

Torn Apart, Pt. II

Bastille

We were born to be together
Torn apart, torn apart
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My yin and yang is killin' me
Gotta get back, back to the synergy
Don't forget where I been but you're gonna remember
When I shake-a-shake my ass like a leaf of September
Buddy I, I don't mean to kill your vibe
But if you got it, you get it
And I've been getting this shit for a long time

Happiness only brings heartache I'm so beyond naughty
And if you don't like it, then why do you want me?
I see ya, don't front if I tickle the strings on your heart
You play second fiddle to my instrumental
Your critical nature departs in the middle of all of my riddles
You've given up trying and now you just tear me apart, ah!