Make sure nobody sees you leave Hood over your head, keep your eyes down Tell your friends you're out for a run You’ll be flushed when you return Take the road less traveled by Tell yourself you can always stop What started in beautiful rooms Ends with meetings in parking lots And that's the thing about illicit affairs And clandestine meetings and longing stares It's born from just one single glance But it dies and it dies and it dies A million little times Leave the perfume on the shelf That you picked out just for him So you leave no trace behind Like you don’t even exist Take the words for what they are A dwindling, mercurial high A drug that only worked The first few hundred times| And that's the thing about illicit affairs And clandestine meetings and stolen stares They show their truth one single time But they lie and they lie and they lie A million little times And you wanna scream Don't call me "kid," don't call me "baby" Look at this godforsaken mess that you made me You showed me colors you know I can't see with anyone else Don't call me "kid," don't call me "baby" Look at this idiotic fool that you made me You taught me a secret language I can't speak with anyone else And you know damn well For you, I would ruin myself A million little times