

Bags

Clairo

Every second counts
I don't want to talk to you anymore
All these little games
You can call me by the name I gave you
Yesterday

Every minute counts
I don't want to watch TV anymore
Can you figure me out?
Just doin' this to waste more time on the couch

Can you see me I'm waiting for the right time
I can't read you but if you want, the pleasure's all mine
Can you see me using everything to hold back
I guess this could be worse
Walking out the door with your bags
Walking out the door with your bags
Walking out the door with your bags
Walking out the door with your bags

Pour your glass of wine
Mitchell told me I should be just fine
Cases under the bed
Spill it open let it rush to my head

I don't want to be forward
I don't want to cut corners
Savor this with everything I have inside me
I'm not the type to run
I know that we're having fun
But what's the rush?
Kissing and my cheeks are so flushed

Tell you how I felt
Sugar coated melting in your mouth
Pardon my emotions
I should probably keep it all to myself
Know you'd make fun of me
Know you'd make fun of me
Know you'd make fun of me
Know you'd make fun of me

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