

## Domestic Bliss

Glass Animals

I see the bruise, I see the truth  
I see what he been doin' to you  
Blood on the shoes, what's his excuse?  
He says he's doing some new kung-fu  
You always use his bullshit excuse  
But I see what he been doin' to you

Why'd you put up with that shit?  
Why'd you go back for that kiss?  
Maybe it tastes like him when you've got tears on your lips  
Why'd you put up with that shit?  
Why don't we pack and leave this?  
Why do you smile when he cries?  
Why do you cry when he wins?

Fight for me  
We can leave, I'm beggin', please  
On my-on my knees, go to Hawaii  
Fight for me, say, "We can leave," I'm beggin', please  
On my-on my knees  
Hawa-Hawaii

He got balloons, new flowers, too  
Last one's dyin' in your bedroom  
He squeezin' you, blame-blamin' you  
Mama just usin' her red perfume  
Domestic bliss  
I know how bad you wanted it

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My God, I'll be right in, the trickle of lightnin'  
I knew before I heard, I felt it in my skin  
My God, I'll be right in, the trickle of lightnin'  
I knew before I heard, I felt it in my skin

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