

I Was Going To Cross This Out

Transit

Leave the keys inside the mailbox.
I'll be by soon enough.
Too young to hold on, too old to just give up.
I'll be by soon enough.

(if you won't)

Change the locks and throw away those keys (don't bury me).
I'd rather watch this place burn down then let it all slowly engulf me.
When you say goodbye, you better mean it for the last time.

Leave the keys inside the mailbox.
I'll be by soon enough.
Too young to hold on, too old to just give up.
I'll be by soon enough.

but if I goes don't put it out, If I go don't put me out.
Just let it burn, just let it burn to the ground
and I'll carry the last three years away in this broken cardboard box.
I guess I'm too young to hold on and too old to just give up.

I'll take one last look around the room. I've never felt so lost.

I guess I'm too young to hold on and too old to break free and run.

I'm writing all down to let you know "I gave you my very best"

How could you treat anyone like this.
I would never treat anyone like this.

but everyone misses someone more than they would like to admit.
So I'm writing you a six-word letter with no return address to let you know.
"I gave you my very best"