

Not Literally "Walk Of Shame"

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Hello daylight, my old friend.
I've gone and done it yet again.
And in the early morning light I see,
A Hufflepuff boy sleeping next to me.
Last night he seemed cute but now I'm thinking I was
cursed.
But it gets worse.
It's time to take the walk of shame.

And from his creaky bed I creep.
Oh Merlin's beard please stay asleep.
The dungeon's never seemed so far away.
I haven't brushed my teeth since yesterday.
What I left in his room might make this my last hurrah:
my wonder bra.
I must regret this walk of shame.

I see a prefect on the stair.
I can't avoid her knowing glare.
And I see figures moving through the fog.
The quidditch team out for their morning jog.
Then a gust of wing comes and blows my skirt over my
ears.
The whole team cheers.
They know my past walks of shame.

But now I'm home so I don't care.
I brush the sandwich from my hair.
As I approach my bed I hear a snore.
My roommate's in it with some Gryffindor.
How thick her butterbeer goggles must have been
To sleep with him.
His turn to take the walk of shame.

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