

Not in line with my sun's sign  
I strip skin from my neck while  
Everything that's in front of us  
Is a mess when onset I

See my friends in my cell phone  
Drawing circles in flesh tones  
Everything is in front of us  
Could this be just a bad moment?

So well talk and you'll listen  
You're the feeling I'm missing  
Am I work when I want help  
Am I thinking bout myself?  
Can we shed at the forepart?  
Can we stand in front of us?  
I call you again and you answer the same

Common sense gets me so tired  
Everything gets just so hard  
Everything that's in front of us  
Looks so heavy when I

See my friends in my cell phone  
Drawing circles in flesh tones  
Everything is in front of us  
Calling out in my unknowns

So well talk and you'll listen  
You're the feeling I'm missing  
Am I work when I want help  
Am I thinking bout myself?  
Can we shed at the forepart?  
Can we stand in front of us?  
I call you again and you answer the same

But I'm afraid of growing up  
And awkward spaces different thoughts  
But I'm the same and I complain again  
In all the ways you show me up  
Your gentle prose that's somewhat sure  
That I'm the same and I'll complain again

But I'm afraid of growing up (If I keep feeling)  
And awkward spaces, different thoughts (You'll only call me when I stop)  
But I'm the same and I complain again (If I keep feeling, you'll only call me when I stop)  
In all the ways you show me up (If I keep feeling)  
Your gentle prose that's somewhat sure (You'll only call me when I stop)  
That I'm the same and I'll complain again (If I keep feeling, you'll only call me when I stop)

So well talk and you'll listen  
You're the feeling I'm missing  
Am I work when I want help  
Am I thinking bout myself?  
Can we shed at the forepart?

Can we stand in front of us?

I call you again and you answer the same

I call you again and you answer the same

I call you again and you answer the same