

Dropout Year "Make Your Bed"

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Well I guess I'm addicted to your make up and your lip
stick,
Cause when it comes to promises you make me sick,
You're not so innocent,
When it comes to men,
You've made your bed so go fuck him in it.

And when you're laying next to him,
I hope to god you catch something,
So contagious from your bed,
Since everyones been in it.

Kissing with eyes closed,
Brought us,
Too close,
Kissing with eyes closed,
Brought us,
Too close.

And the morning after,
There's a taste of cancer in my throat,
From the note,
That your boyfriend wrote.

You said I was your only one,
You said you both fell out of love,
You said that you were through,
Though he never know.

I'm gonna make you hate my bed.

Kissing with eyes closed,
Brought us,
Too close,
Kissing with eyes closed,
Brought us,
Too close.

Kissing with eyes closed,
Kissing with eyes closed,
Kissing with eyes closed,
Kissing with eyes closed,

We're kissing.

Go back to the way that we were,
Never thought I'd say these words,
Never again,
We'll never be friends,
So let's go back to the way that we were,
Never thought I'd say these words,
Never again,
We'll never be friends.

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