

# Messy – Lola Young

You know I'm impatient  
So why would you leave me  
Waiting outside the station?  
When it was like minus four 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 thirty-three  
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  
Hey, hey

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 four 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  
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Ooohh, and I'm too messy  
And then I'm too fucking clean  
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And you ask  
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'Til I open my big mouth  
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Słowa: Conor Dickinson, Lola Young  
Muzyka: Conor Dickinson, Lola Young  
Rok wydania: 2024