

Who I Want You to Love

Bleachers

Tired of chasing my dreams
They're always twisting
Always scream
To follow down the strangest roads
In back seats indoors I will love what you want me to love
Oh, I will bleed when you want me to bleed
But I don't want to know too much of anything
Because it all hurts me
Come on, don't push me down that road I'm always twisting, always sold
I'm follow, all made up how you'd like
In back seats, indoors I will love what you want me to love
Oh, I will bleed when you want me to bleed
But I don't want to know too much of anything
Because it all hurts me
Oh it all hurts me

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