

WORRIED

atlas

Halfway
Down the street from my front porch
I watched you puke

Too drunk, passed out
Hoping you could find something to do

I'm so worried
When I see you leave
'Cause nobody knows
If you'll make it home or not

I'm so worried
When I see you leave
'Cause nobody knows
If you'll make it home

And maybe it was my fault
So afraid, slam my fist into the drywall
So high I see the crimson in your eyeballs
I just hope you pick the phone up when I call

Ooooh
And maybe it's the highway
But something's feeling really fuckin' weird tonight, aye
I just hope you listen to me now when I say
I'm not ready to lose you

And maybe it was my fault
So afraid, slam my fist into the drywall
So high I see the crimson in your eyeballs
I just hope you pick the phone up when I call

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I'm so worried
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'Cause nobody knows
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Halfway, up the
Block from where you sit, I'm lookin' weak
And back then, past times
You and I would wander through the street

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'Cause nobody knows

If you'll make it home or not

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When I see you leave
'Cause nobody knows
If you'll make it home