

Who I Want You To Love

Bleachers

Tired of chasing my dreams
They're always twisting
I always scream
To follow down the strangest roads
In back seats indoors

I will love what you want me to love
I will bleed when you want me to bleed
But I don't want to know too much of anything
Because it all hurts me

Come on, don't push me down that road

I'm always twisting, always sold
To follow, all made up how you'd like
I'm back seats, indoors