

# Julia Michaels, Hurt Again

i can already gauge it  
i'm too opinionated  
and your mama's gonna hate me  
you don't fir in with my friends  
I see them getting jealous  
cause you take up all my weekends

you remind me of my past  
that's how I know that this win't last  
and I know I should go pack  
but where's the fun in that?

I cen see future  
it doesn't look pretty  
I'm looking in your eyes  
I am ready to be hrt again  
feel some type of way whenever you're with me  
I know we're fighting fire with fire, but I'm  
ready to be hurt again  
ready to be hurt again

you carry my emotions  
whether I keep them close in  
or out there in the open  
I can't tell what you're thinking, mamm  
you're so back and forth  
by the time that I figure it out  
I can't figure t out

you remind me of my past  
that's how I know that this win't last  
and I know I should go pack  
but where's the fun in that?

I cen see future  
it doesn't look pretty  
I'm looking in your eyes  
I am ready to be hrt again  
feel some type of way whenever you're with me  
I know we're fighting fire with fire, but I'm  
ready to be hurt again  
ready to be hurt again