Late Nights In My Car

Real Friends

I've been up spending every late night in my car listening to all these sad songs
I know it sounds weird but they're helping me move past all these things running through my head
I'll blame the Midwest and sleepy eyes

I'm not where I should be
I'm not what I could be
But I'm not who I was

Nostalgia gets the best of me
When I wake up it's the same day
It fucks me up and makes me miss who I used to be
All I have are thoughts of me from back when I was eighteen and my bony knees

Don't want it to be like my teenage years
I was naive and weak back then without much trouble on my shoulders
If I don't break, I won't know how to put myself back together

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If you never break, you'll never know how [x3]
If you never break, you'll never know [x3]
If you never break, you'll never know how to put yourself back together

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