

The Hard Way

Bowling For Soup

I'm moving in
She's moving out to Los Angeles
She's got a truck; she's got my stuff
Packed into it
Just seven months
Was just enough
Of putting up with me
Imagine that
A baseball bat upside her TV
she says she needs some therapy

You know it seemed so simple before
She could have asked
I would have given her anything
And now it's 1, 2, 3
Blame it all on me
And I had to find it out the hard way

She calls me up
She's breaking down
In Los Angeles
She misses home
She's all alone
She can't handle it
But seven months was just enough
Of putting up with her
You're brand new nose & bigger boobs
Don't change a thing

You need some therapy
I think you need some help

You know it seemed so simple before
She could have asked
I would have given her anything
And now it's 1, 2, 3
Blame it all on me
And I had to find it out the hard way

She's got a lot to figure out
She's got a lot to think about
She's got a lot to forget about
She's got a lot to live without
So many things to miss about me

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She could have asked
I would have given her anything
And now it's 1, 2, 3
Blame it all on me
And I had to find it out the hard way