

Blood Orange **"Bad Girls"**

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It's everything that you seem to ignore.
The classroom that you treated as a bore.
The alcohol you drink but never bought.
The dress you stole, and were never caught.
The bed you wake up in that's not your own.
The makeup you applied two days ago.
The night you lost your phone on the way home.
The taxi ride where you decided your end goal.
And still I try to lure you into my own hurricane, it's
like you spot me trying from a thousand miles away.

I look down on you so deep down I know that we're
the same, it's stupid thinking that you would want
to come play my game.
Tell me, what's wrong?

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