

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