

Staring at my phone for the fifth time this evening thinking
Is she gonna make me call, or make this easy
Got me wondering like which side of the coin I'm gonna get tonight
It's hell or heaven either way I won't put up a fight

I know she knows she's got me in the palm of her hand, whoa-oh
I guess I'm only good enough when she says I am

She's so sweet
Only when she needs
Something from me
I love the way that her halo is hiding her horns

Bringing knives to a pillow fight
Just cause she likes
To put me down so low
But what she don't know is that it gets me high
High

Sometimes you're beggin' me just to spend the day skin to skin
Next thing I know you show me the door and it's five am
Nothing's really worth it if it's only ever easy, right
Your hell is heaven and I think you're showing me the light

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High
High
High

Waking up between your legs and reading in between the lines
You call it torture, I call it paradise
You tell me to jump, the only question I got left on my mind
Is how high?

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