

Dysfunctional

Fallulah

You're in the business of burning bridges
Never look back once you've left the scene
You make it hard not to hold my breath
When you're the candle in front of me

You're in the business of cutting ties
A-and you do it so suddenly
You run with scissors like a child
I keep you under my canopy

I did the math
This can never work
I'll be the next in you're line of hurt

Cause what we have is dysfunctional
But maybe I'm not the one to talk
We both get too emotional

I know I carry a lot of stuff

Cause what I know is dysfunctional
But maybe I'm not the one to judge
I wanna change but it's difficult
I guess we'll wait for the lines
For the lines
To cross

You leave me wounded and needing stitches
I follow you like an old routine
You make it hard not to strike a match
When you're the pitcher of gasoline

I did the math
This can never work
Cause I'll be the next in your line of hurt

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I wanna change but it's difficult
I guess we'll wait for the lines to cross

Don't set fire to the rescue boat
It won't hold
It won't hold
Don't set fire to the things you love the most
You love
Don't set fire to the rescue boat
It won't hold
It won't hold
Don't set fire to the things you love the most

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