

Voicemail

Knox

Let me tell ya' a little story how it all went south
I was visiting the homies back in my home town
We went out to the bars that we could never get into
And then I saw pretty face I knew I once knew
No, prom queen didn't peak in high school
She said, "Hey, how are you, tell me watchu been up to?"

Then talk turned to drinks
Drinks turned to dancing all night
It felt like a dream
But something didn't sit right

Now I got a voicemail that I should delete
And a couple of pictures she shouldn't have sent me
Now I got a problem that I didn't need
Kinda made a mess, now I'm in too deep
Yeah, I'd be surprised
If I make it the end of the week
'Cause I got a voicemail that I should delete
And she's got a boyfriend
And he's gonna kill me

Na-na, na-na, na-na-na, oh
Na-na, na-na, I didn't know

My friends told me what I wish I knew at the jump
She's gotta tendency to have a little too much fun
And when I called her in the morning, that's when he picked up
Said "Boy, you gotta big storm coming"
Like oh shit, knew what she was doing
Sweeping me off my feet and making me look stupid
Didn't do it on purpose, but gotta face the music
Oh God, I'm a dead man running

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Let me tell ya' a little story how it all went south
How a great time turned so upside down
But it was fun while we had it, right?
And tell your mans I apologize

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