

Part II:

Our Last Night

you know what? I think I've finally broken free.
I've finally finished this boring movie, but thank you for casting me,
and for this somewhat shocking ending.
I'm not good at this whole main character thing.
Now I look back at this bridge I crossed after I've strapped dynamite
to the supports and given the signal to the wrecking ball.
We yell lets blow this to pieces. We demolish it.
I couldn't go back if I wanted to, so we learn something new everyday.
This confusing thing is getting old.
Oh come on, you gotta love when certain people play games when no one else wants play.
Oh, and I almost forgot that none of this matters anymore... and I couldn't careless.
Why cant anyone ever get that right? I did the telling, you did the wrecking.
Don't worry, I'm not mad, things turned out just fine.
But while were on the subject of wrecking, I'll sign the papers to finish this.
And while you're doing God knows what with who gives a shit, I'll be happy now.
"I could tell you what I'm thinking, but it could wreck what we have."
And come to think of it, I was right all along.

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