

The Thrills

"Isabelle"

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Well it might as well count for something
For me to suffer for a better day
And not the masquerades of the many
I think I'll skip past all the drama queens
And let them amuse themselves with shallow
conversation

Well it might as well count for something
Cause this patient heart's getting bored with life
Regret's my only company when I see you
And I'm backed up at the borderline
I'm cut short of moving on again
And why do I, said why do I, consider this hard

Do you miss me at all?
Do you miss me at all?
Do you miss me at all?

Isabelle takes the back seat to oblivion
The quiet type of emotion
And God I wish her well
Isabelle paints a masterpiece in color
And it's black and white underneath
And if all her friends could show her
What it means to be loved

I'm rounding up my reasons why I ever left
I don't get no answers
And the speculation lives

Do you miss me at all?
Do you miss me at all?
Do you miss me at all?

Do you miss me at all?

And we might as well call it love if it makes you feel
better
Said we might as well call it love if it makes you feel
better.
And we might as well call it love if it makes you feel

better

And we might as well call it love if it makes you feel
better.

Do you miss me at all?

Do you miss me at all?

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