

# POPSICLE

Juliet Simms

You two faced son of a bitch  
You fucking make me sick  
I had to let you think I ate out the palm of your hand  
Cause If you had your way  
I'd be naked, starved, with nothing to say

Is it really all that you see?  
So frozen and weak  
I'd be riding on a popsicle in your fever dream  
Turn me into something I'm not  
A beautiful fraud  
I'm melting the silence the payback is violent

Easy rocket bomb pop  
Gonna make your heart stop  
Easy rocket bomb pop  
Gonna make your heart stop

I ignored all my instincts  
I was worried what you might think  
So you took that and ran with it became the antagonist  
And brought me to my knees  
Daddy would you like it if I sang more like this?  
Put me on the next up pop star hit list  
Fuck that you'll never take this from me

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So frozen and weak  
I'd be riding on a popsicle in your fever dream  
Turn me into something I'm not  
A beautiful fraud  
So I'm melting the silence the payback is violent

Sex sells let's celebrate it  
Let's see how well you'd do  
A tough pill to swallow take it  
Red white and shame on you

Is that really what you think of me?  
I'd be riding on a popsicle your fever dream

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