

What About Us

Bowling For Soup

I've been sitting feeling sorry for me.
Since a week ago last week.
I guess maybe I should change my clothes and wash the lipstick off my cheek.
I can't explain how all this feels.
I close my eyes and I can still see you laughing, singing, holding my hand,
walking away. Fading...

What about me?
What about you?
What about everything we've been through?
What about the memories we boxed up?
And all the days we gave away?
What about the promises and the plans we made?
It just feels like we're giving up.
What about me?
What about you?
What about us?

I never meant for you to compromise never meant to hold you down.
All I ever wanted was to see you smile.
I never meant to watch you drown
In the arms of someone a lot like a stranger, someone who never even knew himself.
I guess I come undone like the sweater Weezer sings about
Wondering if, only thinking.

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All my life looking for someone just like you, and
Suddenly I believe dreams came true.
Searching for an answer, feels like I lost my keys in a snow storm on Christmas eve.
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