

Jesse Ruben

"Predictable"

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These are the thoughts that I wrote
In the book that I took from your drawer.
The syllables are strained and hard to explain
But I promise my intentions are pure

And it's raining outside which is fine cause I remember
We'd huddle just to keep each other warm
And I know it wasn't me but its all that I see
But the meaning might be hard to absorb
Yea the meaning might be hard to absorb

Why, I knew you would
I said "why, why, the words don't come to me like they
should"

These city streets breathe and I wish I could leave
But they're beggin' for the right to be heard
And I try to scream, "yea this is all a dream
And this situation seems so absurd"

"This doesn't seem to fit", I say as I sit
With my head in my hands on the curb
And this doesn't make sense, which makes no
difference
Because I never get what I should deserve
No I never get what I should deserve

Why, I knew you would
I said "Why, why, the words don't come to me like they
should"

Cause I am predictable, closed-minded
You were my sanity now I can't find it
I am predictable

Why, I knew you would
I said "Why, why, the words don't come to me like they
should"

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