4am, beside myself
And what I think of mental health
All the things that worry me
All the things you don't believe
I've been told just what to do
Where to look and point my view
All the things that I could be
I think I learned in therapy

Am I just a shadow you drew?

It comes back to you, it comes back to you All the things that you had lost Will find their way to you It comes back to you, it comes back to you Looking back into the past And I can see it through

It comes to back you, oh oh It comes to back you, oh oh It comes to back you, oh oh It comes back to you

Mocking birds and diamond rings
Oh, I have thought of greater things
All the things that fly by me
All the lives that I could lead
Maybe I was born for that
Or maybe I was first to last
You could call it cowardice
But leave me to my studied bliss

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