

Song About You

Owen Danoff

Well I swore I was done, so I am
I'm through bleeding the ink from my pens
Trying to prove something, to I don't know who,
Maybe myself
I wrote pages and pages of lines
Full of bravado that felt like a lie
But this one is different, this one is new
'Cause this isn't a song about you

Well a man must be true to his word
And I said I was past feeling hurt
So if there's a tear in my eye
It must be a drop
That fell from the sky
I've spent hours, and wasted my time
Fitting my heart into music and rhyme
But when I sing this tune, no matter what they conclude
This isn't a song about you

No, this isn't a song about the long lonely hours
I spend waiting to fall asleep
And this isn't a tune about how much I miss having you close
Every day of the week
And good thing I don't see you in shadows, and faces,
And my heart doesn't skip in my chest,
'Cause then I'd be a mess,
And then what would I do?

Well, I swore I was done, so I am
And I'll keep telling, and telling, and telling myself 'til it's true
And it has to be true
This isn't a song about you