Hurt The Good

Charlotte Sometimes

Andre, I once said
"Seems like a distant car?"
And while I heard these words
I took a number off the shelf
It don't matter my age
'Cause every time I saw myself
It hurt to touch
My body bleeds all day
What do they do
They hurt the good
They hurt the truth
The fool followed the cars
Seems like jaded show work?
I'm running out of time, I know
I adore is why?
My body bleeds all day
What do they do
They hurt the good
They hurt the truth
They burn the only bridge in me

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