

Vanilla

Avery Anna

Picked you up on time on a Friday night
Said he'd have you home by 10:00, it's 10:05
You pulled off on the side to watch the stars
Thought you'd have a heart-to-heart
Then it starts to cross the line, you change your mind

If he says, "Don't be so vanilla, baby"
Hand on your leg in the back seat of his car
I've been through the same thing
I know you're in love, but you don't have to go that far
He can drive you home
You can take it slow
If you tell him, "No," it don't make you vanilla, baby

I cried on my closet floor for hours
'Cause I let him turn my sweetness into sour
Like it was easy
I was his trophy
Changed me completely
I wish someone told me

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Hand on your leg in the back seat of his car
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I know you're in love, but you don't have to go that far
He can drive you home
You can take it slow
If you tell him, "No," it don't make you vanilla, baby

Hold onto yourself, girl, that's important
Takin' your sweet time don't make you boring

Ooh, don't be so vanilla, baby
Hand on your leg in the back seat of his car
I've been through the same thing
I know you're in love, but you don't have to go that far
He can drive you home
You can take it slow
If you tell him, "No," it don't make you vanilla, baby