

Guilty Pleasure

Chappell Roan

Learned it on the internet
Wheels turning in my head
Think back to what you said
And I turn red, I'm turning red

Wild thoughts that make me melt
A good hit below the belt
Sometimes I scare myself
But I can't help what I can't help

So shame on me and shame on you
I fantasize what we would do
And how would he taste and the way you move
Oh, some good girls do bad things too

I want this like a cigarette
Can we drag it out and never quit? And
Oh my God, you are heaven-sent
With your dirty mind, yeah, you're perverted
You give me guilty, guilty pleasure
You give me guilty, guilty pleasure

Feels like pornography watching you try on jeans
You're a pothead, you're a cinephile
It's been awhile since you turned up the dial

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You give me guilty, guilty pleasure
You give me guilty, guilty pleasure
You give me guilty, guilty pleasure
You give me guilty, guilty pleasure, pleasure, pleasure, pleasure...
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