Gabe Bondoc "Suitcases"

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For goodness's sake
We need a break, she tells me
There's too much on her plate
And I'm not helping
I was under the impression
That things were fine
For the longest time

I'm not the type to ignore
Your rights if you're leaving
But oh my god, I cannot believe
That you're leaving
I pray to goodness that
You'll wanna come back
But until then
I guess you've gotta pack

Suitcases and travel bags
If you're ever coming back
Just leave a couple of things for me
Oh, leave me your sweet perfume
Spray it around the room
And I'll pray that you'll come home soon

Suitcases and travel bags
I can't sit and watch you pack
Just leave a couple of things for me
Oh, leave me your sweet perfume
Spray it around the room
And I'll pray that you'll come home soon
Come home soon

This is the sound of a man That's still in love with you A man that can't understand Just why your heart's in two But when you speak to me And justify so eloquently And try to make me see

But you will have to forgive me I guess I'm old-school

Just wanna sit back and forth And talk it out with you How's leaving home gonna Make you wanna come back If you can answer I'll leave and let you pack

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There's a lot to be said
But baby, if you're just over it
I won't waste my breath
Could've sworn we were cool
But I guess I was fooled
But I guess I was, guess I was

I'm not sure what this means I'm not sure what separation brings So if you're gonna go, do what it do You could find me in the other room

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