

Race

Melanie Martinez

Sweet sweet hold you gently have over me
Caught me with your eyes and lips like sweet honey
Too bad I'm not as sweet as her honey tastes
Cause the average girl simply won that race

That race you kept on giving me
Left me hanging wanting more till you broke free
Bet shes sweet but not as sweet as I could've been
girls like her come and go like the boring wind

But I'm the type that stays
with your heart and my heart in many different ways
I call you making sure that you're alright in the day or in the middle of the night
sorry if that isn't good enough
confusion has become a little rough
and I'll be on you like the clothes you wear
and run my fingers through your curled gelled hair
but for now ill let the race be won by the girl without a boy at home
Hands so purple,
from the knuckle aches,
it's 'cause they,
create fragile hearts to break.

But a player, will soon see that
his karma goes bad,
when the girl that he wants,
stabs him in the back...

But, I'm the type that stays,
your heart and mine,
are different ways.

I call you, makin' sure your alright,
in the day,
or the middle of the night.

Sorry if that isn't good enough,
confusion has become a little rough.

And I'd be on you like the clothes you wear,
and run my fingers through your curled gel hair.

But for now,
I'll let the race be won,
by the girl, without a boy at home.