

I put on mascara  
'Cause it's not gonna run tonight  
Put myself back together  
Picked out a dress and poured a glass of wine  
My girl's picked a place, that's just not your style  
Like there's gotta be miles between us  
Like getting out might get you out of my mind  
I just can't believe

I'm the ex-girlfriend  
Not even your friend

You were my ride home  
Bet you're driving some new girl around  
I used to be everything  
Now I'm nothing that you've got to worry about  
Your toothbrush ain't next to my bathroom sink  
Can't sleep anymore in your t-shirt  
I'll write out "I miss you" then press delete  
You're not supposed to miss me

I'm the ex-girlfriend  
Not even your friend

I'll forget about your birthday coming up next week  
Your sister's tryna call me but I let it ring  
'Cause it's too hard to think about how hard it's gonna be  
Not being yours I still can't believe

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