

Pity Party

Jean Dawson

Seems like street lights going nowhere fast
I can't seem to leave you in the past
I'm Cupid with a shotgun

She was a blonde hair
Blue-yellow eyes light skin
Black-white spice girl
Tie her hair up and fight girl
We used to hook up in the back of her car
When mine wouldn't start
Far is too close and my memory's not sharp
What a butter knife of a night
What if I wasn't in the passenger side
Kickin' my game like Tekken Tag
Switching my play like the second half?
Tell you exactly what you wanna hear
How I'll always be there for you
Even when you know I'm never there for you
Even when you find somebody else
Even when you crying to your friends
How I fucked you a dipped
I never had a problem being transparent

I apologize if I have trouble
Being all you need
Being the air you breath
The smoke in your lungs turns
White eyes pink
I don't need to run
I don't need to love
Street lights turn bright when I
Pull out my gun
And I'm Cupid with a shotgun
I do not love
I don't need you
I do not front
Back then I'd say you was everything

And my phone's on five percent
And I'm halfway through the paragraph about how I only wanted to fuck
Fuck, you got me
And I laughed it off with a cigarette in mouth
Thinking about the girl that's on my couch
That just gave me the sloppy
I'm sorry