

A Long Time Coming

Ruiner

6 months from the day I wrote any of these songs.
They may mean as much as the changing of the tides.
This reoccurring trend of hello and goodbye leads me to believe
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That I know I've been here with you before.
Yes I know I'll say some things that make you wish we hadn't tr
ied again.
I'm tired of apologizing for that fucking flaw.
I'm tired of saying I'm sorry for not holding on to long
But I'll cut my losses before it's too hard.
I waste you're fucking time.
You don't need me and I'm breaking fingers...
Take my advice and walk away.
I'm a loner Dottie, a fucking rebel.