handheld

atlas

I just want my hand held, I ain't talking GameBoys
And I ain't been in magazines, but me and you can play, boy
I'm looking for the same joy, the same touch and smolder
That I get when I lay my head down on your shoulder
That's real... I always wanna know how you feel
You bring me out my great depressions, I think you're the new deal
I'm staring at you in the mirror like fucking blue steel
Wide-eyed, smiling, I'm just tryna help your mood heal

So if there's anything that I can do
To help the weaker side of you

Just lemme know and I can move
My schedule up and down

I'm sorry if I haven't been
The best at how I'm managing
The problems that I'm handling
My head was in the ground

And truly, it's a miracle
That you are even near me, whether
Fruitless or endearing
I'll be happy you're around

And if you're feeling terrible
Your sicknesses unparalleled
Your headache is unbearable
Just step into the sound

I don't mind at all
My Ibuprofen and my Tylenol
Are yours at the sound of your sirens' call
'Cause I ain't letting you hurt tonight at all
Tonight at all

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La da da da da da daa
La da da da da da da da da daa
I just want my handheld
I just want my handheld

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