Long were the nights when My days once revolved around you Counting my footsteps Praying the floor won't fall through again And my mother accused me of losing my mind But I swore I was fine You paint me a blue sky Then go back and turn it to rain And I lived in your chess game But you changed the rules everyday Wondering which version of you I might get on the phone tonight Well, I stopped pickin' up and this song is to let you know why Dear John, I see it all now that you're gone Don't you think I was too young to be messed with? The girl in the dress cried the whole way home I should've known Well, maybe it's me And my blind optimism to blame Or maybe it's you and your sick need To give love and take it away And you'll add my name to your long list of traitors Who don't understand And I look back in regret how I ignored when they said "Run as fast as you can" Dear John, I see it all now that you're gone Don't you think I was too young to be messed with? The girl in the dress cried the whole way home Dear John, I see it all now, it was wrong Don't you think nineteen's too young To be played by your dark, twisted games when I loved you so? I should've known You are an expert at sorry and keeping lines blurry Never impressed by me acing your tests All the girls that you've run dry have tired lifeless eyes 'Cause you burned them out But I took your matches before fire could catch me So don't look now I'm shining like fireworks over your sad empty town Oh, oh| Dear John, I see it all now that you're gone Don't you think I was too young to be messed with? The girl in the dress cried the whole way home I see it all now that you're gone Don't you think I was too young to be messed with? The girl in the dress wrote you a song You should've known You should've known Don't you think I was too young? You should've known