

Mokena

Real Friends

Staring out the window in my bedroom makes me think back
I see me as a boy out there
Lying in the grass
Singing songs with all the wrong notes
And graduating high school as my mom cries
I'm writing the same song over and over again
And feeling lost
I've always felt so lost

I'm fucking up and getting over it
I'm over it
I'm fucking up and getting over it
I'm over it
I'm over it

I used to get half way home and give up on getting there
I'll stumble over my own feet
Thinking about everyone and everything that got past me

I clenched the wheel the whole way home from Cleveland
With nothing more than my eyes half way open
And my hand smelling like smoke
Each mile I drive gets me closer to the streets that made me feel alone
I'm out of place and it doesn't feel wrong

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