

Never Clean My Room

Swain

Good riddance, come again
Said the lonely me back then
I like your face, hate your guts
Kiss goodbye, connect the dots

When the thrill has come to an end
Iâ€™ll go

File me on your lost
Search with your fingers uncrossed
This place reeks of me
So Iâ€™ll burn the bedsheets blissfully

When the thrill has come an end

Save yourself the trouble
You can count on me to split
I never clean my room
Iâ€™ll just move when I get sick of it (x2)

What I use, just a drug
Sweep myself beneath the rug
Clean your act is what she wrote
Wrap your hands around my throat

When the thrill has come an end

Save yourself the trouble
You can count on me to split
I never clean my room
Iâ€™ll just move when I get sick of it (x2)

Lyrics Submitted by em

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