

# These Things

dodie

I don't know what happens  
But it must be pretty bad  
When I can't find your eyes, I walk home unsurprised  
I'm smaller - and I'm mad

I'll mourn over a weekend  
And you'll lose me then  
You panic a little  
Then you'll want me again

God knows I love you  
I'll let these things be  
But I don't know if I like you  
When you do these things to me

Now when you touch me  
I curl up my spikes  
But you stroke them down  
And I'll come around as you ask me what I like

And you'll kiss me like I'm everything  
Something in me comes undone  
And I'll wake up in the morning  
Knowing once again you've gone

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To be honest I don't blame you  
Cause when you put me on the side  
I clench my fists like a baby  
Yeah, I scream like a child  
Oh I'll teach you a lesson  
Mark my stupid words  
Maybe I'll break the cycle  
Maybe I'll break you first

God knows you love me  
These things must be true  
But I don't know if you like me  
When I do these things to you