

# Tate McRae, guilty conscience

Guess I'll l-l-l-live with a guilty conscience  
L-l-l-live with a guilty conscience

Lot of messed-up nights, lot of letdowns  
Lot of dumb words, bet you regret now  
Lot of "I'm just seeing the best in you 'cause I want to"  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Lot of don't trust you on the weekends  
Hiding pictures you're receiving  
Lot of running from all the red and blue in the rear view

I'll be wanting you back 'til the cops stop calling  
Waist-deep in the mess you started  
'Cause I need you, darling  
Is that wrong?  
All my morals shot, even that don't phase me  
Loving you batshit crazy  
Kinda reckless lately  
If that's wrong  
Guess I'll l-l-l-live with a guilty conscience  
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Lot of hotel rooms that you checked in  
Lot of cryptic shit, second guessing  
Lot of, "I was going to tell you, but didn't want to hurt you, babe"  
No  
Had a good life, it got hijacked  
It was criminal to hurt me like that  
But I turn my cheek, and I just don't care what my friends say  
Uh

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Oh-oh, oh, guilty conscience  
Guess I'll l-l-l-live with a guilty conscience  
Guess I'll, guess I'll live  
With a guilty conscience  
L-l-l-live with a guilty conscience  
Guess I'll l-l-l-live with a guilty conscience  
You'll always be the one who gives  
L-l-l-live with a guilty conscience  
Me a guilty conscience  
Guess I'll l-l-l-live with a guilty conscience  
You'll always be the one who gives  
L-l-l-live with a guilty conscience  
Me a guilty conscience  
Oh, oh  
With a guilty conscience  
Mm-hmm