

# Hey Kiddo!

## Trophy Scars

It's three AM and I got to get the fuck out of here

There's people calling me

There's a girl calling my phone

She's still at the bar I had just left

And I, I wont go back

No, I won't go back in

She has a boy back where she's from

Which constitutes a set of rules that

I can't conform to

OH!

She plays the game! She's playing games

I'm doing drugs and doing fine

Ok, ok, ok, am I ok, ok, ok?

Ok, ok

Ok, ok

Hey, flip that morbid coin!

I'll take this chance one more time

I'm already dead, I'm already dead

All those words, these bones, my corpse it said:

Oh my God!

Please say "no"!

Please say "no"!

No, No, No

She came over

She's drunk, I'm drunk and I'm sold

Please let go!

Please kiddo.

Let go of my throat

Please let go?

I'm trying to cough my self to sleep

And you are way too sweet to me

I can't say "no"

But I want to

Oh, I want to

I wish I could

But I don't know how to

If you'd let me

I would touch you

Kiss your stomach

And feel your hips move  
And now we're getting too close  
Yeah, she's getting real close  
I can tell that she's been out of control tonight  
Now, she's touching my mouth  
She's getting rid of her pants  
I can't begin to begin to think about touching her... you know  
She's a girl that I could really marry  
Settle down and have a couple kids with  
No divorce; there are only happy endings  
This sin will kiss and give and kiss again  
Oh my God!  
Oh my God! Oh my God! (yeah)  
Please don't move!  
There's a spider on you.  
Take him out  
Take him down, you take him out!  
Take him out, now!  
Fuck these dreams  
What do they mean?  
Where are you from?  
What are they sayin'?  
What do ya say?  
Everybody... Let's sing it all together now!  
That girl is the most  
That girl is the most  
That girl is a ghost  
That girl is the most  
It's five AM and I gotta get myself into bed  
I'm back at home  
I'm better alone, yeah  
Dear Danielle, I'm writing you to tell you that I  
I want to be good  
I wanted to kiss you  
I swear I won't give up on giving up when I'm not  
Really ready or  
Really supposed to  
It's ok if you don't understand. I don't  
Understand it  
Quite, myself  
And even though  
We both know  
We talk and talk and outline our bodies in chalk  
We both agree  
That this should be easy... shouldn't it?

Couldn't it?  
What do you say? What do you say?

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