

Last Song

Olin & The Moon

Yeah, I got your letter, right on time,
I didn't wanna know what was inside,
I just looked at the envelope,
And the way you wrote my name
And my stomach burned,
And my throat hurt,
Cos I already knew exactly what you wrote,
You said you're not in love,
But you love me,
Just not the way you want.

So I'm sorry 'bout every song that I ever wrote for you,
I know it's selfish, but what was I s'posed to do?
But I think there's one more thing,
That I can do for you,
I can make this the last song I ever write for you.

I hope New York City, can put you to sleep,
Cos you never get to fall asleep with me,
So just write when you can,
And if I get it, I'll write back and say hello.
And as for me, I'll put a record on and drink,
And hopefully pass out watching it spin,
But don't let me make you feel bad,
I promise, everything is good.

I'm just sorry 'bout every song that ever wrote to you,
I know it's selfish, but what was I s'posed to do?
But I think there's one more thing, that I can do for you,
I can make this the last song I ever write to you.

So I'll just burn all the fantasies with hurt,
And keep the memories locked up,
And it's gonna hurt and if it gets any worse
I'll just try not to think about her, anymore.

But I'm sorry 'bout every song that I ever wrote for you,
I know it's selfish, but what was I s'posed to do?
But I think there's one more thing, that I can do for you,
I can make this the last song I ever write for you.

Lyrics submitted by Rachael Thomas.

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