

Worthy

Palehound

I've got some bad ideas
I'll tell you on the phone
I didn't fear your rain
Until it was a storm
I think I hate my body
Till it's next to yours
With you I'll wear the clothes
I'd buried in my drawers

And I've won over your mother, darling
And I've won over your sister, too
And I won over your father, darling
And I still don't feel worthy of you

I think I better quit
I text you late at night
I'm in the hotel bathroom
Staring at my thighs
I remember my body showed
Its evils in others' rooms
I remember the shine in your mouth
As I lay there for you

And I've won over your mother, darling
And I won over your sister, too
And I won over your father, darling
And I still don't feel worthy of you
And I've won over your mother, darling
And I won over your sister, too
And I won over your father, darling
And I still don't feel worthy of you