She's a Problem

Get Dead

She's gotta have it
It's fucking tragic
That girl's an addict but it doesn't seem to matter to you, because you love her anyway
Tickle your money, out your wallet
It turns you into an alcoholic
Crying to your best friend
Explaining why they shill changeShe's a problem
You overload, she's in the back of a car
Using her mouth like an ATM card
She broke your heart but you just can't let go
She's back in jail, you're posting her bail
Dope pleasant hearse, it's a sick tiger tail
She's hot as hell but swears that she's been clean
I'd rather watch you float and cry
Than spend another night alone
On my own
Blood rips those with no antidote
I kept Coach Wentz waiting by the phone
But I never get throughShe's dope sick, crawling out of her skin
A quick fix and she's at it again
You should just quit
You're never gonna win this game
She's gotta have it
It's fucking tragic
That girl's an addict but it doesn't seem to matter to you
Because you love her anyway
I'd rather watch you float and cry
Than spend another night alone
On my own
Blood rips those with no antidote
I kept Coach Wentz waiting by the phone
But I never get through
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/