

FUCK YOU

Dasha

Is it sweet or sour my name in your mouth?
Sittin' in your shower but it won't wash out
How do you justify your hate for me?
I heard you're on some chit chat but won't admit it
I bet you've always hoped that I wouldn't make it
But jealousy don't make you prettier
You're insecure but you've got the nerve so I hope this hurts

Fuck you, for all of the damage
The least you could do is bring me a bandage
For the knife in my back, that I didn't notice
I was under attack
Now I don't want my best friend back
(I don't want my best friend)

I thought that I could trust you with my confessions
But you turned all my secrets to bloody weapons
"Sorry" won't patch up all the wounds you made
And is your conscious burning, do you feel guilty?
As someone who has morals, it would've killed me
Should probably go and find a therapist
'Cause you've got shit a psychologist can't even fix
(Like, stop being such a fucking bitch, I hate her!)

Fuck you, for all of the damage
The least you could do is bring me a bandage
For the knife in my back, that I didn't notice
'Cause I was too focused watching yours
Fuck you, for all of the damage
The least you could do is bring me a bandage
For the knife in my back, that I didn't notice
I was under attack
Now I don't want my best friend back
I don't want my best friend
I don't want my best friend back (back, back)
I don't want my best friend back