

I'd rather spend my evening  
Talking to Chloe on Twitter  
Than having you come over  
So it'll be like old times  
But I know that you don't give a fuck  
Cause you're knee deep in your iPhone

But Now that you saw my tweets  
You know that I'm home  
Buried in my cell phone  
Tryna' get a hold of someone new  
Instead of hanging out with you  
And your high school stories

But you sure know how to get right to me  
With all those Facebook statuses  
About relationships and such  
Poor grammar is a must  
But I trust that you can do it

But I couldn't give a fuck  
Whether you give a fuck or not  
Rip my eye sockets out  
Make me regret ever going out  
But I know I'll make it out of here alive  
As long as I don't watch your life  
Unfold before my very eyes  
You told this high school story  
One too many times for me  
You know I'd rather

I'd rather spend my evening  
Talking to Chloe on Twitter  
Than having to look you right in your eyes