

# I'd Rather You Cheat

Songer

I said to you that I was in my darkest ever place  
And I told you I was struggling  
But you could only ever play the victim  
So you went and told your friends that "He's a prick but I'm in love with him"  
Prick or not was crying out for help  
If you really gave a shit you wouldn't leave me there to melt  
Putting tweets up as if I'm tryna benefit myself  
You can hate me but to blatantly ignore my cries to listen  
You can undermine my love but never never undermine my health  
I'd just rather you cheat

Yeah, I never called you over night because I'd rather you sleep  
But you would never do the same because you'd rather I speak  
You don't want a heart to love  
You want a heart you can keep  
Yeah, and you saw me at my lowest tryna handle my grief  
So why the fuck you can't acknowledge when my pains at it's peak?  
That's the single fucking reason that I struggle to speak  
I'm not alcohol dependant it just helps me escape  
I slip into train of thoughts and then I'm in them for days  
The way my head would pound it ain't no minimum wage  
I know my sister understands and she just know me as James  
Boys will open up but once they're over the phase  
Every time I open up I get it thrown in my face  
Couple months and my emotions are all over the place  
This is true all over England and all over the States  
Mental trouble ain't a thing that just a story can heal  
You can post what you want but that don't mean that you're real  
It means you know the fucking person you want people to see  
How many people do you check on when they struggle to sleep?  
How many people do you check on when they're quite at work?  
We just stigmatise the truth and tell our idols to twerk  
All we do is work for money, sell our data to scum  
Since my best friend passed I'm never buying the Sun  
This album's been a mess 'cause I've been lower than low  
And my only plan of action is fucking go with the flow  
Slowly cooking all my thoughts  
I bet they fall off the bone  
Everybody knows the devil I think they call it a phone  
I ain't dropped shit in a minute but they'll call me the GOAT  
And I don't know if goats can swim but me I'm barely afloat  
If I die who takes the crown? 'Cause I'm the heir to the throne  
My biggest problem is myself and when I'm sat on my own  
I don't know what fucking happened man, I used to be blessed  
I guess a year can change a lot 'cause now I'm fucking depressed  
But cool you probably think they're lyrics I just get off my chest  
These aren't lyrics these are thoughts man, I'm living with stress  
If you saw me at the pub you'd think I'm chatting the most  
How you cocky and depressed bruv, I don't even know  
And there ain't an ounce of fear when I'm out with my bros  
But anxiety's a killer when I'm back in my home  
I distract myself by chasing after beautiful women  
I ain't ever felt depressed when there's a worldie I'm kissing  
And to you I'll say "I'm sorry, I just wish it was different"  
I didn't mean to write this song but if I didn't I'm tripping  
Imperfection or I'm perfection, that depends if I've got space or not

Fuck a PCR test and fuck a lateral flow  
Just play my music and you'll see if they've got taste or not  
I've got new bars smudged up covering my palm like the logo on my Angels top  
I guess I'll die by my lyrics 'cause my veins will pop  
I guess I'll die by my lyrics 'cause my veins will pop, yeah

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