

Next Time

JESSIA

I wasn't gonna say this
But it seems to be the last
Thing I hold against you and I wanna make it past
Hating every guy who plays guitar with curly hair
I'm a grown ass woman
Why the fuck am I so scared like?

Your words cut me
Like razors from your teeth and
Your words fucked me
So bad, I'm still sorry that

I'm not your type, oh
Three years gone by, did I forget to mention?
Almost your wife, oh
You run and hide if it's not fuckin' perfect
Go and tell me that you hated every minute
That you took my clothes off and I let you inside
Stupid boy, you take that shit down to your grave
'Cause your words hurt more than pain, if you need advice
Next time, just lie

I hope your parents hear this
So they see just who you are
'Cause I kept my mouth shut and I played my stupid part
But you don't get to say that, oh, it just didn't work out
While I'm crying on the floor, contemplating getting out and

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And you came out the good guy while I had to play pretend
That we're better off as exes, I'm okay with being friends
But I hate your fucking guts, flew halfway 'round the world
Looked at rings in Italy, oh God, we were so good
But you don't do that shit if you don't really mean it
Then you turn around and tell me that you didn't feel it

Next time, just lie