

Dramatic

Dasha

I've been screaming in my room
Bet my neighbours think I'm loud
But it feels good to cuss you out
I bite my tongue, but what did you expect?
Need to act like this was fun
That you didn't cross the line
Like you did nothing wrong, so

Go tell your friends that I'm fucked in the head
That I'm running my mouth to spite you
I'm making it up, making things just for fun
Oh, 'cause that's just what I do

So call me a bitch and I wouldn't blame you
I lost my shit, but you'd do the same too
If tables turned, then I would be laughing
'Cause you'd be the mess, with the same reaction
'Cause there's no holding back when you get hurt
They'll say I went mad, but just for the record
You called the shots, you made this happen
These are the facts, don't call me dramatic

Guess you like to get around
I don't know why I'm surprised
All these other girls that you had on the side
At least now I know that my instincts were right, so

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But you left your wallet in my car
So I maxed out all your credit cards
Then called your mum and told her everything
And I guess she felt real bad for me
'Cause she gave me your apartment key
And tonight when you bring another girl home, I'll be waiting