

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

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