

And I wish it was sweeter, the taste of your mouth
Because right now it hurts too much to be
Closer than this and with one hard look
I can tell that you've had enough of these useless sunsets

This could be a movie, this could be our final act
We don't need these happy endings
This could be a movie, this could be our final act
We don't need these happy endings

So tell your father that
That you're mine and I'll swear we'll run away
And I'll make a plan and save everyone from themselves
And put them in the ground

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We don't need these happy endings
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Sitting in the car with the radio
Turned to static, feeling quite tragic
And with one strategic blow
And you find yourself back in the hole
That you used to sit so comfortably in

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