

# 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 brain  
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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You think that I think I sound like God  
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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