

Book of Love

Jimmy Eat World

I wasn't worried about the small things
Tried to bury what they might or could of meant
And as far away as you could get, as distant as you've ever been
You still love me
The book of love is fiction
Written by the loneliest to sing
Thinking led to in the best
Learning things they should forget
Until the end
So maybe we should plan then
Of who would go, and who would stay, and when
Until one of us can say it like it is
You've already made your own bed
Can you tell me what just happened
Where's my girlfriend with her ancient pindred lime
I pick you up on a Wednesday night
Go out for our secret drive
Like we were kids
Will we be alright
I have never doubted it before my friend
Are they ever coming back again
Those feelings that we started with
I'll give it time
And maybe we should plan then
Of who will go, and who will stay, and when
Until one of us can say it like it is
You've already made your own bed
I deserve the truth
But I'm so afraid of what It'd do
Finally seeing us for how it really is
I've been alone just never noted
Its time we had a plan then
Of who will go, and who will stay, and when
Until one of us can say it like it is
You've already made your own bed
I deserve the truth
But I'm so afraid of what It'd do
Finally seeing us for how it really is
I've been alone just never noted

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