

# Feeling Well

All Get Out

It's only half an hour  
To get me to the same place as you  
Where you were days ago and I'm  
Convinced the feds are looking through my car  
And all they found were cups of coffee everywhere from when  
I was trying to keep the pace of everything that you would say  
Do I feel slow to you? I think  
That no one ever says a word about the way that they were raised  
That always anchored me to money  
That always anchored me to money  
That always angered me

What a closet of a mind  
That keeps me standing by and by  
I will not lie prostrate again  
And I'm convinced the clerk is talking to the cops about my birth  
I'm fucking 35 alright?  
I don't look young enough for sure to lie for nicorette  
I'm flattered now but angry then  
Playing Yankee on a loop  
There's nothing new to listen to  
That always kept me from growing  
That always kept me from growing  
That always kept me

Not a child of springtime  
Filled with wild abandon  
I am not your local  
Filming all the candid  
Weird shit in the Southeast  
Where is all your family?  
Nothing's really canon  
At least my understanding

Passing out was such an effort  
What harmonious event  
A compromise to feeling safe  
Kinda cold but on a bender  
I heat up, the temps displace  
My body shoots then asks ya ok?  
I turn weak with medication  
It says man, I'm feeling well  
I cannot start and stop again  
That unstable becomes stable  
Then it's flipped, and here we are  
We can't keep up with being healthy  
We can't keep up with being healthy

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Weird shit in the Southeast  
Where is all my family  
Nothing's ever canon  
If just another stand in

I don't feel right about it now...