

The Matches, Here's To Love

The first had scars in her eyebrows, just like yours
Woke the neighbors with another
Hope you heard
One more on all fours, forehead to floor like yours once was
And I hope you heard.
One with breath all menthol, just like yours
Tangled in taxis with another
Hope you heard
Sun's exposed my clothes scattered across more bedroom floors than just yours
And I hope you heard.
And I, I, I, I, I
I hope it gets back to you
Back to, back to you oh oh oh
Back at you
I hope it gets back to you.
It gets you, it gets to you.
My gun-show hoodie is history, it's just like yours
Goodwill's got your mixtapes
I hope you heard
Kept the ticket stubs in the bottom drawer, mine and yours, I don't care
And I hope you heard
I, I, I, I, I
I hope it gets back to you
Back to, back to you oh oh oh
Back at you
I hope it gets back to you.
It gets you, it gets to you.
Love moves like a car crash
Love zooms like a whiplash
So let's toast to lost romance
So hoist high that empty glass...
Here's to love
Here's to love
Here's to love
Here's to love
And I, I, I, I, I
I hope it gets back to you
Back to, back to you oh oh oh
Back at you
I hope it gets back to you.
It gets you, it gets...
Oh, it gets you, it gets to you...
It gets you, it gets to you, yeah.