

## Book of Love

Jimmy Eat World

I wasn't worried about the small things  
Tried to bury what they might or could have meant  
And as far away as you could get, as distant as you'd ever been  
You still love me

The book of love is fiction  
Written by the loneliest to sing  
Thinking they're doing the best  
Learning things they should forget  
Until the end

So maybe we should plan then  
Who will go, and who will stay, and when  
Until one of us can say it like it is  
You've already made your own bed

Can you tell me what just happened  
Where's my girlfriend with her engine pinned red light  
I pick you up on a Wednesday night  
Go out for a secret drive  
Like we were kids

Will we be alright  
I have never doubted it before my friend  
Are they ever coming back again  
Those feelings that we started with  
I'll give it time

So maybe we should plan then  
Of who will go, and who will stay, and when  
Until one of us can call it like it is  
You've already made your own bed  
I deserve the truth

But I'm so afraid of what It'd do  
Finally seeing us for how it really is  
I've been alone just never noted  
Its time we had a plan then  
Of who will go, and who will stay, and when  
Until one of us can say it like it is  
You've already made your own bed  
I deserve the truth

But I'm so afraid of what It'd do  
Finally seeing us for how it really is  
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