

## The Atlantic

### "You Weren't Wrong"

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I've said words that brought you here  
And in dreams you never sounded so clear  
I found reasons to drag you still  
Selfish seasons change against my will

It's not something I can handle  
I can get used to this, I'm not getting used to this  
It's not something I can't manage  
I can let go of this, but I can't let go

You think you're breathing alone  
But you're breathing on my neck  
And I was sleeping when you walked in  
And now you're crawling up my back  
And I'm watching as you dress  
You think I'm standing in the way  
But I'm tasting the things  
That you will never say

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What if words so weak could mean a real thing?  
At least I know that you would never see  
But if I can't give you anything but me  
Well, I would be content  
Believe me, please

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