

## Relative Ash "Flavor"

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Floored, I don't feel right  
So much flavor heæŠ̄ sick you know  
Give up love your arm suffers  
So I can invite her spit  
I don't feel right so much flavor læŠ̄| sick  
But don't trip.  
Love, I don't feel right  
So much flavor heæŠ̄ very, very sick  
Give up love your arm suffers  
So she can invite all of our spit  
I don't feel right so much flavor  
I'm sick but don't trip  
Eyes are shut crib cries  
Flush loose teeth pistol whipped  
She faints youæŠ̄®e gone bye, bye  
God she's so sick of being second  
Taste dies sex when high heart goes limp  
She cares youæŠ̄®e gone bye, bye  
God she's so sick of being second  
God she's so sick of being second  
God itæŠ̄ such a sin to be second  
Have you ever witnessed full blown romance  
And there ainæŠ̄° no question they held hands like  
We did and your love thank you for having me  
IæŠ̄³e witnessed timeless love  
YouæŠ̄®e gone bye, bye  
I don't feel right, I don't feel right  
I don't feel right  
God sheæŠ̄ so sick of being second never again  
God itæŠ̄ such a sin to be second

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