

Tate McRae, guilty conscience

Guess I'll l-l-l-live with a guilty conscience
L-l-l-live with a guilty conscience

Lot of messed-up nights, lot of letdowns
Lot of dumb words, bet you regret now
Lot of "I'm just seeing the best in you 'cause I want to"
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Lot of don't trust you on the weekends
Hiding pictures you're receiving
Lot of running from all the red and blue in the rear view

I'll be wanting you back 'til the cops stop calling
Waist-deep in the mess you started
'Cause I need you, darling
Is that wrong?
All my morals shot, even that don't phase me
Loving you batshit crazy
Kinda reckless lately
If that's wrong
Guess I'll l-l-l-live with a guilty conscience
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Lot of hotel rooms that you checked in
Lot of cryptic shit, second guessing
Lot of, "I was going to tell you, but didn't want to hurt you, babe"
No
Had a good life, it got hijacked
It was criminal to hurt me like that
But I turn my cheek, and I just don't care what my friends say
Uh

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Oh-oh, oh, guilty conscience
Guess I'll l-l-l-live with a guilty conscience
Guess I'll, guess I'll live
With a guilty conscience
L-l-l-live with a guilty conscience
Guess I'll l-l-l-live with a guilty conscience
You'll always be the one who gives
L-l-l-live with a guilty conscience
Me a guilty conscience
Guess I'll l-l-l-live with a guilty conscience
You'll always be the one who gives
L-l-l-live with a guilty conscience
Me a guilty conscience
Oh, oh
With a guilty conscience
Mm-hmm