

Kesha**"This Tattoo"**

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Come get you shit out of my apartment
Your dirty laundry too
That piece of crap car, I tried to start it
Everything you've touched I'll trash
I've already washed you out my red satin sheets
That's what you get when you cheat
So bite me, you creep

But what do I, what do I
What do I do about this tattoo?
Oh, what do I, what do I
What do I do about this tattoo?

Everyone always asks me about it (what is that?)
It seemed so sweet at the time
You tattooed that loser's name on your arm?
My mom, she told me that I'd be sorry
What are you, retarded?, what's wrong with you?
For once, I'll admit, she was right
Technically there's finally no forever with you
I don't know what you were thinking about Kesha
Really, You're outta my life, the ink has dried
What did I say?

Now what do I, what do I
What do I do about this tattoo?
Oh, what do I, what do I
What do I do, what can I turn it into?

Maybe I can take the E
And turn it into a tree
Or maybe I can take the heart
And turn it into some sort of tribal art
Or just find someone with the same name
Who isn't so lame, La La, who isn't so lame

La La La La La, who isn't so lame
With the same name who isn't so lame
La La La La La, who isn't so lame

What do I, what do I
What do I do about this tattoo?
Oh, what do I, what do I
What do I do about this tattoo?

But what do I, what do I
What do I do, with the same name
Oh, what do I, what do I
What do I do?

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