

Mess

Real Friends

The patience I once had is running away with my youth
Away in its hands
I've been neglecting who I am
That's just who I was back then
Don't need to be perfect, just happy

I'm still a lost boy
I'm still a lost boy

Last year I was a trainwreck, now I'm just a mess
I'm letting go so I don't lose myself

Every once in a while I listen to Death Cab and think about how
it used to be
We thought that we knew the answers
When no one was asking
Asking the questions

I'm still a lost boy
I'm still a lost boy

Last year I was a trainwreck, now I'm just a mess
I'm letting go so I don't lose myself
I'm starting to be where I need to be
I'm starting to be where I need to be

It feels like I've been taking the long way for a while now
Haven't been at home in more years than I care to say
I keep letting my past cover what the present shouldn't be
What I shouldn't be

Last year I was a trainwreck, now I'm just a mess
I'm letting go so I don't lose myself
I'm starting to be where I need to be
I'm starting to be where I need to be