

Psycho

The-Dream

Well I'd hurt for you
Roaming in these perfect walls of love
Baby, we'll stretch your time
And I cling to you
Like a child in a smoke filled room
Hold on to you

And I swear you don't the feeling
And I can kill it
I swear, girl you don't the feeling
I wish you could feel it

The sunlight's everywhere but where I want it to be
The darkness everywhere I see

You're making me psycho, psycho, psycho
Can't let go, let go, let go
Everything I do, brings me back to you you you you
And every decision that you do do do
You're making me psycho, psycho, psycho
Me and my painted walls

I should be in your car for you
But my echoes that I'm facing
And everything I've been taking
And I turn to you
And I don't know what's holding us back
In silence, by this painted glass

Girl, you don't this feeling
I paint this picture
I swear, girl you don't this feeling
I'm iller

The stars shine everywhere but where I want it to be
And space is everywhere between you and me

You're making me psycho, psycho, psycho
Can't let go, let go, let go
Everything I do, brings me back to you you you you
And every decision that you do do do
You're making me psycho, psycho, psycho
Me and my painted walls

Painted walls, inside of walls
To me you could fuck everybody who wants, that it wants
Even when you're near me, you can't heal me
Soundproof fixtures, quilted ceilings
Talking to myself in a room with no one else
And I tell you that I care but no one's there

You're making me psycho, psycho, psycho