

## Makes You Weak

Crush Luther

You got the softest lips and the coldest kiss  
The softest lips and the coldest kiss  
You may never remember this  
But once I was your happiness  
You get one ticket to anywhere  
You chose the boy with the dark brown hair  
But you changed directions like lovers do  
Well sometimes he still thinks of you  
And I think you try too hard to move along  
Just passed the motions that you need to, to move on  
So you move to the coast where it's a little bit colder  
With your old jeans and your old striped sweater  
That you won't wear 'cause it takes you back there  
And he sits with a leg crossed up on your shoulder  
Stupid little thing that you messed up on  
Stupid little boy that you done wrong  
And it makes you weak