

Cool Kid

Abe Parker

Yeah, I don't got a light, sorry, I don't smoke
I don't hit the club, sorry, not my zone
You know it's not my zone
I thought you were my type, guess I got you wrong
I thought I was your friend, not your stepping stone
Stepping stone

So have fun being the cool kid, cool kid, cool kid
Let me know how it goes for ya, whoa
I get allergic to stupid, stupid, stupid
But I hope that it works for ya
I hope that it works for ya
Have fun being the
Cool kid, cool kid

Blowing all your cash, puking in the lot
Waking up with somebody you forgot
Try to laugh it off, tell me sorry but
This doesn't sound like you
Guess you like friends that are gonna backstab you
Guess it's the new you I gotta get used to
Knock yourself out, but I'd rather not come through

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The more I say stop, the more you run
It's almost like you love being told you're wrong
It's almost like you need me to play along
I guess you made your choice, I guess you're gone
I won't be making time if you made your mind now
Closing all your doors, you ain't gotta lock me out
Soon you're gonna see these things come 'round, 'round, 'round
They come around, 'round, 'round
They come around, 'round, 'round

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