

Beat

The Dirty Nil

Girl, you got me beat
I forget who I am when our lips meet
Which is fuckin sweet
Cause I hate who I am and who I've been
At least lately

But I don't know 'bout you and me

Tell me what is real
Cause I've lost the ability to feel any pain
My brain is with the tennis balls in the storm drain
I can't complain

But I don't know 'bout you and me
But at lust we both agree it ain't love but girl its sweet

Don't sway and tease my bones with ease, my mind is gonna blow

Cause I don't know 'bout you and me
But at least we both agree
It ain't love but its
Better than my wrist
It ain't love and girl I'm beat