# 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


Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!