

Twenty-two, and confused  
on what to do and how to set it up  
Kinda drunk, sort of high  
She's a broken miss America  
Never learned how to love cuz the answers are stuck  
behind closed doors  
You can call it a night when the lights in the club don't shine no more  
When the lights in the club don't shine no more  
When the lights in the club don't shine no more

She wrote it on the bathroom wall  
In her favorite shade of lipstick  
L-I-F-E  
She wrote it on the bathroom wall  
In her favorite shade of lipstick  
L-I-F-E  
L-I-F-E  
L-I-F-E  
Oh, oh she's just trying to figure out  
L-I-F-E  
L-I-F-E  
Oh oh we're just trying to figure out

Only dreams bout the lights  
So he's having trouble getting up  
He's convinced  
Only Kanye knows how to make it in America  
Never learned how to love cuz the answers are stuck in  
all of the lights all of the lights  
You can call it a night when the lights in the studio shine no more  
When the lights in the studio shine no more  
When the lights in the studio shine no more

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L-I-F-E

Oh, oh she's just trying to figure out

L-I-F-E

L-I-F-E

Oh oh I'm just trying to figure out

yeah