

The New York Room

"Dear Heather"

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You're a face I quickly be forgetting
An enigma I never figured out

And though I said I never leave I lied.
I sure you'll live
How much do I matter anyways?
Honestly, can you say you ever cared at all?

And how many times did you expect me to say it
didn't matter
That you did not care at all

I guess I assumed it would get better
But it didn't so now I'm gone
And someday maybe our paths will cross again
And someday maybe things will have changed

But as for now I'm left to myself
As for now, I am nothing...nothing.

And once again, I'm left to myself
And my destructive nights and pitiful days
Thanks for nothing

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