

# Bad At Love

Halsey

Been about three days and I'm comin' back  
I'm about four minutes from a heart attack  
And I think you make me a maniac  
But you don't know  
Two years and we in between  
But we both been here since we seventeen  
Here we go, fist fight in a limousine  
But they don't know And we both hope there's something  
But we bo-both keep fronting  
And it's a closed discussion  
And I'm thinking "Damn, if these walls could talk"(Oh-oh-oh)  
Well, they'd be like  
(Oh-oh-oh)  
"Shit is crazy right?"  
(Oh-oh-oh)  
I ain't your baby no more Been about two weeks since you went away  
I'm about halfway through a Cabernet  
And I go, I'm wastin' a Saturday  
Sittin' at home  
Told my new roommate not to let you in  
But you're so damn good with a bobby pin  
Now you gon' play me like a violin  
Hittin' these notes And we both hope there's something  
But we bo-both keep fronting  
And it's a closed discussion  
And I'm thinking "Damn, if these walls could talk"(Oh-oh-oh)  
Well, they'd be like  
(Oh-oh-oh)  
"Shit is crazy right?"  
(Oh-oh-oh)  
I ain't your baby no more  
(Oh-oh-oh)  
Hey  
(Oh-oh-oh)  
No more  
(Oh-oh-oh)  
I ain't your baby no more

Songwriters

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