

Oyster

Fym

The world is an oyster locked in a shell
You like the taste of it but can't take the smell
I can't sleep to save my life
The day is done but I don't think I got it right I don't want to kiss right now
You're probably just what I need but I can't stand your mouth
I dot my T's and cross my I's
Pretend that I can write I haven't got a nice thing to say about anyone except the one
Who caught me staring so I just walked away
No one likes to give themselves over to an empty bed
If you're gonna sleep like that Then you might as well be dead
But you still want all the covers
And no hair tickling your face
You're so proud of your physique
But you still want your cake, I got it

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