

## Trip Me Up

Fredrika Stahl

They call me the odd  
You're the author of that name  
I like you a lot  
But I hate you just the same  
I smile and take it on the chin  
Could answer your backstab  
With a little face slap  
But bite my tongue 'til it bleeds

Trip me up  
I know you'd like to see me fall  
Just like I hope you will do  
I know it feels hard  
For your sensible heart  
I'm always on the run and I hate copy paste for god's sake  
I push you over  
You know I like you more from far  
Won't drown in the middle with you  
It's sad but true  
I'd rather risk losing you

I comb your hair  
Braid it into a thick rope  
Add a red and white rose  
Swirl it neatly 'round my throat  
You see I took it on the chin  
But gathered every sharp word within

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