

Logan To Government Center

Brand New

Consider this the letter that I never sent
However inconsiderate it seems
Do you still consider me?
Consider me the boy you laughed with
Or you learned to live without?
I suck
I know I'm late
I know you waited
You wouldn't get me on the phone
And you couldn't make me not alone
The phone bill's are all stacked up
By my bedside
With your picture
Looking surprised
You're what makes
New England so great
My island nights are all spent dying
Wait for summer
To become wrought with lips
(My wishful thinking) You wouldn't get me on the phone
And you couldn't make me not alone
Yeah you wouldn't get me
You wouldn't get me
You wouldn't get me on the phone
I never thought this day would end
(Never thought this day would end)
I never thought tonight could ever be
This close to me
So let my hands stray
Past the boundaries of your back
And get you breathing
We'll get you started

Songwriters

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