

How Are Things, Love?

Butch Walker

When you walk into the living room
And your eyes are living proof
That you've done all you could
And you're finally sick of me
And there's nothing I could be
To make you feel good
As you take off from your mess
I thought I could love you best
Before you go, How are things, love?
Since somebody stole our love?
Did you ever feel the sting, love?
Is it any of the above, love?
I hope you're well
There's a picture of us with our key
And the wallet I keep here
So I don't have to explain
There's a little pill next to that

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