

walk of shame

Darren Criss

Walk of shame
What a thing to be called, what a name
It ain't right
It ain't true on this beautiful day
'Cause there's a soul that's in my heart
And it's started from the moment
I departed from your bedside, I know
I tried to go without you knowing I had gone

Oh my God
What a night, thanks for that, thanks a lot
There's a pride
In my stride as a I ride on the subway to my stop
And though I look a little rough
Tuck my shirt in, fix my cuff
I can't complain
This ain't the walk of shame

I said last night to you I had a morning
A morning for which I could not be late
You said that you appreciate the warning
You poured me so more wine
And said then there's no time to waste

And although
It's a pain that the train's running slow
I don't care
They can wait, the don't know
That there's a smile on my face
From this melody you made
So fuck the way that people talk
Fuck my nine to five o'clock

I can say that this ain't walk of shame