

Fuck my type, throw away my expectations
Just fake it, let's just fake it
Dress it up nice, polished and prim
You think I'm her, but I know you're not him
Oh, know you're not him

Oh, but who the fuck cares?
I'm tired of trying, let's make Daddy proud
Even if we're lying
'Cause no one will know, oh

Take me out, show me off, smile's what they say
Honey, he's rich, so swallow your pain
I rather just get this shit over with
Push back my memories of an ex-boyfriend
I loved so damn much, he was so damn fun
But I'll never be enough, and it sucks 'cause

Fuck my type
Why do I like him? He will never treat me right
No, no, no, so
Fuck my type
So I'm trading a broken heart
For a good life, ah, yeah

They say, "Girl, can't you see, won't you open your eyes?
The places you'll reach, you'll go higher and higher
You need someone who's gonna equal your fame
Give your last names, and come save the day
So cute and innocent, you want love, no doubt"
I must be missing something, ain't that what life's about?
Genuine love, and passionate touches, laughter
I hate this transactional stuff

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