

No You No Me

One Less Reason

I'm writing you a letter
At least I'm trying to
But I hate□ every single
Word□ I choose
I tore up lots of paper
Full of things i thought i meant
That never would have wound up getting sent

I keep coming back
to□ these four words
I keep writing them
Over and over

No you, no me
Its a stupid kind of thing to say
I hope□ u get what I mean
And its ok
That I miss you more than Im suppose to
Its hard to be no you, no me

Your address is Orlando
Where u always liked the sun
Remember how we planned to go there once?
So many mischances are all I think about
Im living most with what I live without.

Whats it feel like to read these lines,
Standing there in the Florida sunshine?

No you, no me
Its a stupid kind of thing to say
I hope□ u get what I mean
And its ok
That I miss you more than Im suppose to
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I keep coming back
to□ these four words
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Yeah

Whats it feel like to read these lines,
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