me.
It wasn't so long ago when you were one of them, I know,
and I still miss you even though you ran away from me.

Now you're something that I'm not allowed,
that I had to learn to live without,
but every so often I still think about you, you, you.
Cause some part of me expects to see more agony than ecstasy, a
nd I still can't stop thinking of me and you, you, you.

I had a speech written for this day.
You're within reach, but I can't think of anything to say.

Running into you today meant running out of cards to play,
and running out of things to say,
though they're running through my head.
Like why I still don't understand why we're not still together,
and how I'd like to hold your hand one more time.
Imagine if we were to make that spectacularly bad mistake.
How many times is my heart gonna break over you you you?