

Aloe Vera

Greyson Chance

You reading In Cold Blood
Like the mother fucker that you are
Keep the G&T behind the bar
Grow your own marijuana case the price goes up
Taking quicky little hitties in the parking lot
Reading William S. Burroughs
Like a beatnik freak
Say there's poetry in the way we fall asleep
Grow your own aloe vera case you get burnt
I walk into the room saying
Nobody knows my baby
Baby
Baby
Nobody knows my baby
Baby
Baby
Nobody knows

You're in the sunroom now
With your Parliament and big red lip
Painting like you're on a Pollack trip
Yeah you're so sentimental, it's a bad disease
Haven't seen your wood floor since before last spring
And when the money ain't there
Then you just don't eat
Not like them Silverlake fuckers with their NFTs
Grow your own aloe vera case you get burnt
I walk into the room saying
Nobody knows my baby
Baby
Baby
Nobody knows my baby
Baby
Baby
Nobody knows

1, 2, 3, 4
Nobody knows

Where do you go now?
Back out to the heartland where the color has no bounds?
No, only forward now

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Baby I'm needing something
Baby I need your touching
Baby it's all I'm wanting

Baby I'm needing something
Baby I need your touching
Baby it's all I'm wanting

My baby