

What Happened To Us?

Shura

I sat next to you at lunch
You had your back turned
Reading your magazine
I didn't want to interrupt
You looked so peaceful
In your own company

Funny how we remember things
How we hold on to the good
But throw out the bad stuff
What happened to us?

I was never ready for your love
No, I'm no child but I don't feel grown up
I was never ready, it was never meant to be
So tell me how come I still feel so messed up

You were somebody to me once
But now you're a fiction
Someone that I made up
Turns out it was too much for us
And if we met in five years, would we notice?

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