

# 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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