

The Real Version Of You

Chasing Victory

With my hands under my belt, and my neck so slightly turned
The scenery's in for the fireworks
but like some shadow, you kept following me
Or like some sickness or some discomfoting disease
You try to get under my skin
And poison me from within
But when cities fall they
Build them back much taller than they were
Is this love contagious
Well if you really want to know
I never felt the way you did so oh let this go
There's a difference to our opinions
And a chemical imbalance
Terrible with boys
You're so terrible with people
You could be a killer valentine
With a broken heart and bloody knife
But I hope you never really ever go that far
Don't let this go to your head
I told you once before that there's
Really no good reason
You want a reason