

# It's Cool

Cailin Russo

Babe what you runnin' from?  
Ya loaded gun  
You say you're Mr. Wrong  
Brown eyes in front of me  
Carry sympathy  
Thicker than the smoke in your lungs

And darling I try  
To justify  
All of these fires you put me through  
Now roses won't bloom  
It's all 'cause of you  
I don't need anyone but me

Baby, it's cool  
Yea, I know  
We ain't got no second chance  
Baby, it's cool  
'Cause we know  
We dance in young romance  
Baby, it's fine  
That we don't  
Get the same high as the first time  
Baby, it's cool  
'Cause I know  
We ain't got no second chance

Downtown every night  
Stay lit to disguise  
All this shit on my mind  
Now all my tears that fall  
All the tears that fall  
I catch them every time

Now these records are all that I've got  
Keep wet hands inside of my pocket  
Now these records are all that I got  
And they won't play no more

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