

## Race

Melanie Martinez

Sweet sweet hold you gently have over me  
Caught me with your eyes and lips like sweet honey  
Too bad I'm not as sweet as her honey tastes  
Cause the average girl simply won that race

That race you kept on giving me  
Left me hanging wanting more till you broke free  
Bet shes sweet but not as sweet as I could've been  
girls like her come and go like the boring wind

But I'm the type that stays  
with your heart and my heart in many different ways  
I call you making sure that you're alright in the day or in the middle of the night  
sorry if that isn't good enough  
confusion has become a little rough  
and I'll be on you like the clothes you wear  
and run my fingers through your curled gelled hair  
but for now ill let the race be won by the girl without a boy at home  
Hands so purple,  
from the knuckle aches,  
it's 'cause they,  
create fragile hearts to break.

But a player, will soon see that  
his karma goes bad,  
when the girl that he wants,  
stabs him in the back...

But, I'm the type that stays,  
your heart and mine,  
are different ways.

I call you, makin' sure your alright,  
in the day,  
or the middle of the night.

Sorry if that isn't good enough,  
confusion has become a little rough.

And I'd be on you like the clothes you wear,  
and run my fingers through your curled gel hair.

But for now,  
I'll let the race be won,  
by the girl, without a boy at home.