

Drunk Text (feat. Lea Luna)

Manufactured Superstars

I went out to the club the other night,
to, you know, dance with my bitches,
that guy was there again,
he's like, i'm sorry for what i said last weekend,
i told him i didn't mind,
which was a lie,
but i was equally sorry,
and i didn't want to apologize,
it was just a drunk text,
in my head i was writing a fiction of us,
behind my eyes,
i was begging for things my lips would never ask,
but my mouth kept pouring desperate clauses of random intent,
he asked me if he can text me later,
after the club,
he hands me another shot of vodka,
and i say, sure.
i'm on the dancefloor when i get a text from Adam,
i'm too lazy to type so i send a photo i took up a dancer's skirt,
tell him to come get it,
not realising what i had just said,
later on he comes up to me, holds up her phone, screaming at me,
and i say, i'm sorry, it was just a drunk text,
i should have known they knew eachother,
no-one is safe in the twiitersphere anymore,
if you take the word sex and mix it with texting, it's called sexting,
when you add drunk sexting, the words just don't make any sense,
it's a hot mess of misfailed obscenities, body parts and run-on questions,
i'm not sure what he means to ask,
i get a text from my best friend,
she's upstairs getting bottle service,
she's like, this guy wants me to wet your lips with his bottle,
he wants me to bring more girls up, like some kind of pimp,
are you f*cking kidding me?
it's just another moment and one stupid reply can lead to the walk of shame,
i'll be damned if i end up in some lame diner after this,
last nights lingerie in my purse,
it was just a drunk text,
it was just a drunk text,

this is the last time i'll ever drink and text,
it was just a drunk text,
it was just a drunk text.

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