

sorry

atlas

You're probably having the same conversations with your friends
That I always have with mine

About how I'm too hung up and how I need to just get over it
But these kinds of wounds can only heal with time

So let me know if ever there is anything that I can do
To help you out or make you feel alright

'Cause I still think about you often, I still wonder how you're
doing
I still fear that you'll let this world dim your light

I'm sorry for it all
I'm sorry for it all
For it all

I've never felt less like myself
Than when I'm naked in reflections
Truly wish that I could exit this body

And it's coming on again
Starting to crush again
Can't wait to fuck up every friendship that I've made

But I've never felt more like myself
Than when I'm drunk alone
At 3 a.m. again

'Cause my stupid brain can't help but get attached
To every person whose attention
Even barely starts to drift a bit my way

Oh, here we go again
Here we go again