

I've got no money and no plans
And I'm kind of going nowhere fast, so girl
What do you think about going there with me?

Poetic words on journal pages
Left unlocked in convenient places
Does your heart dissipate when I say with every ounce of patience?
"I don't wanna be friends, I don't wanna be friends."

I'd be the best, I'd be the worst
Whatever comes first on your bucket list
I'll come with words, I'll come with fists
The quickest way to those cherry lips
Just give me something, give me something
Just tell me it's not for nothing

Well, I've been running my head against these walls
My psychiatrist says it's not my fault
I'm incapable of love
But I'll give you the next best thing

I know it must seem like some kind of obsession
On my way to perdition, driving in your direction
You kind of resemble my ex-girlfriend
Don't worry it's the one that I miss

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What do you think about going there with me?

I'm a time bomb waiting to relapse
And you're a ticking clock to my heart attack, and girl
What do you think about blowing up with me?

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What do you think about (what do you think about)

What do you think about blowing up with me?