

# HURT

CHIKA

Cross my T's, dot my I's  
Make my bed, draw my blinds  
Grieve the sun and tell the skies  
This is going to hurt

Love hits like an edible  
For some time, incredible  
Like physics, it's inevitable  
That this going to hurt

Woeful, captive, foolish game  
Know it always ends the same  
Bloody hands, yourself to blame  
This is going to hurt