I wrote this song while living in the Andes Mountains in Ecuador about a very on & off relationship from home that followed me there.

the cord

you were right I hate you now
mister cold shoulder
well christ, now its over
you never text, you don't call
and I can't blame that on you
I left
I ran
history we can't undo

probably I chipped at your conscience
probably I fractured that promise
you could've chased me if you wanted
but when I left, I left you haunted
heavy head that wears the crown
why do you think I left town?
I couldn't keep finding reasons
stop myself from catching feelings

maybe I make you feel guilty
maybe I make me empty
neither is really fair
stop texting me like you still care

you were right a line was crossed
two ships in the night got lost
someone with a steadier course
could have pulled the cord right from the source
drowned in what you flooded me under
I burned like lightning
crashed like thunder

what can I do that hasn't been done before?
I could show up in the rain at your front door
But I'm quiet, let things simmer down
how do I know you even want me around