

# Tate McRae, hurt my feelings

She wears your number, but I got what you like  
She's got you right now, but I'm still on your mind

I should've known better  
You should've known better than me  
Nights staying up talking  
Told me everything except where was she  
Now I've got you figured out  
I'm tryna tell myself  
I'm gonna stay away from you  
I should've known better  
You got a way that's gonna weigh-weigh on me

Oh-na-na, got me heavy breathing  
Oh-na-na, every time we're speaking  
Oh-na-na, got me real, real deep in  
Want you so bad, baby hurt my feelings  
Oh-na-na, got me messed up dreaming  
Oh-na-na, that your girlfriend's leaving  
Oh-na-na, got me real, real deep in  
Want you so bad, baby hurt my feelings

I wanna do something I know ain't polite  
Like show up at your house without calling  
Like doing something batshit, make you fall all in  
She's where you're waking up  
She's got you making up  
Such pretty boy excuses  
Ooh, but I know one thing  
She can't stop it happening in my mind

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Oh-na-na, every time we're speaking  
Oh-na-na, got me real, real deep in  
Want you so bad, baby hurt my feelings  
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Want you so bad, baby hurt my feelings

No, no  
No, baby hurt my feelings

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