

A Space To Grow

The Dangerous Summer

Six long hours in my head, I watched people in cars.
It made me feel like I'm living, I guess it's never that hard.
Let's live outside of the city and blame the ones that I loved
for all the shit that I carried when I was never enough.

I found a cut somewhere where we could all lay.
The world was waking up and I'm learning now,
that my heart isn't breaking down; it's my world.
So pray with me, pray with me, pray with me, 'cause I'm spent.

Yeah, I spent them all.
Those long confusing hours with my mind turned on.
The world was getting louder.
I found myself on edge; my feet were over water, just a song in
my head
that reminded me I'll never be alone.

I found a cut somewhere where we could all stay.
It's frank, and it's fucked but I'm learning now
that my heart isn't breaking down; It's my world.
So I'll take another look at my life and give everything
I own to all the people in my heart.
I am free, I am freezing. I am wrong.

I am so obscure it's terrible, and I'm loved,
but in between the cars they bother me.
I helped make the art that hangs on your walls
and plays in your heart; it stays in your arms.
You're not a machine, I'm sure of that.

You're every bit like me.
You gave up on your dreams
and now you're stuck with that.
You settled for the pencil days.
I'm a paint brush in a way.
I'm simple, yeah, I'm plain.
I'm colored all the same.
I have meaning if you find it in yourself.
I'll sell myself or not, like I really give a fuck
I'm just an artist on a shelf.

that my heart isn't breaking down; It's my world.
So I'll take another look at my life and give everything
I own to all the people in my heart.
I am free, I am freezing. I am wrong.