

Bad Education

Tilly and the Wall

Oh, pretty boy
You found it hard to really find out what felt right
You wanna be a pretty girl, you hunt at night
The streets, your urgency to bleed
You bruised up both your knees
While rifling through women's jeans
'Cause the attraction's always high
Sparkle in the sparkle fire
The grittiest of grimes, your clothes are ruined
You're running in the wild, almost carrying a child
You got your kite so high, I think you flew it
I know it, I think you knew it

Now it's all bad education
Feeling fine, I'm feeling patient
Girls and boys and full frustration
St. valentine, I think I taste it
Tugging at the seat belt
I'm jumping out the saddle
I'm shuffling my feet around
I'm kneeling at the steeple
Will my heart teeter, tatter?
I'm a believer, I'm solid matter

Oh, pretty girl
You turned it on, you turned it out, it all felt off
That's how it is, that's how it was
You searched it all so well, underwater in a well
You smeared on cool lips while checking off a checked off list
The situation's never kind, feathering a dance-hall stride
You're playing with the craziest locomotive
You broke your fingers in the climb
Scuffed the ball, you're pretty shy
You've got your air so thin
I think you blew it, did I blow it?
You fell into it

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Hey, I think I faked it, oh did I fake it?

Oh boy, you look so good
Oh, when you fake it
Hey, I think I made it, oh did I make it?
You tried so hard, boy, you better make it
I think I'll take it, oh, should I take it?
Oh, pretty girl, I don't think you can take it
I think I hate it, oh, do I hate it?
I taste it, I taste it

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I hope you feel it in your hands
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