

## talk abt

quinnie

I wake up on a Friday and I know that he's gone

I just need somewhere warm I can curl up  
Just to rest my head

I just need someone that I can screw up  
Like his cigarettes

He called me prophetic but I'm a fuck up  
Call me that instead  
I'm posting this bullshit so he'll know I'm up  
But he's with his friends

He's all I talk about  
He's all I talk about  
Wish I could get him out of my mouth  
But he's all I talk about

I sleep in on the weekend cause he's not in my dawn

I just need someone that I can shut out  
Just to get ahead  
I just need something that I can hear out  
Just so it's misread  
He called me electric but I'm a black out  
Call me that instead  
I'd cling like a leech if he'd put his arm out  
Till I'm in his head

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