

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