

## gauche

Bea Miller

I know I'm a mess  
I fuck up everything I do  
Spill coffee on my dress  
Forget words when I'm talkin' to you

I get down so bad, I'm under the floorboards  
I try to be cool but only get warmer  
And when I try to fight it  
I just feel like I'm lyin'  
'Cause I'm a mess, but at least I'm tryin'  
At least I'm tryin'

I-I-I-I-I-I  
I know you're impressed  
The way I make it look so hard  
I stumble when I step  
See a pretty face and wreck my car

And I get down so bad, sink into the pavement, mm  
I try to be cool, that's an understatement  
But when I try to fight it  
I just feel like I'm lyin' 'cause  
'Cause I'm a mess, but at least I'm tryin'

I'm tryin', at least  
I'm a mess, but at least I'm tryin'  
Say I'm a mess, but at least I'm tryin'  
I'm tryin', I'm tryin', oh  
But I always just fuck it up, yeah  
I'm a mess, but at least I'm tryin'  
At least I'm tryin'

I-I-I-I, mm  
Mm, ah  
Ah-ah, yeah, da-da, na-na-na, mm  
I'm sorry, I'll keep tryin'  
Mm