

Lost Means Lost

Backseat Goodbye

Collective thoughts collect like rain on your shoulder.
This carpet tries too hard for no one to notice.
So do I, but not on purpose.
And no, I'm not listening.
And no, that dream doesn't mean it was true.
Lost means lost, and I've got no way of getting through to you.
Of course you call it "ours" all you'd like.
But when we hate each other who will take it home?
And will be alone when you say it's alright.
'cause you're the only one who will know.
And I know, and do you even remember.
The color of my eyes.
Or even what my voice sounds like.
Well here's a reminder love.
To go with those chills down your spine.
Whatever happened to our silhouettes.
Side by side in the middle of a park bench?
We could sit there all day if the weather permits.
But you'd rather stay inside.
'cause you're not much on the sun.
You're a sucker for the shade and reruns.
And no you don't cross my mind.
When her lips keep mine company.
It's more like we never were.
Before I knew what forever was.
I thought hope was love.
But it turns out, forever's just a word.
And will you be alone when you're under the covers.
As the sky falls will it be on purpose.
Or will you say it was just an "accident".
You didn't mean to pull that hard.
You didn't mean to say those words.
Well I don't mean to break your heart.
When I say goodbye.
But I hope it at least hurts .
And you said "you can save your "
La da da's" for your shitty love songs".
Well as for me I'll be fine.
You just let me know what it's like to be alone.
And I'll be singing.
Yeah I'll keep singing.
La da da da da da