

The number to the house is on the door
But every time you open it as if you are not sure
If you even live here anymore,
Anymore...

I know what you're about to say
I know that look there on your face
But I'm tired of reading your mind this way
So why don't you say it.

You're tearing me up inside,
Tearing me up inside.
It feels like something in me died,
feels like something in me died.
All of the bright colors that lived inside of me
Are now just tiny little pieces
Of what we used to be
And it just feels like....
Confetti...

I remember on our wedding day
Thinking that all of those flowers would all just fade away
And it seemed like such a waste
Of beauty...

Now you're tearing me up inside,
Tearing me up inside.
It feels like something in me died,
feels like something in me died.
All of the bright colors that lived inside of me
Are now just tiny little pieces
Of what we used to be
And it just feels like....
Confetti...

Isn't it a crying shame
That nothing ever stays the same?
I can't fit into that wedding dress
Or be 23 again.
But you're looking at me now
Like you don't know who I am...

And it's tearing me up inside,
Tearing me up inside.
It feels like something in me died,
Feels like something in me died.
All of the bright colors that lived inside of me
Are now just tiny little pieces
Of what we used to be
And it just feels like....

Confetti...