

# 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  
I'll go

File me on your lost  
Search with your fingers uncrossed  
This place reeks of me  
So I'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  
I'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  
I'll just move when I get sick of it (x2)

Lyrics Submitted by em

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