My, my, my, my My, my, my, my My, my, my, my My, my, my, my My, my, my, my My, my, my, my My, my, my, my My, my, my, my Saying goodbye is death by a thousand cuts Flashbacks waking me up I get drunk, but it's not enough ’Cause the morning comes and you're not my baby I look through the windows of this love Even though we boarded them up Chandelier's still flickering here ’Cause I can't pretend it's okay when it's not It's death by a thousand cuts I dress to kill my time, I take the long way home I ask the traffic lights if it'll be alright They say, "I don't know" And what once was ours is no one's now I see you everywhere, the only thing we share Is this small town You said it was a great love, one for the ages But if the story’s over, why am I still writing pages?| ’Cause saying goodbye is death by a thousand cuts Flashbacks waking me up I get drunk, but it's not enough ’Cause the morning comes and you're not my baby I look through the windows of this love Even though we boarded them up Chandelier's still flickering here 'Cause I can’t pretend it's okay when it's not It's death by a thousand cuts My heart, my hips, my body, my love Tryna find a part of me that you didn't touch Gave up on me like I was a bad drug Now I'm searching for signs in a haunted club Our songs, our films, united we stand Our country, guess it was a lawless land Quiet my fears with the touch of your hand Paper cut stings from our paper-thin plans My time, my wine, my spirit, my trust Tryna find a part of me you didn't take up Gave you so much, but it wasn't enough But I'll be alright, it's just a thousand cuts I get drunk, but it's not enough 'Cause you're not my baby I look through the windows of this love Even though we boarded them up Chandelier's still flickering here 'Cause I can't pretend it's okay when it's not No, it's not It's death by a thousand cuts (You didn't touch)| Tryna find a part of me that you didn't touch My body, my love, my trust (It's death by a thousand cuts) But it wasn't enough, it wasn't enough, no, no I take the long way home I ask the traffic lights if it'll be alright They say, "I don't know"