

It's the middle of the night
In a gross way
I'm fighting my eyelids on the last train
Black is the sky
As blue as the day
As blank as my mind
I'm not sure what to say

I walk my way home
From the station on Sixth
Passing the same old buildings
Neighborhood children
I miss that feeling

I'm not ready to go
And I'm not ready to grow
So bad at being alone
I'm almost twenty years old

Biting my nails
And I'm twisting my hair
Almost twenty years old
Didn't think I'd be here
Well I don't have a ride
Or a licence to show
Almost twenty years now
Where did all the time go?

I'll talk my way out
Of these expectations
That leave me shaking
Breaking, I'm breaking down
I'm crying calling all my exes, oh
I walk my way out
Of the city now
I'm freaking out

I'm not ready to go
And I'm not ready to grow
Oh, I'm so bad at being alone
I'm almost twenty years old
Ooh sha la la
Ooh sha la la