

## Ow! (SPLIDAO!) I Like It, Though

Hail the Sun

This encounter's a trap, and I don't even know where it's at  
I've seen self-sabotage one thousand times before  
Do you want me to go? Do you want me to go?  
'Cause you keep calling back  
And I still have to bend the truth; it's not worth upsetting yo  
u  
I've learned to be a shameless liar  
Such forceful accusations and violent conversations  
Help create a war that we keep fighting, 'cause we're soldiers  
in disguise  
We're in disguise  
Adored by superficial Hollywood  
Natural feelings don't feel like they should  
A rotten punchline when the joke's no good  
And just when things start looking better  
I like to kick them to the side  
They say the grass is always greener  
Until I spray the pesticide  
So dysfunctional  
Do you want me to go? Do you want me to go?  
You keep coming back  
We're done  
I still have to bend the truth  
I'm sure it's upsetting you  
We breed a bunch of little liars  
She craves the contents of my loaded gun (Oh, Syrah)  
Squeeze out a round onto your eager tongue  
A gorgeous girl embracing womanhood  
I'm on a date with instant gratitude  
A good hard fuck should fix your attitude  
Caught in a romantic war, we keep on fighting  
'Cause we're soldiers, yeah  
Big bad soldiers, yeah  
Fucking soldiers, soldiers in disguise  
We're in disguise  
Adored by superficial Hollywood  
Natural feelings don't feel like they should  
A rotten punchline when the joke's no good  
And just when things start looking better  
I like to kick you to the side  
They say the grass is always greener  
Until I spray the pesticide  
Syrah Syrah Syrah Syrah Syrah Syrah Syrah Syrah  
You're always looking back