

It's eleven thirty at night,
and your in your bed nice and tight.

Maybe your dreaming of me I am calling you,
I am wishing you were here.

I hope I didn't annoy you today.
If I did you answered anyway.

Now I am laying in my bed
I am hearing you wishing I could feel too.

I miss her.

I wanted to tell her.

I spoke to myself in the mirror for awhile tonight.
I made a promise that I would never fuck up having you in my life.
To be honest
I think your my favorite girl I ever met, yeah.
I think your my favorite girl I ever met.

I bought a new notebook for the road.
Covered it with your area code.
Over and over again,
It's tattooed by the pen and I wish it was my home.
'Cause I kinda hate everyone I know
and lately I've been feeling so low.
Come get inside my bed
you make me feel dead
by being out there in the Unknown.

I miss her.

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To be honest
I think your my favorite girl I ever met, yeah.
I think your my favorite girl I ever met.

I just wanted to tell her.