

William Fitzsimmons, I Don't Love You Anymore

I would sell you for a box of tissues
if i saw my mother crying or to wipe her lipstick off
she had never told me i should go to bed
i would find a way to place everything you did
if i meant that i could feel as guilty about the kids
the braces that you paid for with your grandma's ring, so they could sing

i should probably tell you that i'm sorry i was wrong
when i gave my word that i'd be here for very long
i proposed before i really loved you for yourself

and it's breaking up my heart
(i don't love you anymore)
and it's breaking up my heart
(i don't love you anymore)

you were kind enough to let me back into the house
after all the things i said when you had thrown me out
the water that you left for me when i got warm
i forgot to clean out the closet next to where we slept
the short sleeve shirts i wore on friday's chest
let the two boys pick from what is left

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