I wrote over a long period of time, maybe a year or so. It's about the duality of doing favors for someone you love, and being taken advantage of.

ask nicely

florence nightingale didn't intend
to tumble like I did, I thought you were my friend
two wrongs don't make a right,
your kiss is worse than your bite
albeit I'm a victim of my own decision

I'll only say this once, I'm asking you politely
decide what you want and then ask for it nicely

somehow,
I still remember your exit off the freeway
I can recollect why you hate your birthday
and yet,
you've got the nerve to call me at night
out of the blue, tell me book a flight
but in the morning without warning
you disappear
the damage by not being here
I told you politely, ask for it nicely

yes I've been known to do things like this
break my own heart just to reminisce
only the good die this young
but nothing good feels this fun
every so often I walk right into a coffin

I'll only say this once, I'm asking you politely
Decide what you want, and then ask for it nicely

(chorus)

tear my heart up, we won't regret it
at best, in my photo you look apathetic
that's ok if it's your religion
loving is not a black and white decision
strange how I started to feel like a burden
it's why none of your songs are about one person
I knew you, so I know you, so I know who you'll be