

It's times like these I wish I had
Some common sense left inside of my head
(Should have known) Should have known
This would never work out, this would never work out
Work out

I just want to be a part of something
I just want to be a part of something beautiful
I just want to be a part of something
I just want to be a part of something beautiful

Vibrations, tongue and cheek
What words are worth to even speak anymore?
Anymore

In bed by eleven again I hope to disappear in the mattress
I hope when I fall asleep, the pillow eats my teeth
Warm color schemes, mostly red
Like a flower without its nectar

It's a planet you know
It's where we plant and watch ourselves grow
Up. Up. Out

What's the point of beauty if we
What's the point of beauty if we
What's the point of beauty if we
What's the point of beauty if we, all look, the same?