Scuffle

Dessa

Hands are shaking
Radiating doubt and debating
Whether it's worth it
A person is always going to stay
And I've been planning my escape
Mapping out what it would take
I need a rope ladder, a plane ticket
A mess of new mistakes
I got myself in my hands
I'm not sure how to support her
But maybe 55404 is not the only venue for her
Cause if I can't keep my cool in public
You know the mockingbirds, they love that shit
See I'm the starlet of the scandal that's the talk of this tiny town
And every room I enter everybody shuts they mouths
Like I'm so oblivious that I'm downright stunned
Like I can't hear the words you're hiding underneath your tongue
I didn't catch you saying grace, motherfucker
So tell my how does my name taste?
Spit it out, so tell me how does my name taste?

Look at the, look at the way she sits
I bet, I bet she got a basic case of it
She better take herself a notch down
Not quite so proud now
Nobody's gonna pity such a pretty clown
Look at the, look, look at, look at the state she's in
Look, look at the, look at the face she makes, man
I guess I guess that they really really do stay that way

Who the fuck am I? Fat lip
Where the hell did this shit come from?
Friends are behaving like they're allergic to problems
I wanna do it like Boots and the Coup, so true it hurts you
They'd tear this motherfucker up if they really loved you
But let 'em look, point, shit, let 'em laugh
When the chips stacked, know that I got my back
And maybe that makes me my better half
But I know a got a better one to tame my tongue
(And here she comes)

The rumors they are blooming
And the rumors they're all true
A symphony of whispers rising from the fitting room

The rumors they are blooming
And the rumors they're all true
A symphony of whispers rising from the fitting room

So you just let them move their mouths about how you lost your edge
I was sent by you, love, to talk me off this ledge
And I don't care what kind of mess they say your life is in
Mind your business, that's just Dessa talking to herself again
(Mind your own fucking business)

Look at the, look at the way she sits
I bet, I bet she got a basic case of it

She better take herself a notch down
Not quite so proud now
Nobody's gonna pity such a pretty clown
Look at the, look, look at, look at the state she's in
Look, look at the, look at the face she makes, man
I guess I guess that they really really do stay that way

And I don't care about the cool kids at the corner coffee shop
Let them keep that idle talk
You just spread those broken wings
You spread those busted wings
You fucking walk

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!