

The Adored, I Don't Care (What You Do To Me)

All of those days are gone, all of those nights are gone,
all of those weeks are gone, all of those months are gone,
and we're okay with that...

Okay with coincidence, but it's just calculation.
All the times you said you were alone,
every night a death by dial tone.
We fooled ourselves when we fooled around.
You only get off on loss and all you do is talk.

We stayed out all night, frustration burned out just like meteorites.
I don't care what you do to me anyways.
Wouldn't be the first time
I wrote this down to heal myself with a microphone.
I don't care.

Showed me realism, but it's just calculation.
All the times you obsessed with your makeup,
all you wanted was someone else to fuck.
We fooled ourselves when we fooled around.
Why did I have to wake up in the age of breakups?

We stayed out all night, frustration burned out just like meteorites.
I don't care what you do to me.
It wouldn't be the first time
I wrote this down to heal myself with a microphone.
I don't care anyways.
We don't care