

CROCODILE TEARS

easy life

Taking my time to believe you
Taking my time to believe in all your lies
Looking back we tried and tried
Maybe in another life...

What are we afraid of?
What are we escaping from
We can show 'em what we're made of
I'm not scared of the dark, I just prefer the sun
So let's forget the endless scrolling, bottomless fizzy drinks
Weekends spent in, staring at a screen
I finally paid my dealers back (I don't believe you)
So count your blessings 2-4-7
We've come along way from the Wilfred Crescent
Waiting at the bus stop, running around the Bullring
Tryna hit your phone from the 1-2-7
But I've been stood alone, burning my lungs outside in the queue for the hell of it
All your explanations, no, they've never been relevant
There was me thinking we were cut from the same cloth, thinking you were Heaven-sent
But I'm wrong to assume
I've made an ass out of me and you
And I can tell that you're lying 'cause your lips are moving
Man I wish you'd tell me the truth

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