

I'm So Good At Lying

Rxseboy

Give me a reason to hurt me
I'm so good at lying
Bout why I'm alone

Like math class, I'm problematic
No equation, to stay in balance
I'm half okay and like half insane
And you're half the same, so we laugh at pain
I'm stressed out
And you are too
On a roll, like R2
You went D2 for that one sport
Still pressing me on that full court
Shot my shot, when I had to
And they tried to block, but it passed through
I got in the zone like that defense, that you tried to use when I asked you

If you're okay
You said no way
Like just stop the music, just stop the songs
You ain't care at all
When you dropped the ball
So don't try to talk when I'm gone

Give me a reason for searching
I miss you I'm trying
Wish you would come home

I know our house ain't perfect
It ain't ever been
All these sticky situations
Somehow we keep stepping in
Pushing signs, to the side
Bring up what's irrelevant
I've learned a lot on patience so now maybe we could settle this, yea
Every time same old thing
Gotta watch out your kisses sting
Calm and cool, no walking out
Try to speak with love and not put you down
And this time you'll fall back into my arms again
And this time keep you safe where your heart is meant

Give me a reason to hurt me
I'm so good at lying
Bout why I'm alone
Give me a reason for searching
I miss you I'm trying
Wish you would come home