

And when it rains, it rains
Orange juice and pink lemonade
Is out for a week
She brings her A-game
Is it any wonder why I been feeling so fucked up?
And when it rains, it rains
Orange juice and pink lemonade
Her champagne tears falling heavy on my suede shoes
She left me feeling real fucked up

Sexy missionary from the east
She paints like Picasso
And digs jazzy beats
Sips Guinness, Guru spinning on repeat
These minutes into hours
And these days into weeks
She sits pretty, overthinking her speech
But there ain't nobody else who dare speak
But just don't mess with her parameters
Her old man's in the mafia
A stone-cold killer
All us Englishmen are amateurs

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Lalalalalalalalalalalalalalalaaaaa
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Well, it could be better, could be worse
This mediocrity is just the least I deserve
Cause, I been putting in the work
But does a strong work ethic actually work?
Sometimes I feel I'm sowing seeds just to feed the birds
And these pearlescent pigeons come and scratch up my turf
What's my better nature worth?
Cause I give a little something but get nothing in return

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Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz
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