

Nakatomi Plaza

"Re: Hey"

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And so her message begins, "Hello, I am drunk." And I think, "Oh my God _ what is it now?" It's been weeks since you've said a word. "Ha!" Hell no. I don't think so. It's not funny; no you're not funny. You're laughing, and, I'll bet money on you. So is it you I'm talking to? "Ha!" Hell no. I don't think so. And so my answer begins, "Hello, how are you? I am fine. That's great you've got numbers. And five well, that's a lot for you. You are so, so way cool." Typing every word and I just meant everything I said. I'm not holding back a thing, I am not what's tying you down. It's so odd, to see your words, but then, how am I supposed to tell? Are you mad? Are you sad? You seem bitter. Shouldn't you make those calls? I trusted and you fucked me. So I'll never trust again. I wish I'd never met you. I wish I'd never met you. And five well, that's a lot for you. I wish I'd never met you. And fuck your friends, too.

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