

Khloe Rose, Fictional

Well, I guess the third time's not a charm
Nursing a three times broken heart
I'm down the rabbit hole again
I put myself in another world
Where I can be any other girl
'Cause I don't really wanna face it

'Cause, if it isn't real, you can pretend all you want
It's all you'll ever need
"That's not healthy", they said, "To live in your head"
But it hurts a lot less to me

I fall in love with boys I see on a TV screen
The ones in books who are as perfect as they can be
I spend all of my time imagining what it would be like if they existed
My parents tell me I should look for one in real life
But I get let down by both the bad boys and the nice guys
I'm tired of giving more than I receive
So I'll just stick to the boys who don't know me

Oh, I hid his number, I almost called
Like, maybe he's hurting after all
I can't afford to be that naïve
I'll just keep wishing it was me in that ending scene
Where they're meeting up halfway and they're kissing in the rain
It's a little bit cliché but I love it anyway

'Cause it's better than when you're walking home
And the rain starts pouring but you're all alone

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(Ohh-oh, ohh-oh) I'd rather keep on dreaming of someone I'll never meet
(Ohh-oh) Than give up to another one who won't choose me
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My parents tell me I should look for one in real life (Ohh-oh)
But I get let down by both the bad boys and the nice guys (Ohh-oh)
I'm tired of giving more than I receive (Ohh-oh)
So I'll just stick to the boys who don't know me

Ohh-oh-ohh
(Ohh-oh) I'm tired of giving more than I receive (Ohh-oh)
So I'll just stick to the boys who don't know me