

You Don't Love Me Like You Used To

The Lone Bellow

You don't love me like you used to
Just a spirit haunting my bedroom
House I built for you feels like a tomb
You don't love me like you used to

You waited at the bus stop, flowers in hand
A yellow tulip for each hour we'd spent
Apart, but now my broken heart and empty hands
I always wanted just to hold you close
Are buried in the pockets of my coat
Along with all the notes I'd wrote
If I'd thought you'd read them

You don't love me like you used to
You don't hear me when I'm talking to you
Just an old book you just breeze on through
You don't love me like you used to

I come home and the table's set just right
And what you serve don't fill my appetite
I know for sure your kitchen's closing nearly every night
And day I wish that you would go away
And find another soul to suffocate
And I love you so, but you should know I can't go on this way

I can't go on this way
I can't go on this way
I can't go on this way

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