

Weathered

The Dangerous Summer

I felt inable,
I was lying on my side
in the same clothes from the very last night.
I wanna pray that I'm doing everything right.
I saw my mom die for the very first time.
She was an angel, God took her from the sky.
And there's a million other people that I found
who cared more than I ever will.

I held that note out,
I grabbed my bag and I left through the door.
I let my hair grow.
Put these words on my skin, I cannot relate.

Would you believe in my songs
if I gave them all to you?
I can find the strength in my voice
to call you back and say that everything is bad without you
and I'm lost again, oh god believe I'm lost again.

I stayed in bed and we took so much that I couldn't even sleep.
I waited so long,
though that wasn't even that bad.
I never had to be a part of the world
and I've been making that a goal for reasons that I cannot explain.
Well I'm an optimist but only in a perfect world.
I think I'm too stained from all the negativity
from all the people in my way.

Would you believe in my songs
if I gave them all to you?
I can find the strength in my voice
to call you back and say that everything is bad without you
and I'm lost again, oh god believe I'm lost again.

I took a trip down south and felt the sun on my face,
and it made things okay for a second.
I drew a picture of my problems when I was going insane.
And I focused on the currents.
It's the funny thing about it,
I never seem to worry that every single current's not the same.
It's all about position, and where I choose to lay.
And god I am going away.