

Tristan Prettyman, Don't Work Yourself Up

I could run out at any given time
Don't leave a note, there ain't no reason to lie
I guess I still haven't found what I'm looking for
Can't keep my hands to myself, or my eyes off the door
Is it any wonder that I'm on to the next?
Be the first one to tell you
And the last to forget
Let me drag you into this bitterness
Sometimes I cant even understand the half of it
Don't work yourself up too much, oh love
Don't work yourself up too much, oh love

Sometimes I cant stand to be apart
I walk around in this city alone 'til it's dark
And if the sadness won't ever go away
I suppose I'll build it a home so it has a nice place to stay
Most of the time I dont mind the company
And I wish to God he'd stay
Why do you have to leave?
Seems like you always want what you can't have
Well that's just life, baby, and you can't get mad
Don't work yourself up too much, oh love
Don't work yourself up too much, oh love

So much out there I have yet to see
But sometimes I just want to settle down and start a family
And mostly I just feel like I am stuck in between
You don't come and I don't blame you I don't even trust me
Don't work yourself up too much, oh love
Yeah, don't work yourself up too much, oh love
Don't work yourself up too much, oh love
Yeah, don't work yourself up too much, oh love