

Messy

Kalie Shorr

Tall, dark, and type A as hell
No problem picking up after yourself
The aftermath of hurricane me, the wreckage you know that I leave
Clothes, books and plates on the shelves
If somebody lived here, well you couldn't tell
The hurt, the hate, the crisis of us, swept under an Ikea rug

We would judge everyone else, like we were spotless
Didn't see no dirty laundry in the closet
You kept it so neat, just like your whiskey
So how did we end so messy
Messy

Kissed a girl, trashed in a bar
Now everyone knows just how two faced you are
Playing the victim with all of our friends, say sorry but do it again

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Shiny and polished, this house is dishonest
Got so much in common with you
Misrepresentation, the mess you were making
Blew up in the face of the truth
Play dirty, it's just what you do

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