# Mess

## Emily Kinney

I've got bruises on my body, scratches on my face
Cookie crumbs, empty bottles all over my place
And my bathroom mirror seemed to lose its shine
When you leave you always leave a little mess behind
When you leave you always leave a little messOh, I am cleaning out my cupboards, dusting off my frames
Scrubbed my mouth with soap so I can't whisper your name
Sweeping 'round in circles trying to get you off my mind
When you leave you always leave a little mess behind
When you leave you always leave a little messYour cigarette smell, broke leather jacket taste
It lingers in the air right in front of my face
You're like a bar marker star stamp I can't scrub off
You're like a tattered ankle bracelet I can't seem to unknot
And if you wanna come around I'm caughtIt's so early in the morning, so late at night
When you pull my hair and start a little play-fight
We are kissing in dark corners on your parents' floor
The kind of love that makes my knees and elbows sore
The kind of love that makes me just want moreYour cigarette smell, broke leather jacket taste
It lingers in the air and it stays all day
I've got a blue stained t-shirt, my scratches bleed
I'm sure everyone on the subway can see
You make a mess, you make a mess of meI am usually so clean, baby, usually so sharp
But you always come around when I'm about to fall apart
I'm like a fragile house of cards, you're that small gust of wind
Sweep by, quite the surprise I'm on the floor againYour cigarette smell, broke leather jacket taste
It lingers in the air and it never goes away
You're like a bar marker star stamp I can't scrub off
You're like a tattered ankle bracelet I don't wanna unknot
And if you wanna come around I'm caught
And if you wanna get me down I'm got
And if you wanna know how much it's a lotCome over, come over are we both in town
Come over, come over cause I want you around
I want you, I want you to rip up my dress
I want you, I want you to make me a mess

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