

Perfect Timing

Pretty Balanced

She had to fold her emotional blip
And go home
She survived so long ignored by you
And she's grown
Out of her infatuation with you
Out of any mild sort of love with you
Good for you sir
That was perfect timing
She can ignore you as much as she likes
She doesn't like you anymore
She's fucking gorgeous you can't help but blush
Why didn't you notice her before
Why can't she regress
You won't confess you feel this stupid

You have to muster professional ease
And stay quiet
You have to chill until you freeze
A nice infatuation diet
Why can't you get off
We're tired of waiting
When you still get off on imaginary dating
Good for you sir
That was perfect timing
She can ignore you as much as she likes
She doesn't like you anymore
She's fucking gorgeous you can't help but blush
Why didn't you notice her before
Why can't she regress
You won't confess you feel this stupid
That you're upset
She had to forget
The things that you did
When she liked you