

Hard Feelings / Loveless

Lorde

(Go back and tell it)

Please could you be tender and I will sit close to you
Let's give it a minute before we admit that we're through
Guess this is the winter
Our bodies are young and blue
I'm at Jungle City, it's late and this song is for you

Cause I remember the rush, when forever was us
Before all of the winds of regret and mistrust
Now we sit in your car and our love is a ghost
Well I guess I should go
Yeah I guess I should go

Hard feelings
These are what they call hard feelings of love
When the sweet words and fevers all leave us right here in the cold, oh oh
Alone with the hard feelings of love
God I wish I believed you when you told me this was my home, oh oh

I light all the candles
Cut flowers for all my rooms
I care for myself the way I used to care about you
These days, we kiss and we keep busy
The waves come after midnight
I call from underwater
Why even try to get right?
When you've outgrown a lover
The whole world knows but you
It's time to let go of this endless summer afternoon

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When the sweet words and fevers all leave us right here in the cold, oh oh
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God I wish I believed you when you told me this was my home, oh oh

Three years, loved you every single day, made me weak, it was real for me, y
up, real for me
Now I'll fake it every single day 'til I don't need fantasy, 'til I feel you
leave
But I still remember everything, how we'd drift buying groceries, how you'd
dance for me
I'll start letting go of little things 'til I'm so far away from you, far aw
ay from you, yeah

"What is this tape?"
"This is my favorite tape"

Bet you wanna rip my heart out
Bet you wanna skip my calls now
Well guess why? I like that
'Cause I kinda miss your life fucked
Kinda wanna take my mouth shut
Look out, lovers

We're L.O.V.E.L.E.S.S.
Generation
L.O.V.E.L.E.S.S.
Generation
All fuckin' with our lover's heads
Generation

Bet you wanna rip my heart out
Bet you wanna skip my calls now
Well guess why? I like that
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Look out, lovers

We're L.O.V.E.L.E.S.S.
Generation
L.O.V.E.L.E.S.S. (look out, lovers)
Generation
All fuckin' with our lover's heads
Generation (look out, lovers)

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