

Problems

Amber Mark

Silence was my only friend
Lonely lingers time and time again
Certain hells are heaven-sent
In disguise
I was blind

But who knew the things we'd go through would make diamonds?
Wish I could just turn back time, yeah, I would
Tell my, my younger self that I'll be all right
I'll be all right, one day, I'll

Turn problems into Prada 'cause that's what I deserve
It's heavy holding baggage, no refunds, no returns
These arms of mine were made to hold the weight of the world
World, world, world

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The weight from all the weather's coming down
The rain from all the pressure's ringing out
I need some relief
'Cause I'm patient, but I'm not that patient, and I won't keep waiting

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Your love
Your love, your love, your love, your love

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This heavy hearted baggage, no refunds, no returns
These arms of mine were made to hold the weight of the world
World, world, world

World, world, world, world