

# Confetti

Lori McKenna

The number to the house is on the door  
But every time you open it as if you are not sure  
If you even live here anymore,  
Anymore... I know what you're about to say  
I know that look there on your face  
But I'm tired of reading your mind this way  
So why don't you say it. You're tearing me up inside,  
Tearing me up inside.  
It feels like something in me died,  
Feels like something in me died.  
All of the bright colors that lived inside of me  
Are now just tiny little pieces  
Of what we used to be  
And it just feels like...  
Confetti...

I remember on our wedding day  
Thinking that all of those flowers would all just fade away  
And it seemed like such a waste  
Of beauty... Now you're tearing me up inside,  
Tearing me up inside.  
It feels like something in me died,  
Feels like something in me died.  
All of the bright colors that lived inside of me  
Are now just tiny little pieces  
Of what we used to be  
And it just feels like...  
Confetti... Isn't it a crying shame  
That nothing ever stays the same?  
I can't fit into that wedding dress  
Or be 23 again.  
But you're looking at me now  
Like you don't know who I am...  
And it's tearing me up inside,  
Tearing me up inside.  
It feels like something in me died,  
Feels like something in me died.  
All of the bright colors that lived inside of me  
Are now just tiny little pieces  
Of what we used to be  
And it just feels like... Confetti...

