

Dylan Schneider, Bad Decisions

You call me up, you're already drunk
I tell you off and then hop in the truck
Your sweet talking got my [?] creeping down the driveway
'Bout six shots away from saying sorry
Swear you're my favorite hangover
Close the door but we never get to closure
And we're right back where we never should've been
Baby, here we go again

Girl, we're good at making bad decisions
We go up in smoke the second we start kissing
They tell me I'm crazy, baby, I don't listen
And I just can't let you go
You're so good at blurring up my vision
You hit me harder when the whiskey kicks in
We both know there'll be consequences
But girl, we're good at making bad
Good at making bad decisions

(Good at making bad decisions
No...)

When you lose that dress I lose my head
And I'll never find it laying in your head
We should probably leave it where we already left it
But baby, no, we can't help it

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And I just can't let you go
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(Good at making bad decisions)
Ohh...

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