Lola Young, Wish You Were Dead

Can you come around, fuck me nice, pull my hair, sing me lullabies and we can pretend that we're in love
When you come around, I'll wear red, I'll forget all the awful things you've ever said and we can pretend that we're in love, we can pretend that we're in love
Until I throw a punch, you call me a cunt and that tips me over the edge
You throw my phone out the window, and next thing the neighbour says she's calling the feds, and I wish you were dead for a sec
I wish you were dead
I wish you were dead
But then you come around at 10pm, we watch TV, we break the bed and we can pretend that we're in love, we can pretend that we're in love
Until I throw a punch, you call me a cunt and that tips me over the edge
You throw my phone out the window and next thing the neighbour says she's calling the feds, and I wish you were dead for a sec
I wish you were dead
I wish you were dead
You'll come around, fuck me nice, pull my hair, sing me lullabies
Until I throw a punch, you call me a cunt and that tips me over the edge
You throw my phone out the window and next thing the neighbour says she's calling the feds, and I wish you were dead
I wish you were dead
I wish you were dead for a sec
I wish you were dead
I wish you were dead