

# Sharon Van Etten, Leonard

There he goes.  
He finally closed the door.  
I turn the lock feeling more confused than before  
What gives?  
I thought that you would love more.  
Now you're a coward, sure.  
Then he rings.  
Look in his eyes.  
He loves you.

Well, well  
I am bad.  
Well, well, hell.  
I am bad.

He's smart.  
He leaves me wanting more,  
Knowing that I gave less  
And knowing why.  
Time,  
Time is what I would need.  
Full of myself, indeed  
Just walk away,  
Surprised  
He loved you.

Well, well  
I am bad.  
Well, well, hell  
I am bad at loving.

Trust.  
You know that I trusted you  
But I could not let you do  
To just fall in,  
Try.  
I wanted to try for you,  
Wanted to die for you  
Dramatic things,  
The Lies...  
I loved you.

Well, well.  
I am bad  
Well, well, hell  
I am bad at loving you.