

Backseat Goodbye

"Well Dressed Mess"

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you smiled at me with that half-ass grin.
you know the one you give me all the time.
with a face like that you should be on the cover of a
magazine.
but you don't read them "they're not my type", at least
that's what you say.
i won't say a word if you won't either tonight.
you can stand there all evening if you'd like.
but the looks you're gonna throw my way won't make
me any less convinced.
you're a smalltown girl with a big mouth, and i'm
through with this.
lovely, you look so lovely in your new suede shoes.
they're you're favorite, mine too, will you take them
with you.
when you run through your woods you've got back at
home?.
past the sunset and over the dirty roads.
look at you, a well dressed hypocrite.
you sing all the songs you hated when you were a kid.
you know the ones you never knew the words to.
and that's alright, 'cause you're all grown up.
but just because you can spell love, doesn't mean you
should say it so much.
i can't fight the dark if you don't give me some light.
you say daytime is your favorite, but you're so
unfaithful, when you make love to the night.
so won't you wrap yourself up in your insecurity
blanket.
it's nice and warm, to think you didn't want to buy it.
lonely, you look so lonely surrounded in you corner of
friends.
they're you're favorite, mine too, but will they follow
you.
when you run through the woods of your past?.
"oh don't worry, they don't know about that."
look at you, a liar in designer jeans.
i don't think this is what best friends is supposed to
mean.
no no you've got it all wrong.
you can't sum up two years with the title of a song.

you had me at hello,
but you've got a fancy way of saying goodbye.

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