

Broadway Calls "Classless Reunion"

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My eyes remember you, but I think my heart might take
some getting used to.

Speak up my ears still ring, from those times we spent
together in my bedroom.

I had a dream last night, that I gave you everything you
ever wanted.

I gave up my chance that night, I know honesty is one
thing I never flaunted.

We go too fast and lose control, over and over we roll.

We're broken. We're shattered. We're over. We do this
to ourselves.

So far so good it seemed, but my blinders were on, I
never saw it coming.

A "fuck you" to everything, as I laid on my bed never
intending to start eating.

I broke it down. I'm stronger now. I'm over the hate
inflicted wounds

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