

Fluffpink

I'm still sorta unsure what happened
Still dial moms number out of habit
Call failed
Week left to do taxes
Living room, graveyard, amazon package
Old mail

Same type that stares when I'm outside
Late night, upstairs, on my couch, fried
Say I don't care much about myself
It's a separate metric I count by

Red wine, bleed through the grape vine
Sip after sip, get sick of the facetime
Hello?
Hello? I don't speak like that
Need pitch black nails on the decline, stat

Yeah, feelin' like I wobbled out a wormhole
Spent a lot of hours clicking circles
Young five digit live from the multi'
Where violence and snide is compulsory
Yeah, yeah

Yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah
Yeah