

Hiding with Boys

Creeper

Overtired/overthink
Club nights and cheap drinks
Do you ever think of me the way I think about you?
Lately I'm on the brink
I stand up and slowly sink
Into the pavement below and if I ever die I'll have someone let you know

It was all your fault

Hiding with the boys in your bedroom
Hiding the evidence of dying youth
Under cigarettes and stale perfume

Approaching midnight
In teenage twilight
Black hair and skinny jeans
Alert your parent's porch light
Oh, when we met last spring
We had such a pretty thing
We fade like a Polaroid
I'm all things you were taught to avoid

I'm clothes you never wear
I'm yours but you don't care

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Hiding the evidence of dying youth
Under cigarettes and stale perfume

Hiding with the boys in your bedroom
Hiding the evidence of dying youth
Under cigarettes and stale perfume

In your bedroom
In your bedroom
In your bedroom

Lie on your bed, lie through your teeth
(Loving you is killing me, loving you is killing me)
Lie on your bed, lie to me
(Loving you is killing me, loving you is killing me)
Lie on your bed, lie through your teeth
(Loving you is killing me, loving you is killing me)
Lie on your bed, lie to me
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