

# Girls Make Me Wanna Die

The Aces

She's got a cigarette between both teeth  
The way we met, not so unique  
On the internet we make up things  
A different story, every person we see

I don't know when I fell  
She doesn't know as well

On a beautiful Sunday  
We're laying in sun rays  
She's wearing my beat up jean jacket so damn well  
One swipe of a finger  
She leaves and I linger  
She's killing me with desire for someone else

These girls that make me wanna die  
Oh these girls that make me wanna die

I'm writing poems and they're all online  
Under a different name, nothing like mine  
I tried to tell her once on a drunken night  
But it came out all fucked like a bad pick up line

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