

Broken Record

Tessa Violet

You met me in my dreams last night
Same dark eyes, familiar sight
Broken words I've dreamt a hundred times But you were strange and staggered too
Like what you said I'd scripted through
I guess this means I'm getting over you Why do I still dream of you?
Why do you still come?
Is it to remind me of the evil things I've done?
Why am I still followed by your ghost memory
And why do I still hope you think of me? Every night inside my bed
You creep into my head
I am just a b-b-b-broken
Broken record Every night inside my dream
I replay the same old thing
I am just a b-b-b-broken
Broken record The strangest part I'd have to say
Is I don't want him anyway
Maybe I just want what I can't have Maybe it's the tragedy
Or maybe it's the girl in me
Who just wants to be wanted by a man Or maybe I just think of him when I am on my own
'Cause maybe make believe is not as lonely as alone
Silence brings the truth, but it breaks the fantasy
The only one I'm talking to is me Every night inside my bed
You creep into my head
I am just a b-b-b-broken
Broken record Every night inside my dream
I replay the same old thing
I am just a b-b-b-broken
Broken record To broken past and breathing dirt
To cling to not escaping hurt
Is it a choice repeating struggles?
Maybe trapped or mostly troubled Every night inside my bed
You creep into my head
I am just a b-b-b-broken
Broken record Every night inside my dream
I replay the same old thing
I am just a b-b-b-broken
Broken record

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