

## 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