

## Liquor Store

Remi Wolf

You can go if you want to  
But you know my mind will be walking a tight rope  
'Cause you like having sex like an animal  
And I keep thinking you're running away from

You got an ice cream cone on your leg, motherfucker  
I got two fish kissing on my clit, motherfucker  
I got headaches on headaches on headaches all day  
But the handshakes are chasing my troubles away

I'm a thrift store baddie with my booty on the sink  
I'm a shitty ex-nanny with my marbles on the brink  
Spillin' all over the carpet, the kitchen floor  
You clean them up with a mop and the liquor store

Liquor store, 'cause I want more, carnivore  
Eating my heart out, liquor store  
'Cause I always want more walking into the liquor store  
Into the liquor store  
'Cause I always want more walking into the liquor store

Got a fire in my lungs and my legs keep runnin'  
And the headlock, knocked up, babies keep comin'  
And the fantasy, what that we  
Keep makin' up, keep fuckin' up  
Keep dreamin' up, keep talkin' 'bout

Ooh, ooh, ooh

We got short legs, long legs, everybody big legs  
Two, four, six, eight, who do we appreciate?  
You, motherfucker, you, you, motherfucker  
You, motherfucker, you, you, motherfucker

You can go if you want to  
But you know my mind will be walking a tight rope  
'Cause you like having sex like an animal  
And I keep thinking you're running away from me

I'm three steps ahead of you  
And now I'm waking up to a nightmare  
'Cause you like getting in bed with the enemy  
And I keep thinking you're running away, ayy

Running away, hey  
Running away, hey  
Running away, hey  
Running away, hey