

Bad Girls

Blood Orange

Its everything that you seem to ignore.
The classroom that you treated as a bore.
The alcohol you drink but never bought.
The dress you stole, and were never caught.
The bed you wake up in thats not your own.
The makeup you applied two days ago.
The night you lost your phone on the way home.
The taxi ride where you decided your end goal.

And still I try to lure you into my own hurricane, its like you spot me trying from a thousand miles away. I look down on you so deep down I know that were the same, its stupid thinking that you would want to come play my game.

Tell me, whats wrong?

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