Next Time That You Leave

Bob Mould

The next time that you leave
I'll throw everything you own
So you'll have no reason,
No reason to return

The next time that you leave
I'll burn out my memories,
I don't need reminders,
Remind me to forget

You are not a master
Maybe you have mastered
Different games that worked with others
But I am not the others,
You are just a bastard

The next time that you leave
I'll learn how to walk again
Walking towards no future
Futureless but not for long

The next time that you leave
I'll turn over in my sleep
None there beside me
Besides the sides you've picked your side

You are not the person
I expect to grow old with
But you have changed your colors
And I am not your colors
This has simply worsened

The next time that you leave
Maybe I'll have loads of parties,
Maybe I'll sit quietly
Maybe you won't know