

Desolate
Isolated in a crowd of friends
Innocent
So well again until the night ends

And now she's going, going, gone
Left with her facade
Got her heels halfway on
When she goes back to where she's from
She's barely holding on
But she's dancing on tables

(Oh, God, Bailey)
You think you're funny but you're not
When the look is all you got
(Oh, God, Bailey)
You spend your daddy's credit card
Then complain that money's hard
And your pictures compensate for the lack for your fun
And you wonder why you're all alone
(Oh, God, Bailey)
You think you're funny but you're not
When the look is all you got, Bailey

Formulaic
My calendar is just a book of poems
So how are we playin'?
Are we running like kids?
Are we over it?

And now she's going, going, gone
Left with her facade
Got her heels halfway on
When she goes back to where she's from
She's barely holding on
But she's dancing on tables

(Oh, God, Bailey)
You think you're funny but you're not
When the look is all you got
(Oh, God, Bailey)
You spend your daddy's credit card
Then complain that money's hard
And your pictures compensate for the lack for your fun
And you wonder why you're all alone
(Oh, God, Bailey)
You think you're funny but you're not
When the look is all you got, Bailey

Thought we had it figured out
Such a treacherous chase of a boy
But Bailey, would you slow down?
I can't lie
Bailey, nothing's figured out
Tracing the steps to your porch
And I can't
Can't slow down now

Can't slow down now
But I can try

(Oh, God, Bailey)
You think you're funny but you're not
When the look is all you got
(Oh, God, Bailey)
You spend your daddy's credit card
Then complain that money's hard
And your pictures compensate for the lack for your fun
And you wonder why you're all alone (-one-one)
(Oh, God, Bailey)
You think you're funny but you're not
When the look is all you got, Bailey