

I'm at the station  
Suitcase in hand  
I will be leaving  
Never coming back  
I may be crazy  
But she's insane  
She threw me out now and  
Turned the other way  
She had always said  
Man we've got it bad  
But this don't feel  
Like we're friends  
We had a place  
We would call home  
We'd never use it  
Unless we were alone  
She did her thing  
And I didn't mind  
We'd share a bed now  
And roll away the time  
She had always said  
Man we've got it bad  
But this don't feel  
Like we're friends  
This just feels like the end