

Cover it up
I'm keeping you close out of habit
I'm a coward and oh so dramatic
All this time is unfortunately hazy
And after all this time there's no sense in pretending

Hey, quit coming around
In your old red corolla
Quit coming around
You'll forget me like the magazine behind the front seat
You'll forget me like the words on every page
Hey, quit coming around

Cover it up
The pain in our eyes is tragic
I'm the nice guy with bad habits
Living this lie was unfortunately amazing
And after all this time there's no sense in pretending

Hey, quit coming around
In your old red corolla
Quit coming around
You'll forget me like the magazine behind the front seat
You'll forget me like the words on every page
Hey, quit coming around

I'm not trying to be a coward
I'm just trying to face the choice that lingers here
I'm not trying to be a coward
But we've disconnected

You'll forget me like the magazine behind the front seat
Of your old red, of your old red...
But we've disconnected

Hey, quit coming around
In your old red corolla
Quit coming around
You'll forget me like the magazine behind the front seat
You'll forget me like the words on every page
Hey, quit coming around
In your old red corolla
Hey, quit coming around