

# Hangover

Cassadee Pope

Hit me out of nowhere  
Like a car crash on the street  
Suddenly colliding into me  
Now I'm broken, bruised and beat up  
Tangled in my sheets  
How can this feel so bad when you seem so good for me?

Oh my God  
What's wrong with my head  
Sweating with the chills  
Still in my bed  
Tell me how I'll ever make it through  
It's the short hellos  
And the long goodbyes  
The shake in my lip from the look in your eyes  
Makes me want to die  
I've got the worst hangover from you

Swimming in the deep end trying to keep from turning blue  
Danger, danger, hoping not to drown  
Sinking in the quicksand just to walk right up to you  
You're so easy to pick up  
And so hard to put down

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All that I really wanted was a  
Habit I could drop anytime that I wanted to  
And what I really got was you

(And no medicine is gonna cut it)

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