

# Happy Birthday

## Tiny Moving Parts

Tired arms  
Sweaty palms  
Yet I still keep my fingers crossed

I hope you're okay  
I hope you're okay  
Fuck

I've gotta go somewhere far enough away  
I've made mistakes  
And I am constantly afraid  
I think I think too much  
I think I think too much  
Your hill's too high to climb  
I wish I had the guts  
I wish I had the guts  
Just enough to get over it

Yet I still keep my fingers crossed

I hope you're okay  
A smile can only bend so far  
Before it breaks  
And your comfort falls apart  
I thought I had another chance  
Last year when you left  
Well I was wrong  
It's all gone  
I was wrong

I think I think too much  
I wish I had the guts  
Just enough to get over it

Getting stoned in the back of a car  
You have no idea where you are  
But you're satisfied with life  
And you don't think twice of it

Every day you celebrate, celebrate  
Like it's your birthday, your birthday  
Well happy birthday  
Celebrate