

Meet Me In St. Louis

Basement

Every moment is broken. Am I kidding myself,
Trying to get you out of my life, when I can't get you out of my mind?

We're talking, but are these words fake? Is anything left true?
I made a promise to myself, but I'll break it if you ask me to.

Don't say goodnight.

I hate October; nothing changes but the weather, and I'm tired
of feeling cold.