

## 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.