

Tragic

Bailey Bryan

I would like to say, "I got it"
Good grip on the change like pocket
But I move too fast for love, it don't last
Like the last time, on the way home
It wasn't a long drive, long enough to know, so

Don't wait up for me, I've got a long way to go
Go get what you need, I'll be getting gone
Know what it could be, maybe in another life
Don't wait up for me, I'll be fine

It's just tragic, tragic
This shit could be magic
Dancing, laughing
Hold my hand in traffic
Then pause and panic
'Cause I can't break the habit
Run from love 'cause
I ain't ever had it

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'm like
Yeah, yeah, yeah, ohh

Probably why I wanna cry when I realize how much I like you
Other guys fillin' time so I don't mind not being beside you
(But I do)
At my best when I don't care
Pay my rent and I don't share
You want a bitch with the long hair?
I'll cut it off (so you don't)

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Go get what you need, I'll be getting gone
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