Drunk Text

Paris Hilton

I went out to the club the other night
To, you know, dance with my bitches
That guy was there again
He's like
I'm sorry for what I said last weekend
I told him I didn't mind, which was a lie
But I was equally sorry
And I didn't want to apologize
It was just a drunk text
In my head I was writing a fiction of us
Behind my eyes, I was begging for
Things my lips could never ask
And my mouth kept pouring
Desperate clauses of random intent
He asked me if he could text me later
After the club
He hands me another shot of vodka
And I say, sure
I'm on the dance floor when I get a text from Adam
I'm too lazy to type, so I send him a photo I took up a dancer's skirt
And tell him to come and get it
Not realizing what I had just said
Later on, she comes up to me
Holds up her phone screaming at me and I say
I'm sorry, it was just a drunk text

I should've known they knew each other
No one is safe in the twitter sphere anymore
You take the word sex, and mix it with texting
It's called sexting
When you add drunk sexting
The words just don't make sense
It's a hot mess of misspelled obscenities,
Body parts, run on questions
I'm not sure what it means to ask
I get a text from my best friend
She's upstairs getting bottle service
She's like
This guy wants you to wet your lips with this bottle

He wants me to bring more girls up
Like he's some kind of pimp
Are you fucking kidding me?
It's just another moment
When one stupid reply can lead to the walk of shame
And I'll be damned if I end up in some lame diner after this
With last night's lingerie in my purse
It's just a drunk text
It's just a drunk text
This is the last time I ever drink and text
It's jut a drunk text
It's just a drunk text

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/