

Heart Emojis

Tom MacDonald

I left the stove on
So there's food for you to eat
That I hope you choke on
And I washed your clothes with bleach
I left my phone on
Before I left, I cracked your screen
And I left a note on
My Twitter, you should read, it says

I'm not sorry for the things I said
You know you deserved it
All the times you wished that I was dead
You made me feel worthless
I'm not sorry for the way I was
And I hope you're hurting
Now I know that I was just in love
With a shitty person

I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired of your bullshit
The cash I blew on you woulda put diamonds on my whole wrist
Honestly, I'm glad that it's over, I hated your friends
I'm happy that I made you my ex, yeah
I been waiting to delete your number outta my phone
I know it's you if the caller's unknown
You got a short fuse and I don't need those explosions
I ain't gon' play with your teenage emotions

Welcome to the end, whoa-oh
The best you'll ever get, whoa-oh
I'm not yours, you don't know me
No more heart emojis
Get it through your head, whoa-oh
I wish you were dead, whoa-oh
I hope you're happy lonely
No more heart emojis

I see you still like my Instagram posts
Leave a thumb up on every status I wrote
If I were you then I would probably go ghost
How's it feel to never, ever let go?
You think you're a snack but I'd rather have chips
You think making a voodoo doll's gonna make you a witch
You think grabbing on a man's gonna make you rich
You ain't cute enough to act like a bitch, bitch
You got stalker vibes, I shoulda known by your eyes, girl
No one really smiles that much
And I probably shoulda known it by the way that you lied 'cause
I don't even like me that much
You covered in red flags, it's time to accept that
You ain't good enough to get my text back
I know what's good for me, you're a death trap
And I'll be dead before I ever take you back

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I hope you hear your phone
'Cause I was just calling to say fuck you (fuck you)
And I hope you read my note
'Cause baby it isn't me, it's you (it's you)

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