Management

Clairo

Mom, would you give me a ring?
One for the ride and one for the magazines?
She's only twenty-two

A flash to the upbringing
Of the child, the canine
What will become mine
Once I decide to leave?

Seek to take and give it all away
Once you know it's only a maze
There could be more days like today

Complain to the management
About my lack of self respect
Fast forward to when I have friends
And men who don't interject
Harping over old regrets
Hating how I let it get
To me

Only for a short while
I'm bound to lose my head
And just when I start to think it's ended
Another demand commences
I'm doing it for my future self
The one who needs more attention
I'll forget to forgive and hold it all in
I'm old with some resentment

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