

Guy

Remi Wolf

Licking up tables
Licking up tables

Walking around
Something ain't right with you
Not making a sound
Ignore the game for two
You know that I try
I'm bad at saying goodbye
Believing everything you say
I was never right for you my dear
But it's you
Ahh
It's you

I see you you with a collar round your neck
It's leather, plastic, cotton, soaking wet
When I see you, you're on empty, and you're panting
And you're dancing like a dog
With the lights out, licking up tables
Sleeping with cotton eyed Joe
I've been married a long time ago
Where'd you come from you little hoe

And I wanna get your number
I wanna feel your thunder
I'm walking around
Something ain't right with you
Not making a sound
Ignore the game for two
You know that I try
I'm bad at saying goodbye
Believing everything you say
You know that I'm right for you my dear
Cause it's you
Ahh
It's you