

Makes You Weak

Crush Luther

You got the softest lips and the coldest kiss
The softest lips and the coldest kiss
You may never remember this
But once I was your happiness
You get one ticket to anywhere
You chose the boy with the dark brown hair
But you changed directions like lovers do
Well sometimes he still thinks of you
And I think you try too hard to move along
Just passed the motions that you need to, to move on
So you move to the coast where it's a little bit colder
With your old jeans and your old striped sweater
That you won't wear 'cause it takes you back there
And he sits with a leg crossed up on your shoulder
Stupid little thing that you messed up on
Stupid little boy that you done wrong
And it makes you weak