

I was trying to pretend that the end wasn't coming.
Prolonging the inevitable.
In love with what used to be.
You loved yourself much more, much more than me.
Did you really love me, did you love me?
Even with the tears rolling down my face
I knew I had to leave this space.
From room to room, I packed my things.
Everyday you passed me by.
Maybe you could make me change my mind.
Maybe ask me to stay.
Did you love me? Did you love me?

88 boxes I counted.
My life it went from years to 88 boxes.
After everything, that's all I have.
My life it went from years to 88 boxes.
88 boxes I counted.

I can't escape memories.
Things that you gave me
Packing up pictures old love letters.
This self-love is hard.
I gotta be a woman. Be a woman.
This is so hard.
I think you were afraid, but I wish you said something.
If you said that I love you I would've turned around and stayed.
But you said nothing. Nothing.
You said nothing
Did you really love me?

88 boxes I counted.
My life it went from years to 88 boxes.
After everything, that's all I have.
My life it went from years to 88 boxes.
88 boxes I counted.

Did you really love me?
Did you love me?
I thought we'd be together forever.
Why? Put up with this for so long, so long

88 boxes I counted.
My life it went from years to 88 boxes.
After everything, that's all I have.
My life it went from years to 88 boxes.
88 boxes I counted.