

# Goodbye

## Best Coast

My highs are high

My lows are low

And I don't know which way to go

Every time you leave this house, everything falls apart I can't get myself off the couch

I don't wanna talk to anyone else

Every time you leave this house,

Everything falls apart I lost my job

I miss my mom

I wish my cat could talk

Every time you leave this house, everything falls apart Well, I don't love you, and I don't hate you

I don't know how I feel

Well, I don't love you, but I don't hate you

I don't know how I feel

I don't know how I feel

I don't know how I feel And nothing makes me happy

Not even T-V or a bunch of weed

Every time you leave this house, everything falls apart And every time you go away, I feel like I could cry  
But I would never really cry because you're the worse at goodbyes

You're the worse at goodbyes

You're the worse at goodbyes

Goodbyes, at goodbyes

Goodbyes, at goodbyes

Goodbyes, at goodbyes

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