

# Bad Education

## Tilly and the Wall

Oh, pretty boy  
You found it hard to really find out what felt right  
You wanna be a pretty girl, you'd humped at night  
The streets, your urgency to bleed  
You bruised up both your knees  
While rifling through women's jeans  
Cause the attraction's always high  
Sparkling, a sparkled fight  
the grittiest of crimes, your clothes are ruined  
You're running in the wild,  
a horse carrying a child  
You got your kite so high, I think you flew it  
I know it, I think you knew it  
Now it's all bad education  
feeling fine, I'm feeling patient  
Girls and boys and full frustration  
St. Valentine, I think I taste it  
tugging at the seatbelt  
I'm jumping out the saddle  
I'm shuffling my feet around  
I'm kneeling at the steeple  
When will my heart teeter, tatter?  
I'm a believer, I'm solid matter  
Oh, pretty girl  
you turned it on, you turned it out, it all felt off  
That's how it is, that's how it was  
You searched it all so well, underwater in a bell  
You smeared on coral lips while checking off a checked off list  
Situations never kind, feathering a dance-hall stride  
You're playing with the craziest locomotive  
You broke your fingers in the climb  
Scuffed up all your pretty shine  
You've got your air so thin  
I think you blew it, did I blow it?  
You fell into it  
Now it's all bad education  
feeling fine, I'm feeling patient  
Girls and boys and full frustration  
St. Valentine, I think I taste it  
tugging at the seatbelt  
I'm jumping out the saddle  
I'm shuffling my feet around  
I'm kneeling at the steeple

When will my heart teeter, tatter?  
I'm a believer, I'm solid matter  
Hey, I think I faked it, oh did I fake it? Oh, boy your lips look good when you fake it  
Hey, I think I made it, oh did I make it?  
You tried so hard, boy, you better make it  
I think I'll take it, oh, should I take it?  
Oh, pretty girl, I don't think you can take it  
I think I hate it, oh, do I hate it?  
I taste it, I taste it Now it's all bad education  
Feeling fine, I'm feeling patient  
Girls and boys and full frustration  
St. Valentine, I think I taste it  
tugging at the seatbelt  
I'm jumping out the saddle  
I'm shuffling my feet around  
I'm kneeling at the steeple  
I'm tugging at the seatbelt  
I'm jumping out the saddle  
I'm shuffling my feet around  
I'm kneeling at the steeple I hope you feel it in your hands  
I hope you feel it in your hands  
I hope you feel it in your hands

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