

## X-Ray

## The Weeknd

I'm looking through you like an x-ray  
I'm trying to figure if your love's fake  
Give or take, couple days  
Should I wait? Am I late?  
Thinking hard, got me going insane

Beaming through your door  
I see right through your faults  
Eyes tryna feed me more lies  
Girl I'm on top, of all your little side plans  
All your little side mans  
All in for your waist and I must have been out my mind

Girl you had to be so slick to go through all them  
Bad dudes, had to be the first to stop you cause

Running through them boys  
You play me like a toy  
And 'bout to here that noise  
When I find out your thoughts girl  
Sweating on the outside shaking on the inside  
Girl I'm reading your mind (and it's filled with lies)

Girl you're out of love  
(Girl You Know you're out of love so)  
Packed up all your stuff  
Girl you had your chance but  
This time, this time was your last