

4 walls

Arden Jones

I gotta, I'm
I'm probably just gonna get out of here for a bit, take off

Probably won't text and I probably won't call
There really ain't much I wanna do at all
The weight of my steps breaks the pain of my fall
But I gotta leave, get outta these four walls

These four walls of my
Bedroom just feel like I live in hell
And my livin' room more like a prison cell
I'm just stuck in a rut and I can't get out
'Bout to turn that shit into a wishin' well
And I wish I could know what to do
Wish I could fix what is broken in two
I look at the sky, it's just stormy and blue
And I open my eyes, I just open a wound

So a text or a call, I'm ignorin' it all
Cut off all of my friends just to stare at the wall
Lie in bed, I can't sleep, I'm just caught in-between my love
They won't find me

Probably won't text and I probably won't call
(Won't call, won't call, won't call)
There really ain't much I wanna do at all
(At all, at all, at all)
The weight of my steps breaks the pain of my fall
(My fall, my fall, my fall)
But I gotta leave, get outta these four walls
(These walls, these walls, these walls)