

# Dylan Schneider, Bad Decisions

You call me up, you're already drunk  
I tell you off and then hop in the truck  
Your sweet talking got my [?] creeping down the driveway  
'Bout six shots away from saying sorry  
Swear you're my favorite hangover  
Close the door but we never get to closure  
And we're right back where we never should've been  
Baby, here we go again

Girl, we're good at making bad decisions  
We go up in smoke the second we start kissing  
They tell me I'm crazy, baby, I don't listen  
And I just can't let you go  
You're so good at blurring up my vision  
You hit me harder when the whiskey kicks in  
We both know there'll be consequences  
But girl, we're good at making bad  
Good at making bad decisions

(Good at making bad decisions  
No...)

When you lose that dress I lose my head  
And I'll never find it laying in your head  
We should probably leave it where we already left it  
But baby, no, we can't help it

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And I just can't let you go  
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(Good at making bad decisions)  
Ohh...

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