girli, I Really F**ked It Up

Why am I like this?
Why am I like this?
I got two left feet and I blame it on you
I find the dynamite and I make us go boom-boom-boom
And I don't wanna be like this
I'm tryna talk to my therapist
In truth I know it's me and all my issues
I hate when I come home and I put them on you you you

I swear I'm not terrible
I just get emotional
And I end up saying sorry every single time

I wanna cause a scene just to feel alive
Maybe I'm only mean coz I know you're mine
And I hate myself for making you cry
I know
That I really fucked it up this time

Hurricane blowing through your town
I know it's hard for you just to stick around
And I hate myself for making you cry
I know
That I really fucked it up this time

I promise will be the last time
That I do all the things that I said that I wouldn't do last night
Then I lose my shit
And I slam the door
And I And ask myself
What did I do that for?
I'm the damaged type
But it's no excuse
For all of my hurt that I'm living I'm giving to you-ou-ou

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