

Trapped in Dillard's

Foxing

I'm passive to the point of giving up
Don't have a shirt left clean enough to stumble out
So I'm drifting by the woman in the clouds
Of the celebrity cologne

But it won't work like that
Cause nothing works like that
Nothing works like that
Nothing works like

Now I've been trapped here in the mall for too long
Between an exit and a pregnant ex love
She's saying she believes in god again
And it feels nice to think
That someone's watching from above

But it won't work like that
Cause nothing works like that
Nothing works like

Nothing works like that...