

Matthew Koma, Suitcase

You look like Sundays with my ex
Sit at breakfast with your arms across your chest
Like a cross she wore my trust around her neck
Till it hung her

My baby she was clinically obsessed
Our identity was physical, but less
Every now and then
Her noise inside my head
Re-enters

She said I remember loving you
All of the good shit
And all the bad shit too
I remember hating you
For all the right things
You never tried to do
And I remember needing you
Call me and addict
To your elastic moods
I'm packing every memory that we made
In a suitcase

You on a train I used to wreck
With the bullets of the least of my respect
And I wish there was a shot I could regret
But there isn't

Yeah there were tongues I spoke in heat
That I never meant to say or meant to mean
And they're sharpen when I see her in my sleep
In visions

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I know you hate it
When I say I'm sorry
But I'M SORRY

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