

Madison Beer, Good in Goodbye

you got blood on your hands
how do you plead?
boy, it's like treason how you treated me
it's eight Mondays in a row
nine days of the week
these tantrums been old
all bitter , no sweet

you're killing my vibe
in ways, words cannot describe
but I'll try, I'll try

You put the "over" in lover, put the "ex" in next
Ain't no "I" in trouble, just the "U" since we met
Cause you're toxic, boy I ain't even gotta try to find the
G.O.O.D. in goodbye

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I would take a bullet for you just to prove my love
only to find out you are the one holding the gun
I'm just tryna get focused, take some time for me
people started to notice all the shit you couldn't see

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