

# Overwhelmed

Rachel Platten

We make patterns out of stars  
and we whisper little prayers  
To be somewhere that we're not  
and if we're good it will take us there

But then the light comes through the dark  
and our questions fall apart  
It's just the beating of our hearts and the still of the midnight air

And I get so overwhelmed till it's hard to tell  
what I'm thinking

We get down down down  
we feel sorry for ourselves  
we get down down down  
we all need somebody's help  
Let's get loud loud loud till there's love and nothing else  
'Cause the more that you give the more that comes back around

So we hide away our hurts  
and put bandaids on our fears  
and we lie to all our friends  
move along there's no problems here  
but then the orchestra will start  
and the violins appear  
and a simple little melody has us fighting tears

And I get so overwhelmed till it's hard to tell  
what I'm thinking

We get down down down  
we feel sorry for ourselves  
we get down down down  
we all need somebody's help  
let's get loud loud loud till there's love and nothing else  
cuz the more that you give the more that comes back around

But the hardest part is the way things are  
and how quickly fingers will bleed  
and the grace we need is not in magazines,  
it's just space, in between, when we breathe

I am down down down I feel sorry for myself  
I am down down down and I need somebody's help  
let's get loud loud loud till there's love and nothing else  
cuz the more that we give, the more that comes back

Down down down  
We feel sorry for ourselves  
We get down down down  
We all need somebody's help  
Let's get loud loud loud till there's love and nothing else  
'Cause the more that you give the more that comes back around