

Winner

Haley Blais

Jenny's got it down in Texas
Goddamn battle of the sexes
My songs will make sense in 30 years

The rocks we eat are getting softer
Someone call a doctor
I'm getting thinner

But you always hold me close and whisper
You always hold me close and whisper
You always hold me close and whisper
"Baby you're a winner"

My heart is trying to touch you
So my hands don't have a use anymore
Education's everybody's business
And you have the highest score

All I wanna do is drink around you you're so boring
But I don't really wanna feel like shit in the morning
Pass me the clippers

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