

When you're just a sickly mess  
You're worn + tired and scared to death  
Well you, you can come to me  
And we can share a disease  
And talk and roll around in the debris, yeah

It's easy to be disappointed  
When you got such high expectations  
And things don't always go the way you planned  
You say you're sorry you're so stressed out  
But I don't mind you being depressed now  
I mean I'll try to understand...

Well take me back to the overpass  
We'll build a home in the broken glass  
And you, you can cover me  
And color what I see  
And together we can rest in peace, yeah

I don't know my destination  
Just know that life's a celebration  
No time for fear or hesitation now  
But sometimes I get lost + lonely  
And I could use you beside me  
To help me guide me, help me find my way...

And you, my green haired girl  
You, my green haired girl