

Cotton Candy

The Ready Set

Woke up alone again 'cause
You're gone, you're gone, you're gone
I thought you'd wanna stay but
I was wrong, I'm wrong, I'm wrong

And everything you say
Is hurtful like tooth aches
But brushing is too late
You're rotten, rotten, rotten
See, I've been up two days
Missing your mood swings
And when we kiss, you taste
Like cotton, cotton, cotton candy

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It sucks when you have to leave but
That's fine, that's fine, that's fine
You kill me gradually and
I don't mind, I don't mind, I don't mind

And everything you say is dragging like suitcases
But you're my boo thing
I promise, promise, promise
All these times you're up too late
Alone on a Tuesday
And wanting me to taste
You're cotton, cotton, cotton candy

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