

Post Malone, BUYER BEWARE

It's been a while since I burned incense
I used my lighter for a pack of twenty
I don't know where the fuck my bible went, but I'm sure he'll forgive me

So please don't burn a hole in me
I know it seems like they got what you need
No one knows you better than yourself

So don't worry
You shouldn't spend your money on a dollar-store miracle
Sorry
Baby, I don't have the answers even though I'm 'a know it all
So let it go you'll never know-nothings wrote in stone
You're on your own all because it's just a fucking poem
Sorry
Baby, I don't have the answers even though I'm a know it all

So many restaurants in Beverly Hills
My favorite dinner comes in packs of twenty-four
I came home through the window sill
But I'm sure that she'll forgive me

So please don't burn a hole in me
I know it seems like they got what you need
No one knows you better than yourself

So don't worry
You shouldn't spend your money on a dollar-store miracle
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Baby, I don't have the answers even though I'm a know it all
So let it go you'll never know-nothings wrote in stone
You're on your own all because it's just a fucking poem
Sorry
Baby, I don't have the answers even though I'm a know it all

Let it go you'll never know-nothings wrote in stone
You're on your own all because it's just a fucking poem
Sorry
Baby, I don't have the answers shit, and maybe I know nothing at all