

Two Weeks

Handguns

Two weeks in,
I got this feeling that I could not stand you.
Two weeks in,
I got this feeling that I kind of hate you.
Your Mother's front porch when you threw your bags down
(the whole town could see us)
What did you think was going to happen?
(no one could see us)
This is potentially,
the worst thing that's happened to me
and I won't deny it, because I'm in denial.
Months go by,
you shoot that smile that gets you your way.
The fool that I play, I'm back in your bed tonight.
And although we're young, we said that we'd make this count.
So take your bags and get the hell out of town.
SO take your bags, because I don't need you around.