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

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

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

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

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