

Mess with My Head

Miranda Lambert

I had the palace looking nice and neat
Two feather pillows with expensive sheets
Sitting so pretty on my velvet couch
Before you came around

You treat my mind like a hotel room
And I know why I gave the keys to you

I let you mess with my, mess with my head
I let you mess with my, mess with my head

Maybe it's wrong but it feels right to me
Reveling in reverse psychology
You complicate it with your lying lips
I'm waiting on a kiss

I let you mess with my, mess with my head
I let you mess with my, mess with my bed
Waking up to a wreck with blue jeans on the floor
If it ain't love then I like it better than before
I let you mess with my, mess with my head
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