

# Our Apartment

## Aaron West and The Roaring Twenties

I pictured our apartment  
In the middle of Brooklyn  
And I pictured the bedroom And how the floor's still a mess.  
I pictured your office in mid-town Manhattan.  
I pictured you walking in, I bet you're late again,  
But your make-up's straight and you're smiling,  
It's just like it's always been.  
I had lunch with your sister and she told me it's over, that you're calling your lawyers, that you're not coming  
back.  
She says that she's sorry.  
Your whole family likes me.  
She don't know what you're thinking, but she knows that it's bad.  
So, I walked back home, turned the shower on.  
I let the washing machine turn the water cold.  
I'll read it over againâ€”the lines of the note you left.  
I keep hoping that I'll forget, that the words changed while I slept but I've got my doubts.  
You're staying at your parents house Well I'm sleeping on the couch.  
I can't stand our bed without you.  
I found enough of your hairpins to build you a monument, A statue to loneliness.  
Breathe it in.  
Let it go.  
I caved a piece of the drywall in,  
Replaying the argument,  
I'm icing my swollen fist.  
It's a lie and this isn't a home, no, no.  
I'm just skin and bones.  
I broke my cell phone  
Cause it won't fucking tell me when you're coming home.  
I'll read it over againâ€”the lines of the note you left.  
I keep hoping that I'll forget, that the words changed while I slept but I've got my doubts.  
You're staying at your parents house  
Well I'm sleeping on the couch.  
I can't stand our bed without you.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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