

Dye It Red

beabadoobee

Kiss my ass, you don't know jack
And if you say you understand you don't
You don't
You don't
You don't

Fuck me, only when I'm keen
Not according to your beer
Your beer
Your beer
Your beer

So let me be what I've wanted to be

So let me cut my hair and dye it red if I want to
I haven't found myself so comfortable
I'm not stopping now

Touch me as if you mean it
Because I'm getting tired of being all alone
Alone
Alone
Alone

And if it's not for you guess I'll find it on my own

So let me cut my hair and dye it red if I want to
I haven't found myself so comfortable
I'm not stopping

Think I'd be better off alone
Now that I had some time to think
I've had to put up with your shit
When you're not even that cute

And maybe it's time to change my ways
But that doesn't include you

Let me cut my hair and dye it red if I want to
I haven't found myself so comfortable
I'm not stopping

Think I'd be better off alone
Now that I had some time to think
I've had to put up with your shit
When you're not even that cute

That cute
That cute
That cute