

Texas Is South

The Devil Wears Prada

Good evening, miss All I ever do is wish things were different
This envy is destroying me and it is obvious
I'm looking to put a bullet into the tile floor Mark this, I want to say something
We were blessed but now I wet my lips
And wait for them to dry The lust of the dress
The thought of her lips reverent smile
These letters I've wrote are shackled to my chest Her tantalization
She is misconception
Good evening, miss

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>