

# 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/>