

Sneakers

Knox

You got that sugar in your voice
You're living shameless, it's a choice
You keep your laces like your boys
Tied up, tied up, tied up, tied up
And there's a word around this town
It's kinda sounding like your name
And more than rumors get around
I was lined up, lined up, lined up

But cherry chapstick, drama queen
Tiptoeing these downtown streets
Tried to sink her nails in me
But I don't really need to see
What's under that

T-shirt
I could, but I gotta fuck with me first
Girl, you know, you're hotter than a fever, fever
But I don't run around with sneakers, sneakers
No, you don't even like me
You just want another pair of Nikes
To kick it and to kiss under the bleachers, bleachers
But I don't run around with sneakers, sneakers
No, I don't run around with

(No, I don't run around with)
(No, I don't run around with)

I know I could take you home
And let you dirty up my soul (Woo)
But you'd just leave me all alone, so
Time's up, time's up, time's up, time's up, but
I mean, I want to but I can't make those promises
The loose-lip lovers who goin' put double knots in this
From seven little digits on the bathroom stall
Everybody's had their hands up under your

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