

## Different

dodie

I wake up on your ceiling  
Something's pulling my hair  
It got caught in the fixture  
I'm not sure should be there

No, that's not where I left you  
Now your bed's on the wall  
Is it morning or is that the light in red?  
No more, no more

God, you really look different  
Did I do something wrong?

Oh, I wouldn't choose you  
Out of a thousand  
God help the girl who gets you  
My beautiful boy  
Twisted and angry  
Bring back the angels

All I loved has gone sour  
Wore it out to the bone  
Think I'll get off the ride now  
And take myself home