

# Ain't Right Ain't Wrong

ERNEST

Make it make sense, girl  
Color my wonder like love letters left in the rain  
This city sky slowly turns on through the windows  
And this fire ain't just any old flame  
Between pain pills and phone calls  
Late nights and hard falls  
Heaven knows I'm far from well  
Somehow, this hangover's nothing compared to the way I feel under your spell

Mm, mm, mm  
It ain't good, it ain't bad, it ain't right, it ain't wrong  
Mm, mm, mm  
One minute you're here, and the next one you're gone  
You're on your way, and Lord knows I'm on mine  
Maybe we could stay longer next time  
It ain't fair, but it's true  
It ain't words in a song  
It ain't good, it ain't bad, ain't right, it ain't wrong

Oh, but I wouldn't trade it for the world that God damned  
And drowned in the tears of his own  
'Cause this ain't no house, and these four walls mean nothing  
But wrapped up in you feels like home  
If Hell's made for sinners like me with addictions  
Now, I'm clenching my fist all the way  
'Cause you're too damn pretty, and I'm too damn stubborn  
And neither of us get too afraid

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