

Cruel Summer

Versus Me

Fever dream high in the quiet of the night
You know that I caught it
Bad, bad boy, shiny toy with a price
You know that I bought it

Killing me slow, out the window
I'm always waiting for you to be waiting below
Devils roll the dice, angels roll their eyes
What doesn't kill me makes me want you more

And it's new, the shape of your body
It's blue, the feeling I've got
And it's ooh, whoa oh
It's a cruel summer
It's cool, that's what I tell 'em
No rules in breakable heaven
But ooh, whoa oh
It's a cruel summer
With you

Hang your head low in the glow of the vending machine
I'm not dying
We say that we'll just screw it up in these trying times
We're not trying

So cut the headlights, summer's a knife
I'm always waiting for you just to cut to the bone
Devils roll the dice, angels roll their eyes
And if I bleed, you'll be the last to know

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I'm drunk in the back of the car
And I cried like a baby coming home from the bar
Said, "I'm fine," but it wasn't true
I don't wanna keep secrets just to keep you
She looks up, grinning like a devil

And I snuck in through the garden gate
Every night that summer just to seal my fate
And I scream, "For whatever it's worth
I love you, ain't that the worst thing you ever heard?"

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