

Charli XCX, Boys

I was busy thinking about boys
Boys, boys
I was busy dreaming about boys
Boys, boys
Head is spinning thinking about boys

I need that bad boy to do me right on a Friday
And I need that good one to wake me up
On Sunday
That one from work
Can come over on Monday
I want 'em all

And when they finally leave me
I'm all alone, but
I'm looking down and my girls are blowing my phone up
Them twenty questions
They asking me where I'm at
Didn't hit them back