

Bad Education

Tilly and the Wall

Oh, pretty boy, you found it hard to really find out what felt right
You wanna be a pretty girl, you'd hunt at night
The streets, your urgency to bleed
You bruised up both your knees While rifling through womens jeans
'Cause the attractions always high
Sparkling, a sparkled fight
The grittiest of crimes, your clothes are ruined You're running in the wild
A horse carrying a child
You got your kite so high, I think you flew it
I know it, I think you knew it Now it's all bad education
Feeling fine, I'm feeling patient
Girls and boys and full frustration
St. Valentine, I think I taste it Tugging at the seatbelt
I'm jumping out the saddle
I'm shuffling my feet around
I'm kneeling at the steeple When will my heart teeter, tatter?
I'm a believer, I'm solid matter Oh, pretty girl, you turned it on, you turned it out, it all felt off
That's how it is, that's how it was
You searched it all so well, underwater in a bell
You smeared on coral lips while checking off a checked off list The situations never kind, feathering a dance hall
stride
You're playing with the craziest locomotive
You broke your fingers in the climb
Scuffed up all your pretty shine You've got your air so thin
I think you blew it, did I blow it?
You fell into it Now it's all bad education
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Girls and boys and full frustration
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I'm shuffling my feet around
I'm kneeling at the steeple When will my heart teeter, tatter?
I'm a believer, I'm solid matter Hey, I think I faked it, oh, did I fake it?
Oh boy, your lips look good, oh, when you fake it
Hey, I think I made it, oh did I make it?
You tried so hard, boy, you better make it I think I'll take it, oh, should I take it?
Oh, pretty girl, I don't think you can take it
I think I hate it, oh, do I hate it?
I taste it, I taste it Now, it's all bad education

Feeling fine, Im feeling patient
Girls and boys and full frustration
St. Valentine, I think I taste itTugging at the seatbelt
Im jumping out the saddle
Im shuffling my feet around
Im kneeling at the steepleIm tugging at the seatbelt
Im jumping out the saddle
Im shuffling my feet around
Im kneeling at the steepleI hope you feel it in your hands
I hope you feel it in your hands
I hope you feel it in your hands
I hope you feel it in your hands

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