

oh GOD

Orla Gartland

I look at you and I know how I felt
All those summers ago, then I swore not to tell
I'm swallowed up by this catholic guilt, oh God
Oh God

If I always do what I am told
I'll be bitter at fifty years old
I wasted my youth
I wasted my time
I wasted my worry on the little things

If you always just laugh it off
I won't be opening up
We kissed on the bed
It messed with my head
Does that mean nothing to you?

I look at you and I know how I felt
All those summers ago, then I swore not to tell
I'm swallowed up by this catholic guilt, oh God

I don't want to think about it
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I'm just trying to shake off the shame
When I'm wearing nothing but blame
Not easy 'cause when I close my eyes
I just think of touching you

This can't be easy on his side
Laying there motionless each night
A head full of heat, skin, sweat, sin
Tangled up feet and now clutching at sheets thinking

I look at her and I know how I felt
All those summers ago then I swore not to tell
I'm swallowed up by this catholic guilt, oh God

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No

No

(I don't want to think about it)
(I don't want to think about it)

I can't control it
(I don't want to think about it)
Oh God

No
(I don't want to think about it)
(I don't want to think about it)
I can't control it
(I don't want to think about it)
(I don't want to think about it)