

I get a little jealous of success
But I don't really try 'cause I don't give it my best
I've got someone in mind to help fix it
To her, it's just the same old day, the same old shit

She's so sweet, her heart's on fire
She's just preachin' to the choir
Her lips so soft, her tongue could sear
But she's just not that crystal clear

'Cause I don't drink, I don't fight
I just choose wrong over right
Desperation's not my type
And I'm trying to get it right
I don't call this the fall if we call this love at all
Come on, baby, tell me everything that's running through your skull
Come on, baby, tell me everything

I never had a love to call a friend
Could never really justify a means to an end
And I don't ever wanna wake up cold
I guess it's from the secrets that I sold

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I've been movin' in circles, trying to find the right vocals
To tell you now that all the things we learned in church
Won't help us now, whoa-whoa
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