

Lemonade

Dwellings

Lemonade, beckoning out
What a treacherous person that you doubt being
It's not hard seeing through despise
When you're looking in all the right places
Places, everyone
Everyone would never think to look

Memories, oh, how they like to leave me
And then they're gone
I should've seen this coming all along

You're sweet like lemons
That's sour with hate
This wasn't your doing, but this is your fate
There's no hope for tomorrow, 'cause all hope is gone
I should've seen this coming all along
All along, all along

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