

Burn bright, burn fast
Burn out, thing of the past
Past of times that did not last

Tears on the dance floor
In the back of a club
This feels like PCP
This feels like love
Like love

This feels like angel dust
This feels like something else
What did you do last night?
I heard you two were out right
By the bar while I
Was sitting up all night
While you were on a date
While you getting drinks
Do you ever wonder what our mothers would think?

What am I supposed to say? It's a small town
Who am I allowed to talk to when you're not around?
It's not like it's that bitch from Cherry who follows you around
It doesn't make it better, but we weren't even together when it
went down

With you
You
With you
You
With you