Patchwork

Ryan Beatty

Clothes off
He needs to come through or cut me off
I understand why he hesitates

Go home
I'd rather be alone than soaked in sweat
Taking a dose to make me forget

Fell back into the hotel
Underneath the same lights
Eye contact was the last thing I wanted
While you looked like that
Jumped into the water
Let the iPhone speaker blaring
I can feel their eyesights glaring, classic
Glossed up and getting wasted
This is not my last masterpiece
I am Michelangelo

I still don't know how you feel about us
Boys in the backseat are talking about us

Cold sweat, coke head
I forgot your name in the same place last time
No thanks

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I forgot your name in the same place last time
No thanks

There's some men out there on the floor
Watching me lose myself to disco music

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