

I don't know why

Tep No

You me, all in
In a private room, baby [?]
I like [?], can we fuck it up
I wanna [?]

My best friend can't talk to me
He's always hanging out with a closet case
He's always bugging out like half a week
Oh half a week, yeah half a week
Yeah my best friend can't talk to me
He's always hanging out with a closet case
He's always bugging out like half a week
Something, fucking, creepy, around

I don't know, I don't know why
Why you're coming 'round and you never say hi
Why you looking up somewhere in the sky ain't like you
I got you fucked on a runaway high
Kissing through the flames and I never say hi
I got drugs and a little bit of light
It ain't about you, ain't about you

Ain't about you, ain't about you
Ain't about you

I'll get some likes, and I'll follow
Equals my life, being hollow
If that, ain't a day
But tomorrow
Well we can't just fuck around

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