

Training Wheels

Melanie Martinez

Riding down, riding down
My hand on your seat
The whole way round
I carry band-aids on me now
For when your soft hands hit the jagged ground
Wheels aren't even touching the ground
Scared to take them off but they're so worn out
Promise I won't push you straight to the dirt
If you promise me you'll take them off first
I love everything you do
When you call me fucking dumb for the stupid shit I do
Wanna ride my bike with you
Fully undressed, no training wheels left for you
I'll pull them off for you
I love everything you do
When you call me fucking dumb for the stupid shit I do
Wanna ride my bike with you
Fully undressed, no training wheels left for you
I'll pull them off for you
Letting go, letting go
Telling you things you already know
I explode, I explode
Asking you where you want us to go
You've been riding two wheelers all your life
It's not like I'm asking to be your wife
I wanna make you mine, but that's hard to say
Is this coming off in a cheesy way?
I love everything you do
When you call me fucking dumb for the stupid shit I do
Wanna ride my bike with you
Fully undressed, no training wheels left for you
I'll pull them off for you
I love everything you do
When you call me fucking dumb for the stupid shit I do
Wanna ride my bike with you
Fully undressed, no training wheels left for you
I'll pull them off for you
(Love everything you do)
(Let me ride my bike with you)
(No training wheels left for you)
I love everything you do
When you call me fucking dumb for the stupid shit I do
Wanna ride my bike with you
Fully undressed, no training wheels left for you
I'll pull them off for you
I love everything you do
When you call me fucking dumb for the stupid shit I do
Wanna ride my bike with you
Fully undressed, no training wheels left for you

I'll pull them off for you
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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