

should i let the words flow  
from my mouth right down your street  
while you're still home,  
i hope you'll hear me  
cause if i feel this low again i'll scrape the deep end  
but maybe then i'll stop pretending  
yeah, maybe then i'll stop pretending

that things just felt so cancerous for a while  
i'm in the in-between  
like new buffalo & oak street  
I hope the thought of me keeps you away from the beach  
cause don't care if you can't sleep  
no, i don't care if you can't sleep

don't think i care if you can't sleep

stay away from the lake  
cause if you see me i'll be skipping memories i swore i'd keep  
with me  
in constant hopes that they'll erode just like the glass we'd t  
ake home  
left to rot in a window well  
they're left to rot in your window well

some things just felt so cancerous for a while  
I'm in the in-between  
like new buffalo & oak street  
I hope the thought of me keeps you away from the beach  
cause i don't care if you can't sleep  
no, i don't care if you can't sleep

when i close my eyes  
i feel your summer skin  
it pulls me apart and rips me open  
when i close my eyes  
i feel the warmth of the sun  
it takes me back where i was where my youth was stolen