

Does anyone wanna hear the 40 songs I wrote this year?

Had a dream based on reality
You were being really mean to me
For what it's worth I wish I was the earth
Every time I'm remembering what you were

I close my eyes every time and I wonder why
(Why? Why? Why? Why?)

I look at the branches and hold a mirror up
They're looking at me and say "you don't have a comb, do ya?"
I'm trying to sit still between the chatter
Holding me together is that I'll be seeing you after

Glimmering lips give you away
You've got nothing to say
Try to recall if it ever felt like this
Turning around to this stranger that I'm with

I only want something comforting