

## get well soon

Gnash

I'm assuming we're wounded together forever  
I want you to get better  
I'll be your band-aid  
I'll be your band-aid  
I'm assuming your bruises could mean your into cruising  
And I don't really do this  
But I'll be your band-aid  
I'll be your band-aid

Will you fix me with your heart of gold?  
My angel is a centerfold  
And she comes with paper cuts and all  
But she's just what I've been looking for  
Will you be my little quick fix?  
'Cause I just dealt with sick shit  
My last thing ended quick, quick  
So I've got no one to sit with  
And I was wondering if you were wanting to come through  
Do you?  
I don't need you, you don't need me  
I let you know before you leave  
That all I need's a bag of weed  
Just something chill, some company  
When everything gets serious, I just get delirious and blue  
You say you do too  
So let's patch up all our problems  
With band-aids and some shots of whiskey or some wine  
Or whatever we've got lots of  
'Cause we're both going through it, so we should probably do it  
I know the day you leave me we'll be better off  
Believe me

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We're moving so fast, and you've got your past  
We're not built to last, this too shall pass  
But all good things end eventually  
I'll wish you the best when you leave my bed  
You came like you left  
It's on to the next  
'Cause all good things end regretfully

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Maybe one day or someday we could cop a one way  
See you on the runway  
I'll be your band-aid  
I'll be your band-aid