

Melanie Martinez, Training Wheels

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 down
Promise I won't push you straight to the dirt
If you promise me you'll take them off first

Love everything you do
When you call me fucking dumb for the stupid shit I do
I wanna ride my bike with you
Fully undressed, no training wheels left for you
I'll pull them off for you

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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?

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