Lines

bülow

Another weekend, oh
I was with my friends at a show
While you were sneaking, oh
You forgot you said you'd drive me home
So took a taxi home, cold and alone
In the dark on my own
So we're not speaking, no
Read between the silence on the phone

I'm not the kind of girl that would go flipping you off
But you're the kind of guy that gives nothing while taking it all
You'll be acting like you don't know what you did that was wrong
So I hope you pay attention while I'm singing this song

Lines (ooh), there's a thing called lines (ooh)
And I said I don't care but maybe I might
Baby there's a thing called lies (ooh), but yours aren't white (ooh)
I wrote your sorries down and I cross them out
A thing called lines (ooh), lines (ooh)
Lines (ooh), there's a thing called lines

My girl was swipin' through
Funny how she came across you
So she swiped right on you
Didn't think you'd swipe right too
I've had about enough, losing trust
And there's nothing left to do
You put a hex on us
And you've got a lot to undo

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So this is it, your final strike
I've given you chances, you're a lucky guy
Love is pure, it's kerosene
Neither of us are perfect, but you are just being mean
So cross my heart, leave me to die
Stick a needle in my eye
Fool me once, fool me twice
One more time, then you've crossed the

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