

Tate McRae, rubberband

Was it a wasted couple months?
sneaking outta the window,
spending nights in limbo
was that all there was for us?
midnight driving,
running through highland

does it make me the criminal?
That i let you go
That i broke us and left
I hate that i never know
Why you're still so caught up in my head

I know you wanted a promise
I wasn't ready, can i be honest?
Never knew what i had until i lost it

And i got this rubber band on my wrist
On my wrist
And i snap it every time that i think about your lips
I got this rubberband on my wrist
On my wrist
Almost break it every time when i am trying to forget

Know that i have never been good at this
Love you in a second
Next you know i am checking out
Of moments i should'nt miss
Now i am looking through the photos
Wishing i was different

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