

# Little Psycho

Poppy

I'm complicated  
No scientist could write a paper on me  
I'm vindicated  
I've seen it all before I turned seventeen

I don't dance  
I don't dance  
Just for anyone  
I hold hands  
I hold hands  
And run with the wicked ones

You want an outcome  
But you'll be outgunned  
I'm turning, turning to gold  
The way you talk shit  
Gets disconnected  
You make me wanna go  
A little psycho  
A little psycho  
A little psycho

I'm not pretending  
Yeah, these kids are spitting venom for fun  
The world is endin'  
And I'm the one leading the march with a drum

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I'm crying my eyes  
It's no surprise  
There's two ways, two ways  
This could go down  
And God forbid  
You'll have to do what I did  
Better not come back (come back, come back, again)

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But you'll be outgunned  
I'm turning, turning to gold  
The way you talk shit  
Gets disconnected

You make me wanna go

A little psycho

A little psycho