

# Bruise

Ryan Beatty

This is not real, this is a memory  
A real memory

Super star, I wanna feel you shine on me  
I wanna feel you shine  
Super star, I wanna feel you shine on me  
I wanna feel you shine on me

And he dances, and he dances, and he dances  
That's my man  
And he dances, and he dances, and he dances  
That's my man

I went to a dance with my high school girlfriend  
Left from a dance without my high school girlfriend  
Give me the chance and I could read you the stories  
Burning the books because life fucking bores me  
So she's out there slow dancing to the song  
And we're in the boys bathroom, making out, yeah

Super star, I wanna feel you shine on me  
I wanna feel you shine  
Super star, I wanna feel you shine on me  
I wanna feel you shine on me

And he dances, and he dances, and he dances  
That's my man  
And he dances, and he dances, and he dances  
That's my man

Boy in jeans with the bleach blonde imagery  
Boy in jeans, 1995 fantasy  
Do your thing, fuck it up, feel the melody  
Dance with me, dance with me

Pony boy ride on, ride on, ride on me  
In my dreams, in my fucking dreams  
Pony boy ride on, ride on, ride on me  
In my dreams, in my fucking dreams  
Now she's crying on my shoulder  
Cause I left her alone  
I'm selfish, cause all I can think about is you

Super star, I wanna feel you shine on me  
I wanna feel you shine  
Super star, I wanna feel you shine on me  
I wanna feel you shine on me

And he dances, and he dances, and he dances  
That's my man  
In my dreams, in my fucking dreams  
And he dances, and he dances, and he dances  
That's my man  
In my dreams, in my fucking dreams

I already miss him  
I already miss him, yeah, yeah, yeah, fuck