

Everyone's Talking

All Time Low

On Monday you walked away
Tuesday you woke up and you buried me
Now Wednesday comes and you're someone else
And by Thursday Night I'm not myself

Do I represent?
Or do I repent?
Can't apologize for what no one did
Now Friday's week-ending my dreams
Then it's Saturday night and it's wild
That I'm still alive...

There must be something wrong
('Cause everyone's talking)
But no one's talking to me
(Nobody's talking, nobody's talking)
And I know something's wrong
('Cause everyone's looking)
But no one's looking at me
(Nobody's looking, everyone's talking)
But no one's talking to me...

Well, a friend's not a friend at the end of the phone
When they're talking about you in Rolling Stone
This is not how I thought thirty-five would go
While I'm two years into the horror show
And I'm click bait now
In a week or so there'll be nothing left
But my fucking bones
So I'll play my ribs like a xylophone
And you'll probably still fucking come to the show
Yeah, I know

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And I know something's wrong
('Cause everyone's looking)
But no one's looking at me
(Nobody's looking, everyone's talking)
But no one's talking to me...

Talking
Everyone's talking
Everyone's talking
Everyone...

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Cause no one's talking to me
And I know something's wrong
('Cause everyone's looking)
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(Nobody's looking, everyone's talking)
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