

Bad Vibes

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You got a new tattoo
Dead on arrival, typed out plainly
You only like bad news
Sleep in your coffin like a baby
Beautiful trees outside
Sky is a bright blue you see storm clouds
Storm clouds

You think it's hot to be sad but it's not
You're an ex prom queen slipping stones in your docs
In a circle of people with fun that's illegal you act like a cop
You're the sequel that sucks
Doors always have their locks
Like why even try when we're already fucked?
Got your hands on a laptop
Face in the mud, just stop

You give me bad vibes
Bad times, bad nights, with you
Yeah I get bad energy
Sick pleasure from you

Rolling a cigarette
When you know that smoking causes cancer
Say that it's just depressing
When basic girls sing Tiny Dancer
Sip all your drinks on ice
No surprise your backyard's filled with stray cats
And that's sad

You think it's cooler to have dark thoughts
Never eat ice cream, only take white drugs
In a circle of people without any reason to love you're a god
I've been screaming a lot
How is the earth so hot
Like why even try when it's already fucked?
Got your hands on a laptop
Face in the mud just stop

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You can't drag me down
You can't drag me down
You can't drag me down
You can't drag me down
'Cause I feel good
Yeah I'm real good
Said I feel good, damn I feel good

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