

Out Of Love

Reference number PT0425

When you fall out of love, there is so much to do.
There are so many closets to clean.
There are boxes to stack, dreams to take back,
ultimatums to say and not to mean.
When you fall out of love, first you sob, then you sigh,
and you wonder how phone bills can get up that high.
And you think to yourself that you really did try.
You really did, really did try.

When you fall out of love, there's a lot to explain.
There are so many angles to spin.
Was it him? Was it me?
Either way now I'm free,
though I don't know quite how to begin.
Do I let down my hair? Do I put on a show?
Do I go to a bar and kiss boys I don't know?
As it finally sinks in that you really did go.
You really did, really did go.

You can tell your friends I was too crazy.
I'll inform mine you were never around.
Who knew that there would be so many ways
for beating this into the ground.
Tell the whole office you never loved me.
I'll tell the lunch room I never loved you.
Isn't it funny how all of it, none of it,
all of it, none of it's true?

When you fall out of love, it's an absolute mess.
Still the lessons are painfully clear.
There is hurt to endure.
But I think that I'm sure that it's part of the reason we're here.
And your heart starts to crack, and you feel less than whole,
but you realize the earth still spins round on its pole.
And you learn you can function with half of a soul.
And you're wanting to scream.
But you don't say a word.
When you fall out of love.
At least, that's what I've heard.