

Messy – Lola Young

You know I'm impatient So
Why would you leave me waiting
Outside the station?
When it was like -4 degrees and I
I get what you're saying
I just really don't want To hear it
Right now can you Shut up for like
Once in your life? Listen to me
I took your nice words of advice about
How you think I'm gonna die Lucky
If I turned 33 Okay, so yeah
I smoke like a chimney I'm not skinny and I
Pull a Britney Every other week
But cut me some slack
Who do you want me to be?
'Cause I'm too messy
And then I'm too fucking clean
You told me, "Get a job"
And you ask where the hell I've been
And I'm too perfect
'Til I open my big mouth
I want to be me
Is that not allowed?
And I'm too clever
And then I'm too fucking dumb
You hate it when I cry
Unless it's that time of the month
And I'm too perfect
'Til I show you that I'm not
A thousand people I could be for you
And you hate the fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot
You hate the fucking lot
You have the fucking lot
It's taking you ages You
Still don't get the hint,

I'm not asking for pages But one text
Or two would be nice and Please,
don't pull those faces When I've been out
Working my arse off all day
It's just one bottle of wine or two
But hey, you can't even talk
You smoke weed just to help you sleep
Then why you're out,
Getting stoned at 4 o'clock
And then you come home to me
And don't say hello
'Cause I got high again
And forgot to fold my clothes
'Cause I'm too messy
And then I'm too fucking clean
You told me, "Get a job"
And you ask where the hell I've been
And I'm too perfect
'Til I open my big mouth
I want to be me
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Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych