I had a dream I went out
I overdosed on my doubt
Yeah, it was real, it was strange
Had nothing but doubt in my veins
I could feel all of the pain
Like when I'm awake that don't change
But it didn't seem to be bad
It kind of felt good not being sad

And when I wake up in the morning I'll just keep on with ignoring Everyday feel less important

Yeah, things feel better when I'm dreamin'
I can leave things without leavin'
Cut my wrists without the bleeding

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Like when I'm awake that don't change
No, it didn't seem to be bad
It kinda felt good not being sad

It kinda felt good not being sad

I had a dream where I fell
And no one could hear when I'd yell
But I didn't seem to be scared
It kinda felt good with no one there

And when I wake up in the morning Forty miles south of Portland Everyday a bit more foreign

Yeah, things feel better when I'm dreamin'
I can leave things without leavin'
Cut my wrists without the bleeding

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Would it even matter if I did Five, four, three, two, one, I'm off the grid Maybe they would think the knife had slipped, But would it even matter if it did Where'd my feelings go I think they hid Cause when I shut my eyes, I can only see my eye lids Thinking that there's something that I missed But would it even matter if there is

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