

You Think I Think I Sound Like God

Amy Shark

I wonder what I am made of
I got a hundred old secrets locked up inside my old teenage bra
in
You put me underneath the Christmas tree
I still want you to believe in infinity
Just because
And I'm breaking my back just to run into you
What part of me are you just not attracted to?

My voice is all that I got
You think that I think I sound like God
But I got the microphone and you don't
Got all the right words up in my throat
And I stepped out of line with myself
And I opened my eyes to someone else

Truth is I wrecked a home and a house
It beats me up when I remember making out in cars
If that light is not turning green
I'd rather feel your teenage breath on me anyday

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And I just want to go outside with you
I just want to talk to you
Cause talking's what I'm good at
Yeah it's what I'm good at
Let me take you over
Let me get you sober
And out of these wet clothes
You got a bloody nose
You're fighting over me again
But you know you're my best friend
Nobody's breaking that trend
Just want to go outside with you
Let me go outside with you