

## 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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