

Fictional – Khloe Rose

Well, I guess the third time's not a charm
Nursing a three times broken heart
And down the rabbit hole again
I put myself in another world
Where I can be any other girl
'Cause I don't really wanna face it
'Cause, if it isn't real
You can pretend all you want
It's all you'll ever need
"That's not healthy, " they said
"To live in your head"
But it hurts a lot less to me
I fall in love with boys I see on a TV screen
The ones in books who are as perfect
As they can be
I spend all of my time imagining
What it would be like if they existed
My parents tell me
I should look for one in real life
But I get let down by both
The bad boys and the nice guys
I'm tired of giving more than I receive
So I'll just stick to the boys
Who don't know me
Oh, I hid his number, I almost called
Like, maybe he's hurting after all
I can't afford to be that naïve
I'll just keep wishing it was me
In that ending scene
Where they're meeting up halfway
And they're kissing in the rain
It's a little bit cliché
But I love it anyway
'Cause it's better than
When you're walking home
And the rain starts pouring

But you're all alone
I fall in love with boys I see on a TV screen
The ones in books who are
As perfect as they can be
I spend all of my time imagining
What it would be like if they existed
My parents tell me
I should look for one in real life
But I get let down both
The bad boys and the nice guys
I'm tired of giving more than I receive
So I'll just stick to the boys
Who don't know me
I'd rather keep on dreaming
Of someone I'll never meet
Than give love to another one
Who won't choose me
I'd rather keep on dreaming
Of someone I'll never meet
Than give love to another
One who won't choose me
I fall in love with boys I see on a TV screen
The ones in books who are
As perfect as they can be
I spend all of my time imagining
What it would be like If they existed
My parents tell me I should
Look for one in real life
But I get let down by
Both the bad boys and the nice guys
I'm tired of giving more than I receive
So I'll just stick to the boys
Who don't know me
Ohh-oh-ohh (ohh-oh)
I'm tired of
Giving more than I receive (ohh-oh)
So I'll just stick to the boys
Who don't know me





Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych