

Wasting Time

Taylor Bennett

I wanna get to know you
Can't say I'm lying and
I really wish that I could get the time
To read your mind and hold you
Me and you just wasting time
And I wanna get to know you
Me you music and lakeshore nights
I wanna get to know you
Just me and you racing time

I wanna get to know you better than you know my mother
Than I know your brother
I'm a good fella'
This the family hustle
Can't pay rent? Call the team up
That's a family huddle
Six feet touch down
That's a land mine
Me and delta fifty-three on the dashboard
Looking like you want my number I ain't asked for yours
Cursed man of words
[?] cause I ain't ask for it
Girl you foreign, you ain't from here
Where's your passport
Confiscated consolation I'ma ask for it
Shit
I'm a conscious constipated asshole
Preaching shit I never been to class for
Never had to train for, never had to act on
Emotions I ain't never asked for
You wanna know me I'm an asshole
You wanna hold me I'm a slide throat
And for a second I'm gonna give you thoughts and give you talks as if I actually fucking know you
Instead of actually fucking on you
So I hit you back in the morning
To see who was just fucking on you
I just wanted to get to know you

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Me, you, music, and lake shore night times
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I wanna know you better than I know my mother
Than you know your brother
Mix match, still fit, word puzzle
I wanna be able to guess the words you mumble
I wanna be able to talk without discussions
As if we were still talking but we wasn't
Low key the fam know but they ain't judging
Bad bitch fuck with mama dirty dozens

As if I was always coming at her but I wasn't
As if she was always leaving but she wasn't
As if she was racing time with the car keys
Girl at home on the table contemplating with her husband
I'm a patient, I'm a subject
She's impatient, she's a suspect
Catching cases, tossed luggage
And she miss me
And I love it

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