

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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