

Sabrina Carpenter, Tornado Warnings

We were never in the park
Talking on a seesaw, teetering with our feelings in the dark
Ignoring tornado warnings
He didn't hold me in his arms
We didn't stumble over the pages of our relationship arc
Ignoring tornado warnings

Don't understand how quickly we get
Right back in our rhythm without missing a step
And logically, the last thing I should have on my mind
But I want you there sometimes

I guess maybe that's why I'm lying to my therapist
I keep saying things like I never saw him and we never kissed
Now I think, somehow, in my mind
If I could convince him if he doesn't see it, then maybe it doesn't exist
I think he's onto me every time I say I'm over that son of a bitch
I'm lying to my therapist

I deserve an hour in a week
To focus on my thoughts
Not so obsessed with yours, I can't hear myself speak
I deserve my own consideration
Sometimes I wish I kept
Some of my feelings in the basement
So I'd still have some left

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Right back in our rhythm without missing a step
And logically, the last thing I should have on my mind
But I want you there sometimes

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I'm lying to my therapist

I'll drive you home
You drive me crazy
But that's not gonna stop me
I'll call you out
You call me baby
But that's not gonna stop me

From lying to my therapist
I keep saying things like I never saw him and we never kissed
Now I think, somehow, in my mind
If I could convince him if he doesn't see it then maybe it doesn't exist
I think he's onto me every time I say I'm over that son of a bitch
I'm lying to my therapist