

Sharon Van Etten, Leonard

There he goes.
He finally closed the door.
I turn the lock feeling more confused than before
What gives?
I thought that you would love more.
Now you're a coward, sure.
Then he rings.
Look in his eyes.
He loves you.

Well, well
I am bad.
Well, well, hell.
I am bad.

He's smart.
He leaves me wanting more,
Knowing that I gave less
And knowing why.
Time,
Time is what I would need.
Full of myself, indeed
Just walk away,
Surprised
He loved you.

Well, well
I am bad.
Well, well, hell
I am bad at loving.

Trust.
You know that I trusted you
But I could not let you do
To just fall in,
Try.
I wanted to try for you,
Wanted to die for you
Dramatic things,
The Lies...
I loved you.

Well, well.
I am bad
Well, well, hell
I am bad at loving you.