

Phone Me

CMAT

I give my sleep, hair's off my head
Fillet of a 7Up
Need to raise Cassandra from the dead
I'm godless, but I got a hunch

A weird drink in the fridge, a late night in the gym
We'll probably get in and not even see each other
New word that you use, a faint scuff of the shoes
It's not much, but I know, then you say
"Cass, you're a liar and worse
The kind of woman who hurts
Just stick it in and quit the questioning"
Aw, how can I figure it out?
Becky Vardy's account
I went for dinner with her yesterday

Phone me, baby, phone me
I'm crazy, but I'm never wrong
Phone me, baby, phone me
Does my affliction turn you on?

She finds no proof, I feel so weak
Uh, because I couldn't do
Every little thing you asked of me
Like every girl before me too

Another drink in the fridge, really late nights in the gym
We'll probably get in and not even see each other
Another word that you use, a big scuff on the shoes
It's not much but I know, I know
Aw, I bet you'd buy me a horse
Made of wood, and of course
I'd know what's up and keep it anyways
Oh, I wish that I was the man
I could know who I am
Have control again and better days

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Turn you on