

When you're just a sickly mess
You're worn + tired and scared to death
Well you, you can come to me
And we can share a disease
And talk and roll around in the debris, yeah

It's easy to be disappointed
When you got such high expectations
And things don't always go the way you planned
You say you're sorry you're so stressed out
But I don't mind you being depressed now
I mean I'll try to understand...

Well take me back to the overpass
We'll build a home in the broken glass
And you, you can cover me
And color what I see
And together we can rest in peace, yeah

I don't know my destination
Just know that life's a celebration
No time for fear or hesitation now
But sometimes I get lost + lonely
And I could use you beside me
To help me guide me, help me find my way...

And you, my green haired girl
You, my green haired girl