

4AM

It's 4 AM

I walked around my good intentions
And found that there were none
I blamed my father for the wasted years
We hardly talked
I never thought I would forget this hate
Then a phone call made me realize
I'm wrong

If I don't make it known that
I've loved you all along
Just like the sunny days that
We ignore because
We're all dumb and jaded
And I hope to god I figure out
What's wrong

I walked around my room
Not thinking
Just sinking in this box
I blame myself for being too much
Like somebody else
I never thought I would just
Bend this way
Then a phone call made me realize
I'm wrong

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