It's funny how your worst enemies always seem to turn out to be all of your best friend's best friends
But I folded and I told
These aren't things I saved to sing you but I folded, I told
So draw or throw and I will explode

It's time for you to choose
the bullet or the chapstick
And you are far too cute or whatever he said

Every time I hear it I am wishing I was great I wish her... past tense my best friend But I folded and I told
These aren't things I say to save me
But I folded, I told
I hope she's caught in the explosion

It's time for you to choose
the bullet or the chapstick
And you are far too cute or whatever he said

It's time for you to choose
It's time for you to choose
the bullet or the chapstick
This is me in his room
This is me in his room
This is me in his room

Red, gold, I told We don't play fair Red, gold, I told We never stand too close

So I update this almost every single day for you
I begin to hate you for your face and not just the things you d
o
Go tell him how my wrist is sore
from pulling at your insides all night

Nothing that you do is new to anything or anyone but you