

We met one Monday night where my friend bartends and always gives me drinks for free.

I caught you staring, or were you comparing the guy you were talking with to me.

Then you said: "This place is dead, and this drink is going to my head.

Take me home." I will, if you chill, there's still time to kill and this night just started looking better.

She bought herself a guitar, and she learned a few chords.

She wrote me a song that goes like this:

Get out, get dressed, you're just like the rest, there's only one thing you're after. You're

still the same self-centered bastard. You stay out all night with your shady friends just

getting plastered. This relationship's just my latest disaster.

I thought that I was doing everything right and giving her everything she needs. But I wake up

one morning and all that she's left is a breakup note that reads:

You don't, and you won't ever see my side of things...

Ahh come on. I would, if I could, but everything I thought was good would just upset her.

Our points of view will never meet.

I always miss what's incomplete.