

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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