

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

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

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

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

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