

Parking Lot Proposal "Can't Keep Up"

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There's so much to say so where do I begin to start?
and I can't pretend like there is nothing, wrong with me.

It's like a dark cloud, is covering me...
The wind is blowing faster than, I can keep up.
This can't be true, this was never like you.

Every time you speak to her, my veins begin to close.
and I can't pretend that you will ever, really want me.

and it's not, no it's not
all my fault.

It's like a dark cloud, is covering me...
The wind is blowing faster than, I can keep up.
This can't be true, this was never like you.

and when I leave, I won't look back.
You'd better not call.
You'd better not stay around me.
You're too late.
Too late, to make a difference.
Too late to call me yours, oh oh.

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