

Dedicated to Christina Li

Watsky

The first time I went back to homeroom from the hospital
I thought that being more embarrassed was impossible
But God, the second time it really turned my stomach
Now I'm the kid who collapses and then spazzes out in public
This time was a bowling alley, the first was in the yard
And kids in middle school just watched me trip and kicked me hard
Except this girl named Crissie Li, who flips around at her desk
And gives me the world's biggest Disney card
Wrote "best wishes," and "kisses" where she signed it
3 feet by 2 feet, I coulda hid behind it
I didn't like the pity from Christina Li though
I'm thinking "Crissie, can't you see I'm busy being emo?"
'Cause I think I mighta heard she maybe sorta liked me
And since she wasn't cool enough I guess I took it lightly
Had braces and glasses and wasn't Ms. Popular
And so I didn't really give a thought to her[Chorus]
A heart breaking sounds like guitar strings snapping
It's the notes of the song that'll never happen
And the wind in the leaves is the sound of ghosts clapping
But a heart breaking sounds like guitar strings snapping There's holes in my memory- it isn't photographic
There's holes in my yearbook but the cut-out folks were plastic
Ten years pass, I don't cross paths
With half the people from my class again 'til we meet at Crissie's open casket
Those who chose to ask it probably knew
I could have dug in deeper if I'd wanted to
But you couldn't tell a thing was off on the surface
And I didn't know she was sick until I heard about her service
She was born with a heart defect, used to the cold knife
She'd been in and out of hospitals her whole life
She knew the whole time, and never said why
She felt my pain herself and helped me hold my head high
The nicest folks are those who know the throes of crisis
Though I know it's crime to twist her life to fit my own devices
Why's it so hard to mourn, and then try to learn by this
But lights that burn shortest
Are the lights that burn brightest[Chorus] Our 8th grade yearbook page for dedicating songs wasn't long
Even in a school eleven hundred strong
The yearbook advertised for months, but when it's said and done
Crissie bought six, the third most of anyone

Alvin got "Your Faith in Me" by Jessica Simpson
Pebbles got Richard Marx's ballad "At the Beginning"
It feels like sloppy poetry the way her life would end
After sending Mariah Carrey's "Any Time You Need a Friend"
But corniness is honesty that's wrapped in cliché
And most slow jam lyrics aren't shit I'm brave enough to say without a smirk
But before she went to dirt she left us finally
"I Will Remember You" to Geoff, Mike, Bry and me
You can plot if you must
Say it's obviously fate, or explain that God is just
But all I know is that until my body's dust
I will try to think of her as much as Crissie thought of us
This one goes out to Christina

Songwriters

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