

Confetti

Lori McKenna

The number to the house is on the door
but every time you open it, it's as if you are not sure if you even live here anymore, anymore
well i know what you're about to say
i know that look there on your face
but im tired of reading your mind this way
so why don't you say it you're tearing me up inside, you're tearing me up inside
it feels like something in me died, feels like something in me died
all of the bright colors that live inside of me are now just tiny pieces of what used to be
and it just feels like confetti well I remember on our wedding day
thinking how those flowers would all just fade away
and it seemed like such a waste of beauty and
now your tearing me up inside
you're tearing me up inside
feels like something in me died, feels like something in me died all of the bright colors that lived inside of me
are now just tiny pieces of what used to be
and it just feels like confetti, confetti isn't it a crying shame that nothing ever stays the same?
i can't fit into that wedding dress or be 23 again
but you're looking at me now like you don't know who i am
and it's tearing me up inside
all of the bright colors that lived inside of me are tiny little pieces of who i used to be and it just feels like
confetti, confetti, confetti

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