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 knowAnd 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 moreBeen 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 notesAnd 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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