

Bad Education

Tilly And The Wall

Oh, pretty boy, you found it hard to really find out what felt right
You wanna be a pretty girl, you'd hunt at night
The streets, your urgency to bleed
You bruised up both your knees
While rifling through women's jeans
'Cause the attraction's always high
Sparkling, a sparkled fight
The grittiest of crimes, your clothes are ruined
You're running in the wild
A horse carrying a child
You got your kite so high, I think you flew it
I know it, I think you knew it
Now it's all bad education
Feeling fine, I'm feeling patient
Girls and boys and full frustration
St. Valentine, I think I taste it
Tugging at the seatbelt
I'm jumping out the saddle
I'm shuffling my feet around
I'm kneeling at the steeple
When will my heart teeter, tatter?
I'm a believer, I'm solid matter
Oh, pretty girl, you turned it on, you turned it out, it all felt off
That's how it is, that's how it was
You searched it all so well, underwater in a bell
You smeared on coral lips while checking off a checked off list
The situations never kind, feathering a dance hall stride
You're playing with the craziest locomotive
You broke your fingers in the climb
Scuffed up all your pretty shine
You've got your air so thin
I think you blew it, did I blow it?
You fell into it
Now it's all bad education
Feeling fine, I'm feeling patient
Girls and boys and full frustration
St. Valentine, I think I taste it
Tugging at the seatbelt
I'm jumping out the saddle

I'm shuffling my feet around
I'm kneeling at the steeple
When will my heart teeter, tatter?
I'm a believer, I'm solid matter
Hey, I think I faked it, oh, did I fake it?
Oh boy, your lips look good, oh, when you fake it
Hey, I think I made it, oh did I make it?
You tried so hard, boy, you better make it
I think I'll take it, oh, should I take it?
Oh, pretty girl, I don't think you can take it
I think I hate it, oh, do I hate it?
I taste it, I taste it
Now, it's all bad education
Feeling fine, I'm feeling patient
Girls and boys and full frustration
St. Valentine, I think I taste it
Tugging at the seatbelt
I'm jumping out the saddle
I'm shuffling my feet around
I'm kneeling at the steeple
I'm tugging at the seatbelt
I'm jumping out the saddle
I'm shuffling my feet around
I'm kneeling at the steeple
I hope you feel it in your hands
I hope you feel it in your hands
I hope you feel it in your hands
I hope you feel it in your hands

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