

How Would You Know

Ben Kenney

I got a message from you,
You sent it over to me,
I played it back on my phone.

It had me feeling confused,
Cause I was hanging with you,
And I was feeling at home.

The words were sharp,
And aimed to cut down,
What I've grown.

But I expect it from you,
I've seen the things that you do,
And how you end up alone,
But how would you know.

When we were playing in bars,
You had me feeling like,
It was all a favor to me,

It had me borrowing cars,
And asking people for rides,
And could they do it for free.

Back then I thought,
Those days would never last,
That long.

After a couple of years,
I came to grips with my fears,
And realized I was wrong.
But how would you, how would you know.

A grudge is not a grudge,
When it's a promise to myself,
I hope you recognize before,
There's someone else,
Who might not ever let you know.

When people come up to me,
And want to talk about you,
They say forgive and forget.

It's just so easy to say,
And all the same walk away,
Without a trace of regret.

But they don't know,
About the messages,
You left.

I think if everyone knew,
About the things that you do,
They'd lose a lot of respect,
But how would you know.

A grudge is not a grudge,
When it's a promise to myself,
I hope you recognize before,
There's someone else,
Who might not ever let you know,
But how would you know.