

I'd feel better if you took apart
What you thought was the weather
But I don't feel better anymore
Cause I know I got it figured it out
And here comes that weather despite the fact that I linger
And I wander

I'm waiting for the downpour I'm waiting for it
It's like bad poetry it's f**king high school poetry

I'd feel better if you took apart
What you saw in my notebook
But I can't remember anymore
What I wrote down as just a freshman
And here comes that weather despite the fact that I linger
And I wander