

Postcards

With the Punches

I'm seeing through
the wool over my eyes
sickened by the view
and how you're so desensitized
did your best to pretend
that this was all you needed
right up until the end

I never asked for anything but your honesty

too many postcards
only decorate your walls
I could have left them blank
cause I doubt you read them anyway
I really wasn't that naive
I just wanted to believe
that something was different here

Is this what you call
letting me down easy
I think I'd rather fall on my face
if it wasn't bad enough
the lies and frustrated nights
now you want to know if we'll still be friends

And by the time
my foot cleared your doorstep to leave
you were making plans
to drink away the idea of me

I never asked for anything but your honesty
I never asked for anything